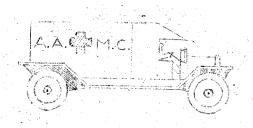
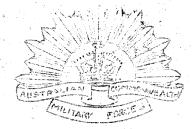


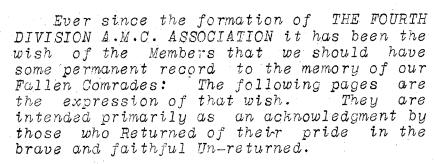
WITH THE DIGGERS 1914 - 1918









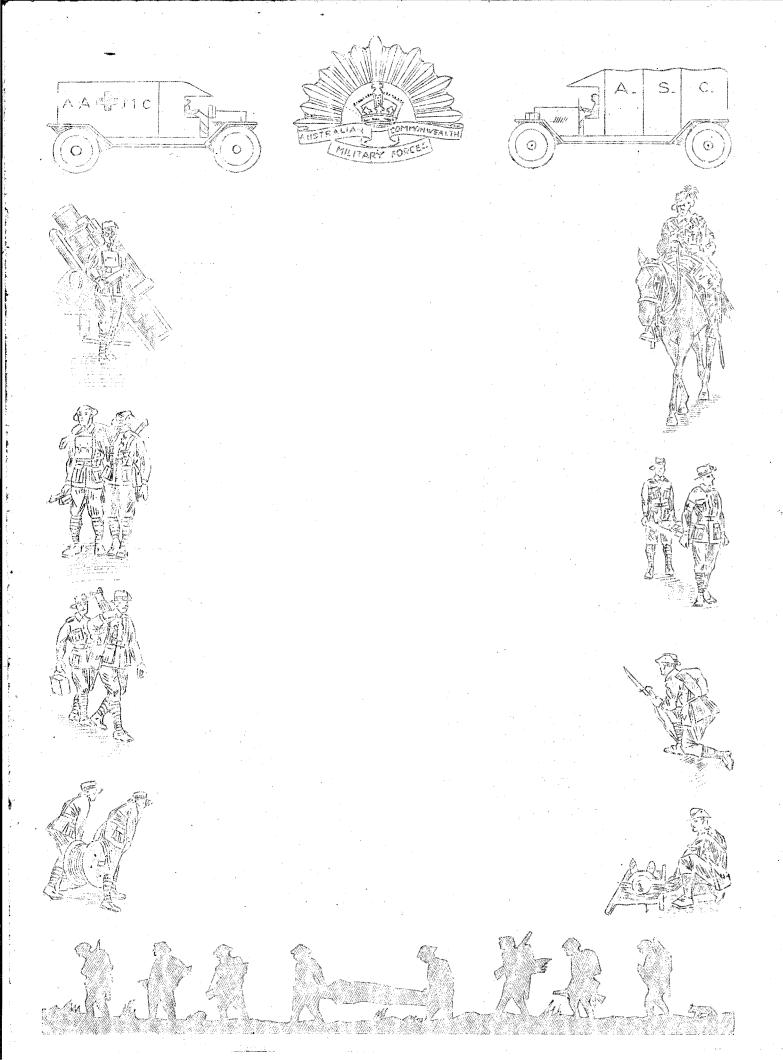


The Rolls of Honor contain the names of One Hundred and Eighteen (118) Members of the FOURTH, TWELFTH, and THIRTEENTH FIELD AMBULANCES, A.I.F., who made the Supreme Sacrifice.

This memento, which though slight in itself, is expressive of boundless sympathy, is also tendered to those whose thoughts inevitably turn with pride mingled with sorrow to the West where the Great Ones are gone, in the hope that they will find in their sorrow a new pride in those whose memories they fondly cherish, and a new link with their never-to-be-forgotten dead.

The compiler desires to extend his thanks to the Digger artists and to a number of other modest helpers for their assistance, helpful suggestions, and practical support.

MELBOURNE, August 9th, 1933.



# Mest Ille Forget

Perhaps we shall never quite be free of the memory of the sinister shadow of yesterday, nor even move in the light of the new day without some reminder of the sorrow that has come to many a home, but the bitterest hour of our anguish is past and our sorrowis softened by the sacred pride in those "who lie in some foreign field" --- a pride we knew not before. That is the heritage they bequeathed to us. They would not have it otherwise. Therefore let us hail the new day gladly; their sacrifice we live, by their heroism do we see the gleaming fields of peace, through the memory of their endurance and honor shall we solve the problems that confront us. They have given us new worlds for old, new values of life and death From them we have caught the spirit of high endeavour, and learned that life after all is a great adventure with sacrifice for others.

If they could look at it so, even through the murky veil of tragedy that encompassed them, shall we do less?

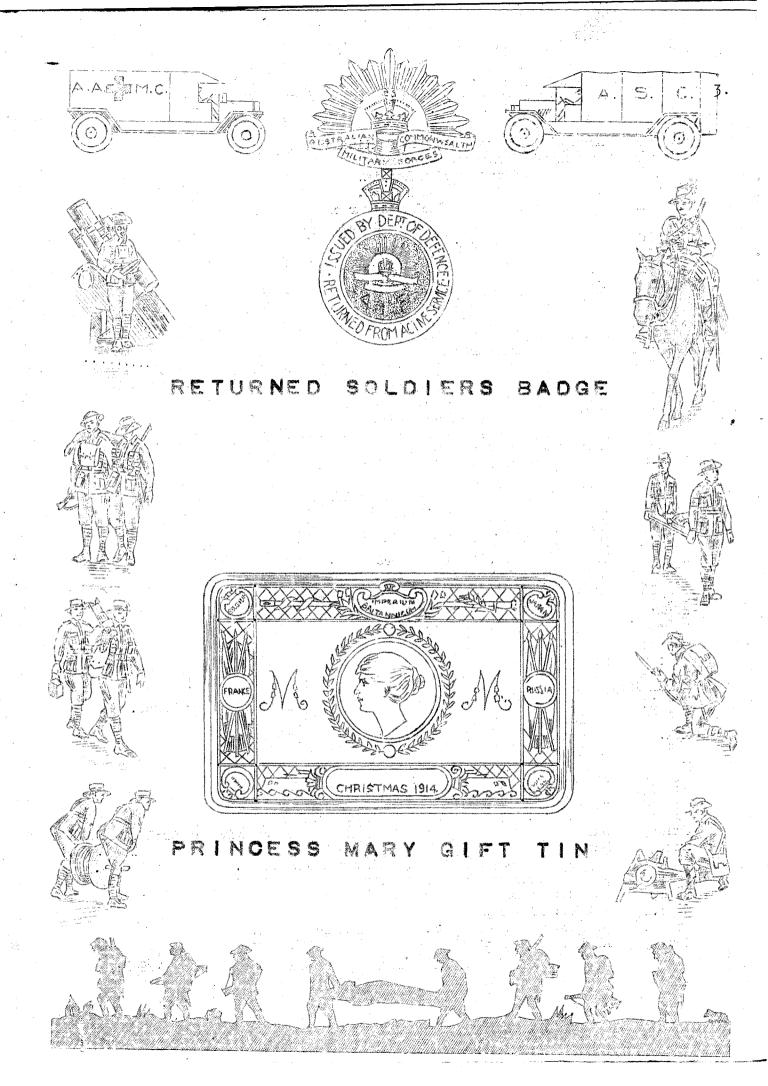
(S.J.S.)

The blood of valiant sons was shed That we might dwell 'neath peaceful skies, Keep green their memory; they are not dead, On their ideals our nationhood shall rise.

They sleep elsewhere in their eternal youth, With flag o'er them, God's flag of truth. They live in hearts. To them our homage give For glorious deeds that we might live.

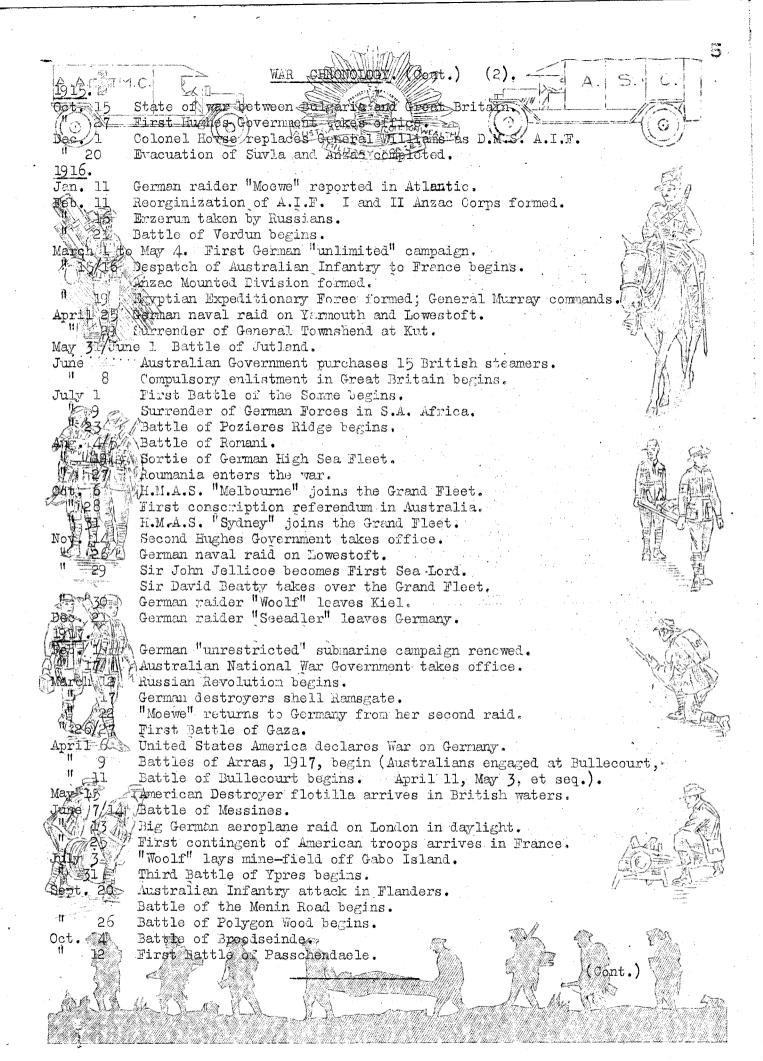
---- Fred Johns.

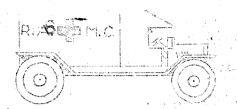
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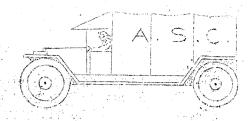
# CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR

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June 28
          Assassination of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria.
July 28
          Austria declares war on Serbia.
          Germany declares war on Russia.
 Aug. 1
          Germany declares war on France.
          Germany invades and declares war on Belguim.
          Great Britain declares war on Germany.
          Recruiting for A.I.F. opens.
    .10
   12
          H.M.A.S. "Sydney" and Destroyers raid Blanche Bay.
    19
          A.N. & M.E.F. leaves Sydney.
          Japan declares war on Germany and blockades Tsingtao.
          Battle of Mons begins.
 " 2'8
          Battle of Heligoland Bight.
          Battle of Marne begins.
   6/10
          German invasion repelled.
          German Cruiser "Emden" first raids in the Bay of Bengal.
    10
    11
          A.N. and M.E.F. lands in New Britain.
          Battle of Aisne begins.
 0 17
          Third Fisher Government takes office.
   22
          Aboukir, Cressy, and Hogue torpedoed in North Sea.
Oct. 31
Nov. 1
          Turkey enters the war.
          First Australian Contingent leaves Australia.
          Battle of Coronel.
          Yarmouth bombarded by German cruisers.
          Japanese capture Tsingtao.
          "Enden" destroyed by H.M.A.S. "Sydney".
 1 24
          Formation of Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.
Dec. 4
          First A. & N.Z. Contingent reaches Egypt.
          Battle of Falkland Islands.
 <sup>#</sup> 16
          Hartlepool bombarded by German Warships.
Jan. 19
          First Zeppelin raid on England.
.# : 24
          Battle of the Dogger Bank.
          H.M.A.S. "Australia" joins the Grand Fleet.
Feb. 17
 11 19
          Dardenelles outer forts bombarded by Allied warships.
March 10/13 Battle of Neuve Chapelle.
1 12
          Sir Ian Hamilton commands Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.
8L.
          Allied naval attack on Dardenelles forts repulsed.
Apl. 22
          Second Battle of Ypres; poison gas used by Germans.
  1 25
          Allies land on Gallipoli Peninsula.
May 6/8
          Second Battle of Krithia.
 馬 7:
          "Lusitania" torpedoed on S.W. Coast of Ireland.
 11 23
          Italy declares war on Austria.
1 27
          Sir Henry Jackson appointed First Sea Lord.
June 5
          Surgeon General Ford assumes entire administrative control of A.A.M.C.
          Launching of August offensive in Gallipoli.
 ". 6/10
          Battles of Lone Pine, Sari Bair, and Suvla Bay.
 M.21
          Italy declares war on Turkey.
 1 25
          Germans occupy Brest-Litovsk.
Sept.25
          Battles of Champagne and Loos begin.
     28
          Capture of Kut-el-Amara by General Townshend.
          Allied troops at Salonica.
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# WAR CHRONOLOGY. (Cont.) 3

1917

Oct. 14 Australian destroyers begin patrolling in Adriatic.

27 Third Battle of Gaza begins.

Wov. 8 Lenin's coup d'etat at Petrogad.

Dec, 9 Capture of Jerusalem.

1 20 Second conscription referendum in Australia,

26 Sir Rosslyn becomes First Sea Lord.

1918.

Jan Australian Corps formed.

Fab. 16 "Woolf" returns to Germany.

March 3 Treaty of Brest-Litovsk between Germany and Russia.

Final German offensive in France begins.

April 23. British Naval Raid on Zeebrugge and Ostand.

July 18 Franco-American attack north of the Marne.

Aug. 8/11 Battle of Amiens.

Sept. 19 Final British advance in Palestine begins.

Battles of Megiddo, Sharon, and Nablus begin.

30 Capture of Damascus.

Oct. 31 Armistice with Turkey comes into force.

New. 3 Armistice with Austria Hungary.

Naval mutiny at Kiel.

MOVIEW. ARMISTICE WITH GERMANY SIGNED.

German Fleet surrenders.

1919.

Jan. 18 Peace Conference opens at Versailles.

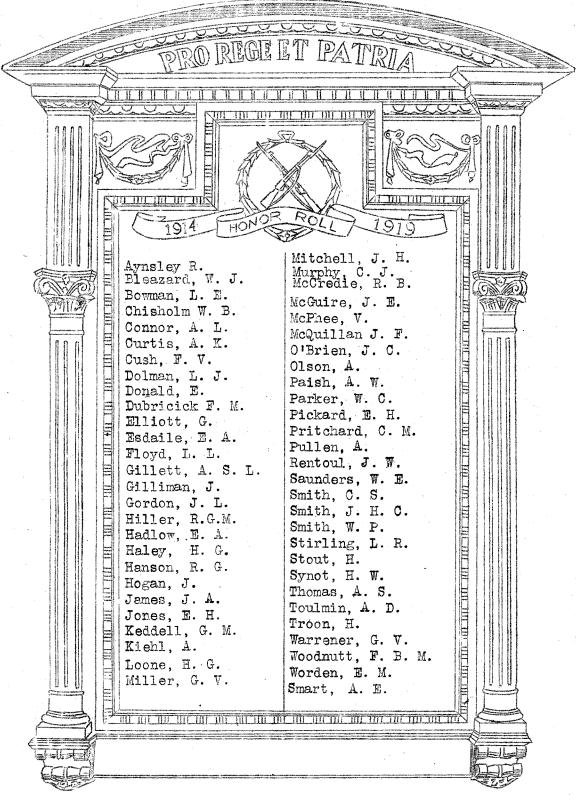
1921.

May 9 Military occupation of German New Guinea ends.

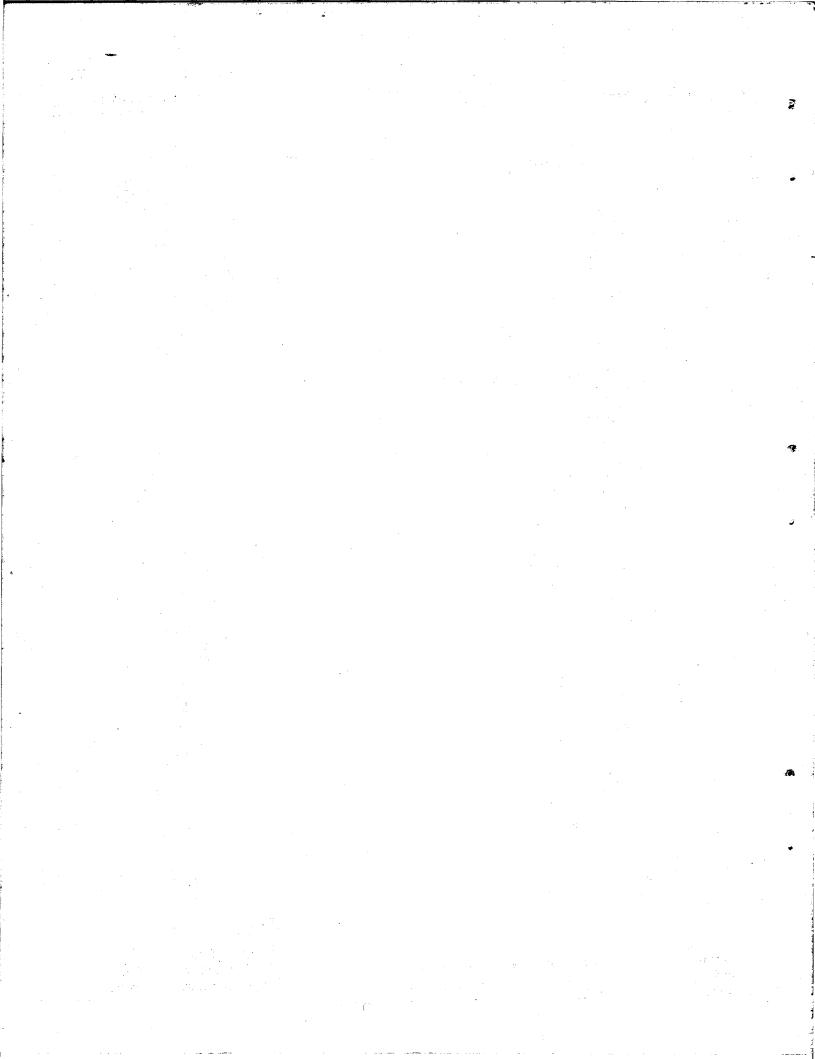
1926.

Dec: 15/22 International Pacific Health Conference held in Melbourne

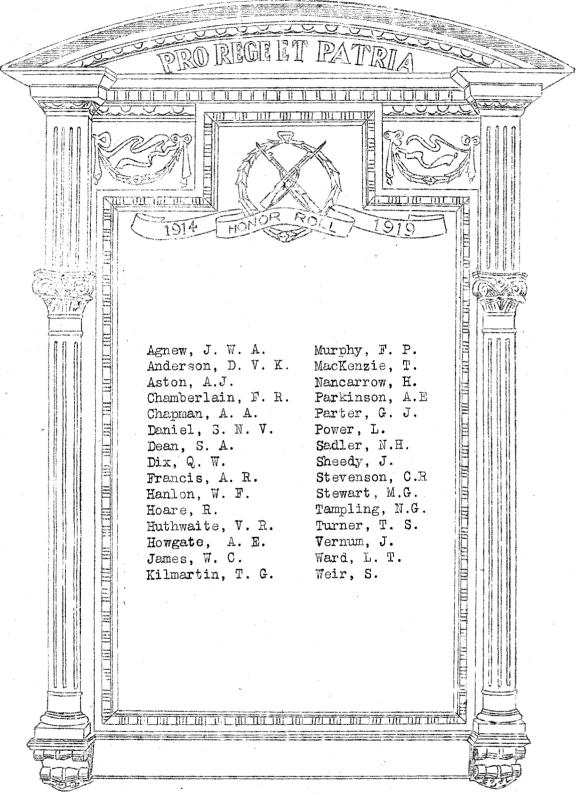
Greater love bath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends



FOURTH FIELD AMBULANCE. A.I.F.



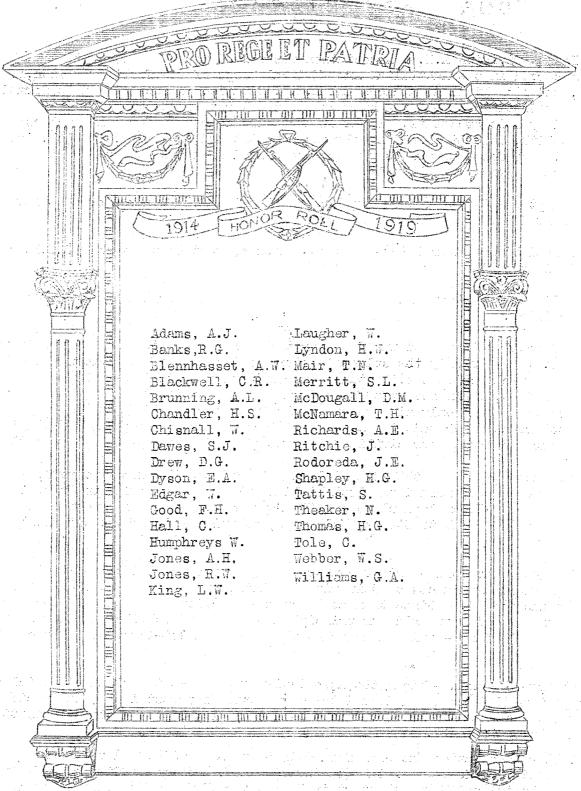
Greater love bath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends



12 TH FIELD AMBULANCE. A.I.F.

**>** 

Greater love bath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friety Us



13 TH FIELD AMBULANCE. A.I.F.

# "OUR ASSOCIATION."

The Fourth Division A.M.C. Association was formed from Members of the A.I.F. who served in the Australian Army Medical Corps of the Fourth Division, i.e. 4th, 12th, and 13th Field Ambulances and A.M.C. Details. These units were formed in Egypt from Sections of older Ambulances of the First and Second Divisions supplemented by Reinforcements. The Ambulances drawn upon to form the nucleus of the 4th, 12th, and 13th Field Ambulances were the 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 7th. Our Association, therefore, comprises members who served from the outset with the A.I.F. and saw service on Gallipoli.

From Egypt our Units proceeded to France when the A.I.F. moved over there, and there served till the end of the War.

Our Association Banner today bears the names of most of the famous A.I.F. Battles, indicating that our Units served therein.

Our Rolls of Honor contain, the names of 118 of our Comrades who made the Supreme Sacrifice.

After demobilization need was felt for the means of keeping alive the spirit of the A.I.F., particularly the splendid spirit of brotherhood between men in all walks of life which active service taught us, and for fear that ex-soldiers may, as in pre-war days, again revert to conservatism tinged with class distinctions as a result of mingling only with men in their own sphere of life, and lose the spirit of tolerance which made the A.I.F. so successful, and should reflect the benefit of our Country in our civilian life—Associations of ex-Soldiers were formed.

In our case the men of the 12th Field Ambulance were the first to move, and a meeting of 30 members formed the 12th Field Ambulance Association in July, 1919. The first Social Re-Union took place on 27th September, 1919 in the form of a Dinner at Sargent's Cafe, Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, at which 180 members and visitors were present.

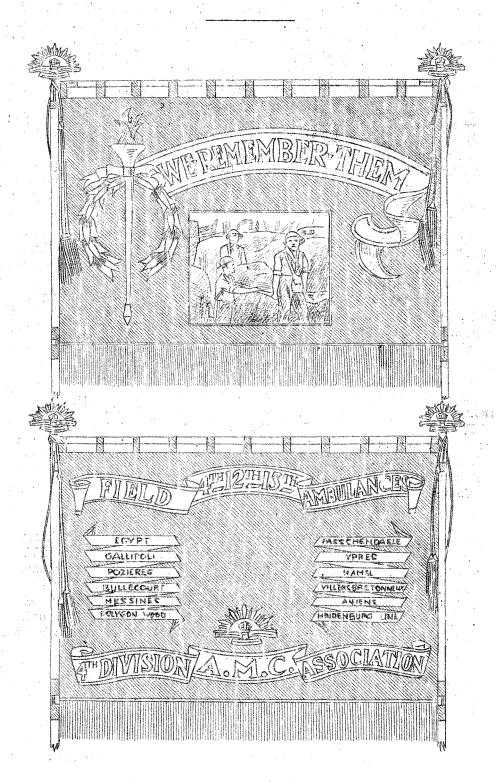
At a Smoke Night held on 4th December, 1919, it was decided to invite the 4th and 13th Field Ambulances to join with the 12th, and as a result the present Association was formed. Since then at least one function has been held each year, and at the present time we hold our principle Re-Union on each Show Holiday Eve, and the General Meeting - which also takes the form of a Get-Together Night - each Anzac Eve.

Apart from Social Re-Unions the Association endeavours to extend financial and moral support to Members in need, and takes an active interest in our incapacitated friends and casual hospital cases. For this and other purposes a strong Committee meets each alternate month.

A similar Association has been formed in South Australia, and with this Association and also Members of the 4th Division A.M.C. in other States, we keep in contact. Individual Members entertain Interstate Visitors and visit members when possible in the other States. This is necessary as our Units were formed by men from every State in the Commonwealth.

(Cont.)

You are earnestly exhorted to support your Association to keep alive the spirit of the A. I. F. and Old Comradeships for your own pleasure and benefit, likewise that of your Old Pals, and also for the good of our fair Country and our sons and daughters who are to inhabit it. You can best do this by attending all functions and bringing along a few old FOURTH DIVISION A.M.C. FRIENDS.



# "WHY THE SOLDIERS SANG"

Delve back into history — even in to the dim distant Ages, and it will be found that Soldiers, whether marching or in Camp or whenever other opportunity offered, gave vent to their feelings in song. This applies not only to British Troops, but to Soldiers of all nationalities. The troops of Alexander the Great, Hannibal's mercenaries, Caesar's legions, we are informed by historians, all sang. All their songs have been forgotten and lost to us. Even the songs of the soldiers participating in the South African Campaign are almost forgotten today, and words and music are difficult to secure.

The Soldier Songs of the World War will not readily be forgotten by those who took part in the Campaign. Possibly, to the civilian who was not priveleged to share the joys (?) and sorrows, some of them, especially to the thoroughly genteel, will appear vulgar and even coarse. They who have this opinion miss the point and fail to realise that these songs were not sung in any such spirit, and further, such a glamour of memories is woven round them that they have become to the Soldier something akin to what Hymns are to the ardent church-goer. A Digger Re-Union or fellowship meeting without some of the old favorites would be a "dud". Let us illustrate: An association of well meaning ladies have established an "Anzac Fellowship of Women" in London. At their last meeting, April 25th, 1933, the musical programme was excellent - from a musician's point of view, but drew protests from the "Diggers" invited to enjoy a couple of hours of fellowship. As one put it "We don't mind a bit of gloom at the Cenotaph and at the Church service. That's right and proper, but it ain't fellowship." He then went on to demonstrate their idea of it by singing, in which he was joined by his cobbers, "Pack up your troubles". As an encore "Tipperary" followed. Probably had they sung "Madamoiselle" the listeners would have been shocked, but, contrary to general supposition, only a very small proportion of sungs sung by the troops are improper in subject or in language, and then the obscenity was merely technical, because, although gross and foul words were employed, they were used habitually as mere intensives. Ninetynine times in a hundred there was no thought in the soldier's mind of the literal and obscene meaning of the word upon his lips.

Soldiers sang in the last War for the same reasons as their counterparts in history — and mainly for the same reason as a bird in healthy condition sings. Probably at no time in their lives were they so physically fit, and they sang to express this physical elation. Some who had never sung before joined in the chorus. Others — gifted with a good singing voice added to a sense of humour — were God-sends in the fact that they lightened many a lagging footstep on the march and chased away the bogie of depression in the cheerless trench and hut.

They sang, too, to express in an indirect way their feelings and sentiments. The open expression of sentiment regarding wives, families, and sweethearts would court trouble. Singing expressed these feelings in an impersonal way. Indeed, there were songs for all occasions. The War with it's mock heroics, it's flag-waving and speech making, were the subject of some bitter ditties. The Military System with its "full dress parades", saluting and punctiliousness in trifles came in for its share of humorous banter.

(Cont.)

# WHY SOLDIERS SANG. (Cont.)

With these may be coupled songs specially directed at the virtues (?) of Superior Officers — especially Sergeant-Majors.

Cogitation on their civilian life and its blessings compared with their existing condition:

"Dreaming of things they did with balls and bat, And mocked by hopeless longing to regain Bank holidays, and picture shows, and spats, And going to the office in the train."

led the Soldier to sing such songs as "When this blasted War is Over", and "I want to go Home".

Other occasions, such as Celebrations of Drink (of happy memory) brought to life songs suitable to such occasions. Who does not remember such occasions, be you teetotaller or not? Don't you remember "Here's to the Good Old Beer?"

Do you remember, too, when Nonsense and Burlesque were in the air? These were joyous occasions and called for songs and encores. Singing of this class was to the Soldier what the theatre, concert hall and cinema had been to him in his civilian life.

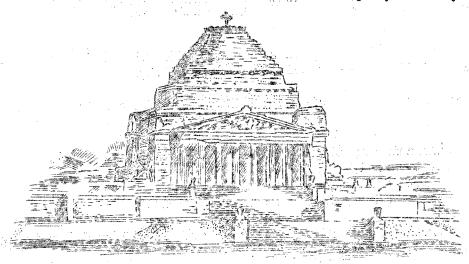
Certainly 1914—1918 days were unique. They will, pray God, never be repeated. The songs of the period were in keeping with the times. Many of the old favorites are here. The compiler offers them to you hoping that they will bring back to you in these piping days of Peace happy recollections of some occasion, pleasant thoughts of cobbers, and help to preserve that fellowship that existed to such a degree in the A. I. F. Cheerio!

(J. K. M.)



#### THE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE

An everlasting Tribute from the People of Victoria to the Glory of Achievement and the Nobility of Sacrifice.



While this Shrine had its provocation in war, it has its foundations in love. It is being built by the Citizens of Victoria as a time-defying monument to 150,000 men and women who went from this State to serve abroad in the war, and especially to 18,000 who did not return, as well as to unknown thousands more who died at home after years of suffering.

This Shrine is a visible emblem of a nation's prayer that sacrifice, anguish, tears and treasure have not been spent in value. In granite, in freestone, in marble, in bronze, and on vellum an effort is made to express in austere Grecian art the sentiments more specifically identified in the buttress groups - for which the State School children have paid - Patriotism, Justice, Sacrifice, Peace and Goodwill.

It is a silent memorial. Those who come to pay their tribute at this Shrine will find it hallowed ground where neither song nor music nor weeping disturbs.

In the Crypt Unit Memorials are being provided by the respective Unit Associations consisting of bronze penels let into the walls of the Crypt and bearing the name and number of the Unit, its moteo, and its battle honors. Clustered round it are the Union Jack and the Australian Flag. Substantially it is a Memorial to Victorians who served in the Royal Australian Navy and the Australian Imperial Forces. The men who composed these forces and returned to civil life sought a way they might contribute to a noble and heroic memorial without appearing to be subscribing to their own memorial. It occurred to them they could do this by providing the Unit Memorials. Each man's embit on active service was his Unit. "My Regiment," "My Battalion," "My Battery," "My Ship," express the pride of possession. The Unit did not own the man; the man claimed possession in the most intimate personal sense of the Unit.

Outwardly it is a massive structure in stone, visible from the heart of Melbourne, a sentinel over the host of generations that follow, and visible also from most suburbs and many parts of Port Phillip Bay, the crown of the Memorial rising to a height of 200 feet above sea level. In fact, the site is peculiarly fitted for its exalted purpose, sufficiently near the City to dominate it, and far enough removed from the centre of the city to preserve the sacred character of the Memorial. On the lower terraces beautiful gardens will surround the Shrine.



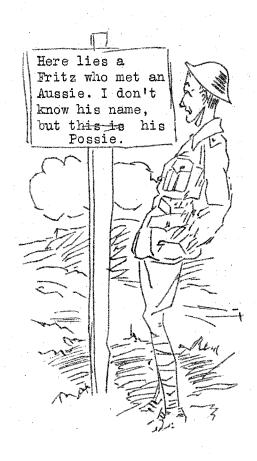


"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

DON'T ASK ME, ASK THE BLOOMIN'ORSE.



NEVER MIND 'ERB, PERHAPS THERE'S A POSTCARD IN IT FOR YOU.





LADIES' VERSION.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley Vous?
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley Vous?
Oh Mademoiselle from Armentiers
She hasn't been kissed for forty years,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous.

Two Aussie Officers crossed the Rhine,
Parley Vous,
Two Aussie Officers crossed the Rhine,
Parley Vous?
Two Aussie Officers crossed the Rhine,
To meet the ladies and taste the wine,
Thky, pinky, Parley Vous?

Oh. Landlord have you any good wine,
Parley Vous?
Oh. Landlord, have you any good wine,
Parley Vous?
Oh. Landlord have you any good wine,
Fit for a digger from the line,
Inter pinkey, Parley Vous?

So up the stairs together they went,

Parley Vous,
Two Aussie lads on mischief bent,

Parley Vous,
Their Laughter rang as up they went,
And what a magnificent night they spent,

Inkey, pinky, Parley Vous.

The rest of the tale I can't relate,
Parley Vous,
The drinks were good so they sat up late,
Parley Vous,
The Aussie way of a lively night
Is not for you-you're too polite,
Inkey, pinkey, Parley Vous.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley Vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley Vous;
Who was the girl who lost her sleep
Thro' singing this chorus in her sleep?
Inkey, pinkey, Parley Vous.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley Vous;
Is gone to her grave after all these years,
Parley Vous;
But still the Diggers between their beers,
In voices terribly close to tears, SingInky, pinky, Parley Vous,

Oh, Mademoiselle, I envied you,

Parley Vous;
I wished that I could be there tdo,

Parley Vous;
Tripping around with the Hock and vin,
Helping the Diggers the war to win,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous:

The men from Wagga and Gundagi,
Parley Vous;
From Perth, The Towers, and Beggabri,
Parley Vous,
Sydney, City, and Dandenong,
Will think of you as they battle along,
Inky, pinky, Parley Vous;

Quiet the old estaminet,

Parley Vous;

If a ghostly Digger should pass that way,

Parley Vous;

He'll whisper a prayer for you old dear,

And he won't forget for many a year, Inky, pinky, Parley Vous;

For ever along the Halls of Time,

Parley Vous;

Your name will ring in song and rhyme,

Parley Vous;

With your happy grin for a lenely boy,

I'de rather be you than Helen of Troy,

Inky, pinky, Parley Vous;

Lass: "How did you win your D.S.O?"
Digger: "I saved the lives of my entire
Battalion!"

Lass: "Wonderful. How did you do it?"
Digger: "I shot the Cook!"

VADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES.

extra yerses

MY BONNY IS OVER THE OCEAN. (DIGGERS' VERSION)

Diggers of Infantry meet again,
Parlez Vous,
Singing with vigor the old refrain,
Parlez Vous;
So lift your voices and let it go,
As we did in days of long ago,
Inkey, Pinkey, Parlez Vous:

Memories throng around us yet,
Parlez Vous,
"Absent Gemrades" we don't forget,
Parlez Vous;
We like to listen as speakers rise,
And tell their cobbers the same old lies,
Inkey, Pinkey, Parlez Vous.

Some have grown wealthy, and some grown fat, Parlez Vous,
And some are "humping the Bluey" yet,
Parlez Vous,
But here tonight we are comrades all,
Distinctions are left outside the hall,
Takey, Pinkey, Parlez Vous.

Forget your troubles while here tonight,
Parlez Vous,
Support each toast with a keen delight,
Parlez Vous.
The years pass on and our hair grows
grey,
But the Diggers! Spirit will last always;
Inkey Pinkey Parlez Vous.

A year from tonight, we parade again,
Parlez Vous,
The orders and dress will be just the
same, Parlez Vous.
Remember the fact, don't be a goat,
We'll crime all those who miss the boat,
Inkey Pinkey, Parlez Vous.

# ROLLING HOME.

Rolling home,
Rolling home,
Rolling home,
Rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moo-oo-oon!
Happy is the day
When you drawn your buckshee pay
And you're rolling, rolling,
rolling home.

We've started an old-fashioned Gin-shop, A genuine palace of sin. The principal girl is my grandma. My word, how the money rolls in.

My Brother's a Street Missionary.
He saves little girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,
My word, how the money rolls in.

My Father sells snow to the snowbirds, My Mother sells synthetic gin, My Sister sells love to the sailers, My word, how the money rolls in.

There's all serts of card games and gambling,
We never let customers win,
Our sharpers are there in their dozens,
My word, how the money rolls in.

We always keep going till morning.
It's midnight before we begin.
Our chorus "All listen to reason".
My word: How the money rolls in.

# SISTER SUSIE'S SEWING SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS.

Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers,
Such skill at sewing shirts
Our shy young sister Susie shows:
Some soldiers send epistles, say they'd
sooner sleep in thistles
Than the saucy, soft, short shirts
For soldiers sister Susie sews:

# HERE'S TO THE GOOD OLD BEERS

Here's to the good old beer—
Mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to the good old beer—
Mop it down.
Here's to the good old beer,
That never leaves you queer,
Here's to the good old beer,
Mop it down.

o-con!

Here's to the good old whisky.

Mop it down, mop it down.

Here's to the good old whisky.

Mop it down.

Here's to the good old whisky.

That makes you feel so frisky,

Here's to the good old whisky,

Mop it down.

# MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES.

# (For Re-Union Nights)

We meet tonight for old time's sake,

Parlez-vous,
A good old yarn, a strong hand-shake,

Parlez-vous;

Each ugly mug we're glad to see,

Tonight we're out upon the spree,
Good old friends and new ones, too.

Talk of Anzac and Gyppo Land,
Quies Kateer;
The bints, the Wazir, the heat and sand,
Tel-el-Kebir;
The Suez Canal, all right in it's way,
Dut give me "The Yarra" any day,

The Froggies were very good, we know, Comprenes-Vous.
To give us a share of the mud and snow, Till we were blue,
But if they start another "Guerre",
We'll sing "Australia won't be there",
Civvy now, La Guerre, Napoo."

Ishni Yalla, Itchy Koo.

So fill your glass with Aussie beer,
Have a few;
What's it matter if you get near,
To "Fou-the-noo?"
Tell the wife it's for Auld Lang Syne,
And take a good old Number Nine,
Luky pinky, Parlez-Vous.

It's a hell of a song that we've just sung,

Parlez-Vous; It's a hell of a song that we've just sung,

Parlez-Vous;
And the bijghter that wrote it
Ought to be hung,
He syncthing else but a great big b--,
Inky, pinky, Parlez-Vous.

Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Sozzled Digger: "Moses!"

Sentry: "Advance Moses, and give the Gen Commandments.

# AUSTRALIA WILL DE THERE.

Rally round the banner of your Country,
Take the field with brothers o'er the foam;
On land or sea, wherever you be,
Keep your eye on Liberty;
But England, Home, and beauty,
Have no cause to fear.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
No, no, no, no, no;
Australia will be there,
Australia will be there.

# WE ARE THE RAGTIME ARMY.

We are the ragtime Army,
The A.N.Z.A.C.;
We cannot shoot, we won't salute,
What blanky use are we?
And when we get to Berlin
The Kaiser he will say,
"Hoch, Hoch, mein Gott,
What an awful rotten lot
Are the A. N. Z. A. C".

# AT THE HALT.

At the halt on the left, form Platoon, At the halt on the left, form Platoon; If the odd numbers don't mark time two paces,

How the hell can the rest form Plateon?

#### TIPPERARY.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Goodbye, Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

The Digger: "If you were to put the lid on that dixie, you wouldn't get so much dust in the stew".

The Cook: "See here, young fellow, your business is to fight for your Country."

business is to fight for your Country". The Digger: "Yes, but not to eat it!"

# HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

Here we are, here we are, here we are again,
Tommy and Jack, Jimmy, and Bill and Joe,
When there's something doing, the
Quarter bloke we're wooing,
Are we downhearted? No, Let 'em all
come,
Here we are, here we are, here we are
again,
Fit and well and feeling as right as
rain,
The Staff look fat and jolly,
We're ten-a-loaf, by golly:
Hello, Hello, Here we are again.

# WHEN THIS BLASTED WAR IS OVER. (Hyant "Take it to the Lord in prayer")

Only one more marching order, only one more church parade,
Only one more kit inspection and of that I'me not afraid,
When this cru-hell war is over Oh how happy I shall be,
When I get my civvy clothes on,
No more soldiering for me.

When this blasted war is over,
No mere soldiering for me,
When I get my civvy clothes on,
Oh, how happy shall I be.
No more church parades on Sunday,
Wo more asking for a pass.
I shall tell the Sergeant Major,
To stick the passes ---.

When this blasted war is over,
No more soldiering for me,
When I get my civvy clothes on,
Oh, how happy shall I be.
I shall sound my own Revally,
I shall make my own Tattoo,
No more N.C.O's to curse me,
Wo more b— army stew. (Cont).

Pat and Mick in the Trench, gazing up at an aeroplane.

Pat: ""I wouldn't like to be up in the air wid that thing".

Mick: "I wouldn't like to be up there wid out tt!"

# WHEN THIS LLASTED WAR IS OVER, (Cont).

N.C.O.'s will all be navvies,
Privates' ride in motor cars,
N.C.O.'s will smoke their woodbines,
Privates puff their big cigars,
No more standing to in trenches,
Only one more church parade,
No more shiv'ring on the firestep,
No more McConchie's marmalade.

## HOW DRY WE ARE.

How dry we are, how dry we are,
Lord only knows how dry we are,
We'll pawn our shoes
To buy some booze,
And swallow all the salty stews.
Lord only knows how dry we are.

How dry we are, how dry we are,
Lord only knows how dry we are.
They taught us how
To drink long beers,
Like thirsty mules and sand gat steers,
Lord only knows how dry we are.

#### THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER.

The more we are together,
Together, together,
The more we are together,
The happier we'll be,
For your friends are my friends,
And my friends are your friends,
So the more we are together,
The happier we'll be.

Tall Court and Stanford Library

# THERES A LONG, LONG, TRAIL.

There's a long, long, trail a winding, Into the land of my dreams, Where the nightingales are singing And a pale moon beams, There's a long, long, night of waiting, Until my dreams all come true, To the day when I'll be going down That long, long, trail with you.



# PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag.
And smile, boys, smile;
While you ve a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style:
What's the ase of worrying?
It never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your cld kit bag,
And smile, boys, smile.

# KEEP THE HOME FIRES DUBNING.

Keep the home fires burning, While your hearts' are yearning, Though your lads are far away They dram of home. There's a silver lining Thru' the dark clouds shining, Turn the dark clouds inside out Till the Boys come home.

#### GUNDAGAI.

There's a track leading back to an old-fashioned shack,
Along the road to Gundagai.
Where the blue gums are growing and the Murrumbidgee's flowing,
Dereath that sunny sky,
Where my daddy and mother are waiting for me
And the pals of my childhood once more I will see;
Then no more will I roam, when I'm heading right for home,
Along the road to Cundagai.

# BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE.

Then steadily shoulder to shoulder, Steadily, blade by blade, Ready and strong, marching along, Like the boys of the Old Brigade, Then steadily shoulder to shoulder, Steadily, blade by blade, Ready and strong, marching along, Like the Boys of the Old Brigade.

# THE AUSTRAL-AISE.

# (Air) "Onward Christian Soldiers".

Fellers of Australier, Blokes an' coves an' coots,
Shift yer -- carcases, Move yer -- boots,
Gird yer -- loins up, Get yer -- gun,
Set the -- enermy, An' watch the -- run,

Get a -- move on, Have some -- sense Tearn the -- art of, Self de--fence.

Have some -- brains be, Neath yer-lids,
An' swing a -- sabre, Fer the Missus and
the kids,
Chuck supportin'--posts, An' strikin-lights,
Support a -- famly an', Strike for yer

Chorus.

'Ow's the - Nation, Going to impand, "Lest is-blokes on coves, Lend a -hand, Eave yer -- apathy, Down a -- chasm.
'Ump yer -- burden with, Enthusi--asm, Chorus

rights.

Fellers' of Australier, Cobbers, chaps,
'an mates,

Hear the -- enermy, Kickin' at the gates;

Blow the -- bugle, Beat the -- drum,

Uppercut and out the cow, To Kingdom -- come.

#### Chorus.

Get a --- move on, Have some --- sense, Learn the -- art of, Self de --- fence,

#### OLD SOLDEERS NEVER DIE.

Old soldiers never die. Never die, Never die. Old soldiers never die, They simply fade away.

Old soldiers never die.
Never die, Never die,
Old soldiers never die,
Young enes wish they would.

# R.A. MOTHER WACHREE.

There's a spot in me heart which no There's a spot in me neart which no continue and it's peopled with places and cobbers sounded or known,

There's a place in me memory, my life, that you fill;

No other can take it, no one ever will. Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,

And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care; I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn

for me, Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree.

# LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST.

When the golden sun sinks in the hills, And the toil of a long day is o'er, Though the road may be long, in the Tilt of a song I forget I was weary before. Far ahead where the blue shadows fall, I shall come to contentment and rest; And the toils of the day will be all charmed away In my little Grey Home in the West.

There are hands that will welcome me in, There are lips I am burning to kiss; There are two eyes that shine just because they are mine, And a thousand things other men miss. It's a corner of Heaven itself Though it's only a tumble-down nest, But the love brooding there, why no place can compare With my little Grey Home in the West.

#### WHEN THE GREAT RED DAWN IS SHINING.

When the great red dawn is shining, When the waiting hours are past, When the tears of night are ended And I see the dawn at last. I shall come down the road of sunshine To a heart that is fond and true, When the great Red Dawn is shining, Back to Home, back to Mother, and you.

MOTHER MACHREE (Parody) S. C.

There's a spot in my heart that's the

I've known,

There's a place in my memory I'll ever keep bright,

To shine each September on Get-to-gether night.

Sure we meet each year once again to renew, All the friendships so valued and ever found true;

May we long be together our thoughts. to enjoy,

And may God bless our meeting, Digger, my boy.

# LITTLE WET HOME IN THE TRENCE

I've a little wet Home in the trench. Which the rain storms continually drench, There is a dead Turk close by with his feet to the sky, And he gives off a beautiful stench. Underneath in the place of a floor, There is a mass of wet mud and some straw. And the Jack Johnson's tear Through the rain sodden air, O'er my little Wet Home in the Trench

There are snipers who keep on the go, So you must keep your nappers down below. And the star-shells at night make a deuce of a light, Which causes the language to flow Then bully and biscuits we'll chew For 'tis days since we tasted a stew, But with shells dropping there, there's no place to compare With my little Wet Home in the Trench.

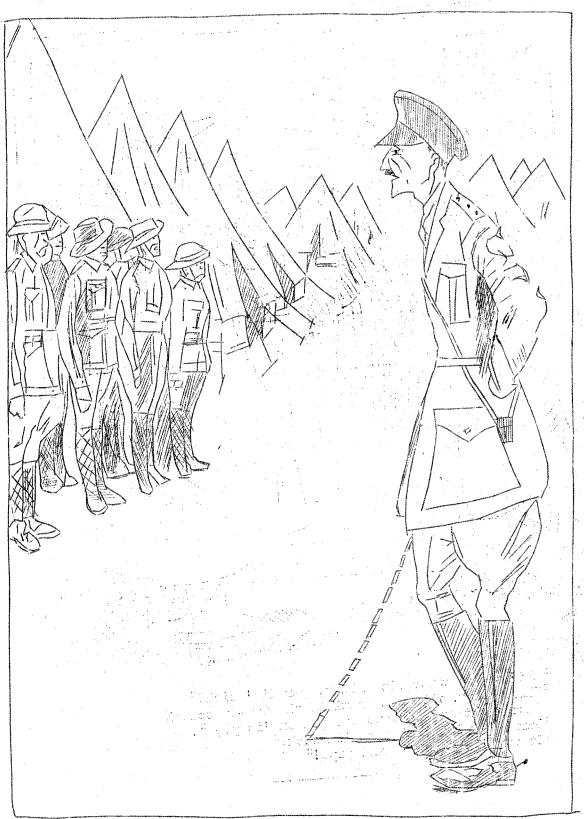
#### SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME.

Show me the way to go home, I'me tired and I want to go to bed. I had a little drink about an hour ago, And it's gone right to my head And So wherever I may be, On land or see or foam,

You will always hear me singing this song. Show me the way to go home.



"Wot's the matter with Bluey, paradin' sick?"
"There wux a bit of a brawl in the two-up school last night and someone stepped on 'is pipe".
"Garn! 'Ow did that make 'im sick?"
"It wuz 'is flamin' wind pipe!"



"All those men intending having dying relatives this week-end must apply for leave at once - The football match starts at three!"

R.A.瞬间M.C.

Take me back to dear old Dlighty, Put me on the train for London Town, Take me over there, take me anywhere, Liverpool or Manchester, well I don't

I just want to see my marmy, with my best girl she'll be waiting there,

Hi tee, iddle ey ity, Take me back to Blighty, Flighty is the place for me.

Take me back to dear old Aussie,
Put me on the boat for Melbourne Town,
Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, for I
don't care,
I justiwant to see my best girl,
Cuddithe up again we soon will be,
Oh. Tighty is a failure,
Dake me back to Aus tralia,
Aussie is the place for me.

# THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND.

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's"

Land,

And it's wonderful to see.

The it's spray'd with tears it will

live for years,

In my garden of Memory.

It's the one red rose the soldier Knows,

It's the work of the Master's Hand,

Mid the wer's great curse,

Stands the Red Cross Nurse,

She's the Rose of No Man's Land.

# I WANT TO GO HOME.

I want to go home.

I want to go home,

I want to go home,

I don't want to go to the trenches

no more,

where there are whizbangs and Five
nines galore.

Take me over the sea,

Where the Allermand can't get at me,

Oh my, I don't want to die,

Marching, marching, marching,
Always bally well marching,
Marching all the morning and marching
half the night,
Marching, marching, marching,
Always bally well marching,
Marching till my time is up and I

CONTO MARCHING MARCHING

### ROLLING HOME.

shall march no more.

Rolling home, Rolling home, Rolling home, Rolling Home,
By the light of the silvery Mooreon.
Happy is the day when you draw your buckshee pay,
And you're rolling, rolling, rolling,
Rolling Home.

#### SWEET ADELINE.

Sweet Adeline, My Adeline,
At night dear heart,
For you I pine.
In all my dreams
Your fair face beams,
You're the flower of my heart,
Sweet Adeline.

# TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT. GROW COLD.

Till the sands of the desert grow cold,
And their infinite numbers are told.
God gave them to me,
And mine thou shalt be,
For ever to have and to held.
Till the story of Judgment is told,
And the mystiries of Heaven are told.
I'll turn love to thee,
My shrine thou shalt be,
Till the sands of the Desert grow cold.

#### GOOD-BYEE.

Good-bye-ee, Good-bye-ee,
Wipe the tear baby dear from your eyee,
Though 'tis hard to pert I know.
I'll be tickled to death to go.
Don't sighes — don't cryee —
There's, a silver lining in the skyee.
If a "nine point two" Get's his eye
on you.

Napoo - toodledo -- Goodbyee.

# R. A. z&a N. C. THE SOLDIER S FAREWELL.

How can I bear to leave thee? One parting kiss I give thee; And then, whate'er befalls me, I go where honor calls me.

Chorus Ferevell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

### AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

# JUST A WEE DEOCH-AN'-DORIS.

Just a wee deoch-an'-doris, Just a wee yin, that's a', Just a wee deoch-an'-doris, Defore we gang awa'. There's a wee wifie waitin', In a wee but-ant-ben; If you can say, "it's a braw bricht moonlight nicht." Ye're a richt, ye ken?

#### OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swanee River, Far, far away, Dere's what my heart is turning eber, Dere's what de old folks stay. All up and down de whole creation Sedly I roam, Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home.

Chorus All de world am sad and dreary, Eblrywhar Lroam, Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.

Johnnie, get your gun, get your gur get your gun, Take it on the run, on the run, on the run, Hear them calling you and me Eviry son of liberty. Hurry right away, no delay, go to-day Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad, Tell your sweetheart no to pine To be proud her boy's in line.

Over there, over there, Send the word, send the word over there, That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, The drums rumtumming evirywhere. So prepare, say a prayer, Send the word, send the word to Deware, And we won't come back till it's over Over there.

### JOHN BROWN'S BABY.

John Brown's baby's got a pimple on his --- "Sh "ssh". John Brown's baby's got a pimple on his --- "Sh "ssh", John Brown's baby's got a pimple on his --- "Sh "ssh", It hurts him marching along.

Chorus Glory, glory Allelulia, Ain't that baby boy peculiar, What a kid he was to fool yer As we went marching along.

# GOODNIGHT, LADIES.

Goodnight, ladies, Goodnight, Ladies, Goodnight, ladies, We're going to leave you now. Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along, Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies, Sweet dreams, ladies, Sweet dreams, ladies, We're going to leave you now. Merrily etc.

Oh, there was a little hen and she that a wooden leg,
The best little hen that ever laid an egg,
And she laid more eggs than any on the farm,

And another little drink won't do us any harn.

# 6 Chorus

Another little drink, another little drink,
Another little drink won't do us any harm,
Another little drink, another little drink,
Another little drink won't do us any harm.

There was a little girl who went into
Revue,
Couldn't act a bit, But a Lady
thro-and-tho',
Cause to everyone around she displayed
great form,
And another little drink won't do us
any harm.

# Chorus

There was a pretty lass, and I grieved to say,

She climbed upon a bus on a windy day. When the busy little breeze blew an awful storm,

And the pretty little filly showed surprising form.

Another little drink etc. etc.

### GOODBYE MELBOURNE TOWN.

Goodbye Melbourne Town, Melbourne
Town goodbye,
I am leaving you today for a Country
far away,
Though just now I'm stony broke
without a single brown,
When I make my fortune I'll come back
and spend it
In dear old Melbourne Town.

# MARY BUE WAS WITTY.

Mary she was writty,

Mary she was pretty,

Mary from the City -how we used to pull

her leg;

A member of the Committee

Thinking to be witty,

Sang to her a ditty of a hard boiled egg

Singing "Rule Britannia -- The Kaiser

kill'd a cat,

King George never never never would do

that.

DO WHAT? (softly) Sang to her a ditty Of a hard boiled egg. NAPOO.

# THE FINEST JOB OF ALL. THE AIRMAN.

God made the land for soldier men,
He made the sea for sailors.
And Regent Street for pretty girls.
And Jermyn Street for tailors,
He made the air for other folk
(Oh, don't you hear the call?)
He made the air for you and me,
The finest job of all.

God made some men for Parliament,
And some for pious rectors,
He made some men for writing jobs,
And even made "objectors",
But you and me he blessed the most,
(Oh, don't you hear the call?)
He gave us wings to scour the heaving.
The finest job of all.
The finest job of all.

### APRES LA GUERRE.

Apres la Guerre fini, Soldat Australie parti, Estaminay avec Vin Ordinay, Apres la Guerre fini.

Apres la Guerre fini, Soldat Australie parti, Shall be dreaming of our Chere Marie, Apres la Guerre fini.

A.S. 관·

MARCHING SONG, (6 Section 127E FEED AMERICE A, I.F.) (J. Devrence).

Hear the Ripers calling Jemme Mine.

For "C" Section's going up the line. Sure they keep us at it allouthe time, Stretcher bearing is sublime. They will work until the day is done, True Australians every son of a gun. And the Heads all know C Section do their duty, Dinkums, every one:

Now our boys they always play the game, Good old 'Crinko' sings us "Woodland Jane" Con Lawless says I'll make you want me back again some day. Cock Manser's donkey songs are ever new, Billy Peters always cooks the stew, But Charlie Boys does nothing else but argue,

Held talk you blue.

Sgt. Pitcher sings his little verse, All the boys are say and hearty and I tell you it could be much worse. But he'll do the Dinkums for a Non Com., And we'll follow him first. Ernie Aberle's songs are still alive, And he tells about his "Wallaby drive". But when all is said and done. Arthur Welfare takes the bun, He'd talk the dead alive.

> Jirmy Lawrence sings "My old Sharo", And no hospital dixie had a go, But the Dinkums they will sing their loudest. And make a lively show, But now we must tell about a chum, And the good things Sgt. Watson's done, But though he's gone for good, we'll often see him Flying near the sun.

Now our little story's nearly sung, Billy' Gray's elocution causes fun. And our song will always be remembered Till our lives are done. We'll be glad when this blinkin' war is o'er, And we see Australia's sunny shore, Then we'll give three hearty cheers for old "C" Section, Always to the fore.

#### @@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

# JUST BLOWN ACROSS FROM THE WEST. (Blue Readon) (Air) Little Grey Home of the West)

Well, we've just blown across from the West. And we're all forty two round the chest, Fremantle and Perth are the best towns on earth, And we don't care a hang for the rest. We'll take off our coats and our vests,

Whenever we're put to the test, And re ve all got good throttles Companying bottles,

And Swan Beer's the best beer of all.

I know an inn where the Soldiers love to rest,

And take a drink by the corner of the wood; The stuff they sell there is always of the best.

And there's a girl that is every bit as good. This Innkeeper's daughter is divine. Light as a summer butterfly, Dark eyes that sparkle like wine. For Madelon we all would de ... We dream of her by night, we dream of her by day,

It's pretty Madelon makes our hearts feel

P.T.O.)



When Madelon pours out the wine or ale,
Under the trees as gentle as a dove,
All the boys are there to tell the tale,
It's the old, old tale of love.
Dear Madelon is never cross with us,
Doesn't refuse our knees to sit upon,
She just laughs, that's all the harm
she does,

Carry on Madelon, Carry On:

# BILLY (The Airman).

Oh, Filly was the greatest chap in all our little lot,
Oh, Filly had a hundred tricks, but
Elegan to France upon a dud to see
The tit could do,
And after landing like a bird, said

"Half a crown to you".

#### Chorus

Oh, Billy, Billy, how we miss you now you've gone away,
Your spins, your loops, your merry
laugh we talk of still today.
'Twas great to watch you climbing up and planing down old fellow,
And see your happy smiling face behind your old propellor.

Toung Billy got surrounded once by four bad Boche machines,
They one and all let fly at him with all their magazines;
But Filly, he fell half a mile pretending to be shot,
Then straightened out and went for them and downed the bloomin' lot.

Chorus.
Some, Q.M. fill the rum bowl up,
Until it doth flow over,
For tonight, we'll merry merry be,
For tonight, we'll merry merry be,
For tonight, we'll merry merry be,
Tomorrow, we'll be sober.

In my little dug-out on the hill,
I sleep when the Turks! guns are still.
But sometimes I wake and can feel the
earth shake,
When one of our guns fires a shell.
Then with the searchlight's bright glare

Then with the searchlight's bright glare
I can see the Turks fly in the air.
Dut it's all in the play, for it happens
each day,

Near my little dugout on the hill.

YY LITTER VIDUC-OUT.

For breakfast we've bacon and toa, W. For dinner we've stew, don't you see, We have plenty of fags, and we den't

sleep on bags,
And a beautiful view of the sea.
So we live like the rats in the ground,
Where the bullets come whizzing around,
Dut when wrapped in my rug,
snug as a bug,

In my little dug-out on the http://

# THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL.

It's good to greet the "Pals" we knew,
The best pals of all,
To meet and spend an hour or two,
And good old times recall;
Though fortune's smiled or frowned on us,
Don't let it spoil our show,
But raise your voice in tune with us,
And make this old song go.

The years pass on relentlessly,
Our comrades pass on too,
Some valued pals have gone "beyond"
Our numbers now are few;
But absent ones we don't forget,
We'll keep their memory green,
And honor them each time we meet,
Till we too cross the stream.

The days of war we used to know,
The days of shot and shell,
They seem so far beyond us now,
Our youth's beyond as well;
Our step: grows short and steadier,
Our eye more weak, and dim,
But our Friendskip laws no warmth in it,
Our Comradeship laws still.

# WE PARTED ON THE SHORE.

We parted on the shore,
Yes, we parted on the shore,
I said "Goodbye my love, I'me off
to Baltimore",
And I kissed her on the ship and the
orew began to roar,
"Heelio", and we parted on the shore.

# BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND.

By you bonnie benks, and by you

bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch
Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever
want to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lomond.

Chorus.

Oh we II take the high road and I'll take the low road,

And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;

But me and my true love will never meet again,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

# EVERY SHIP WILL FIND A HARBOR.

Eviry ship will find a harbour,
Eviry bird a nest,
Don't be sighing, don't be crying,
All is for the best.
I just want to see you smiling,
I'de do anything for you.
Eviry ship will find a harbor,
And our Barque will find one too.

# COD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious King, Long live our noble King, God save the King; Send him victorious, Happy and glorious, Long to reign over us; God save the King.

# THE DEAR BITTLE SHAMROCK

There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,

f 'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;

the And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,

hore. And with dew from his eye often wet it.

It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake,

thro' the mireland.

And he call'd it the dear little

Shamrock of Ireland.

The dear little Shamrock, the sweet

little Shamrock,

och The dear little, sweet little Shamrock

of Ireland.

# ALL THE NICE GIRLS LOVE A SAILOR.

All the nice girls love a sailor,
All the nice girls love a tar.
For there is one thing about a sailor,
You know what sailors are.
Free and easy, bright and breezy,
They're our Country's pride and joy.
He's in love with Kate and Jame,
Then he's off to sea again,
Ship ahoy: Ship ahoy.

#### GOOD-BYE ANZAC.

Goodbye Anzac, Goodbye Anzac, Goodbye Anzac, We hate to leave you now; Sorrowful we sail away, sail away, sail away, Sorrowful we sail away, o'er the dark blue

Farewell Anzac, Farewell Anzac, Farewell Anzac,

Someday we're coming back,
Guard our lonely soldiers' graves, soldiers'
graves, Soldiers' graves,
Guard our lonely soldiers' graves,
Till we come again.

I'me so happy, Oh so happy, Don't you envy me, I leave today at three For Sunny Tennessee. Dad and mother, sis, and brother, Waiting for me there, And at the table next to Mabel There's an extra chair.

# Chorus

Back home in Tennessee, Just try and picture me, Right on my Mother's knee, She thinks the world of me. All I can think of tonight Is a field of snowy white; Benjos ringing, Darkies singing, All the world seems bright. The roses round the door Make me love Mother more. 1/11 see my sweetheart Flo. And friends I used to know, Why they'll be right there to meet me, Just imagine how' they'll greet me, When I get back, When I get back, To my home in Tennessee.

#### I'LL MAKE A MAN OF YOU.

Sunday I walk out with a soldier, On Monday I'm taken by a Tar, On Tuesday I'm out with a baby Boy Scout, On Wednesday a Hussar; On Thursday I gang oot wi! a Scottie, On Friday the Captain of the crew; But on Saturday I'm willing To make a man of any one of you.

Sunday I walk out with a Bo'sun, On Monday a Rifleman in green, On Tuesday I choose a "sub" in the "Blues", We haven't seen the Kaiser for a On Wednesday, a Marine. On Thursday a Ferrier from Tooting, On Friday a Midshipman or two. But on Saturday I'm willing If you'll only take a shilling, To make a man of any one of you.

# DACK HOME IN TENNESSEE.

Way down in the old Front Line. Oh, that will do for mine. Amidst the rain and snow. Gone are the pomp and show. All I can think of tonight Is the parapet of white; Bombs are dropping, Sells are popping No relief in sight. The rum we ought to get Has not been sighted yet. I'me sure we'll get trench feet With nothing hot to eat. We've used the bombs they gave us And there's no dug-out to save us. Till we get back, Till we get back, To our old Estaminet.

In nineteen thirty-three, Just try and picture me. In Aussie o'er the sea. That's where I'de like to be: All I can think of tonight Are the fields of snowy white. Freezing, snowing, Machine guns going Berlin out of sight. The Fritzies in the trench. Behind them leave a stench. I'de like to see my wench, Not the one who parleys French, She'll be right there to greet me, If she's not too old to greet me. When I get back, When I get back, In mineteen Thirty-three.

#### WE HAVENT SEEN THE KAISER.

We haven't seen the Kaiser for a terrible time. terrible time. We came to France to see what he was doing, The A.I.F. will be his blanky ruin. We haven't seen the Kaiser for a terrible time. He must have been blown up by a mine (we hope so) He was the leader of the German Band, So hang him-he's no cousin of mine.

,**2**,0<sub>3</sub> M.C ORDERED OVERSEAS.

WANT TO SEE THE COLONEL.

You've never seen the country where a bob's not worth a bob. And now they ve gone and told you soon you'll taste the foreign airs, So write a letter home, my boy, and pearn a few more prayers.

#### Chorus.

Ordered overseas, just the same old wheeze, Ordered off the France with no warning. Say goodbye to Blighty, boy, wishing you the greatest joy, We're ordered overseas in the morning. Ordered overseas, just the same old wheeze, Ordered off the France with no warning, Say goodbye to Blighty boy, Wishing you the greatest joy,

Up into the morning when the mists 以为国 lie thick below, Say farewell to London, Piccadilly and the Row, And then the white cliffs shining and the dots upon the sea, And half a dozen gas-bags far below upon the Spree.

We're ordered overseas in the morning.

#### Chorus.

#### GOODBYE GENERAL ORDERS.

Goodsye general orders and farewell routine too, Ever since we left Australia we've been mucked around by you; Squad-drill was a failure and Strethcher / ( drill a farce, If you won't give us our Blighty leave, You can turn us out to grass.

#### DON'T WE JUST KNOW.

The Brigadier, he gets Turkey, The Colonel has his duck, The Officers have poultry, They always were in luck. The Sergeants they get bread and cheese, And mop up all they can, But all the poor old privates get Is bread and -

fou 've had your bit of training and comon want to see the Colenet () you've had your custy job, Annance El know where he is, I know where he is, I know where he is, If you want to see the Colonel, know where he is; He's down in the deep dug-out I saw him, I saw him down in the deep dugout, I saw him, Down in the deep dug-out.

> If you want to see the Quarternaster I know where he he, I know where he is. I know where he is, He's mopping up the Diggers rum I saw him, I saw him mopping up the Diggers! rum etc.

If you want to find the Digger Stc. He's up to his neck in slush. I saw him

If you wan't to find old Fritzie I know where HE is eto He's hanging in the old banguire I saw him etc.

#### LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the free, How can we extole thee, who are born of thee, Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set; They who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet; They who made the mighty, make thee mightier yet.

#### ALONG THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAL.

There's a track winding back to an old-fashioned shack, Along the road to Gundagai. Where the blue gums are growing, and the Murrumbidgee's flowing Beneath that sunny sky Where my daddy and mother are waiting for me, And the pals of my childhood once more I will see. Then no more will I roam when I'm heading right for home Along the moad to Sundagai.

#### THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.

The moon shines bright on Charle Chaplin, His boots are cracking. For want of blacking, And his khaki trousers. They want mending, Before we send him. To the Dardanelles.

#### RAINING. (Air Holy, Holy, Holy)

Raining, raining, raining, Always ballywell raining. Raining all the morning, And raining all the night.

Grousing, grousing, grousing, Always ballywell grousing, Grousing at the rations, And grousing at the pay.

Marching, marching, marching, Always ballywell marching, Marching in the morning, And marching in the night.

Marching, marching, marching, Always ballywell marching; When the war is over We'll ballywell march no more.

#### I WORE A TUNIC. (Air "I wore a Tulip")

I wore a tunic,
A dirty khaki tunic,
And you wore civilian clothes.
We fought and bled at Loos
While you were on the booze,
The booze that no one here knows.
Oh, you were with the wenches
While we were in the trenches
Facing our German foe.
Oh, you were a-slacking
While we were attacking
Down on the Menin Road.

# HUSH, HERE COMES A WHIZZ BANG. (Air Hush, here comes the Dream Man)

Hush! Here comes a whizz-bang,
Hush! Here comes a whizz-bang,
Now you soldiers, get down those stairs,
Down in your dug-outs and say your prayers.
Hush, Here comes a whizz-bang,
And it's making straight for you:
And you'll see all the wonders of
No-Man's Land,

If a whizz-bang (bump!) hits you.

#### I DON'T WANT TO DIE.

I wan't to go home,
I wan't to go home,
I don't want to go in the trenches no
more,
Where whizz-bangs and shrapnel they
whistle and roar.
Take me over the sea
Where the Alleyman can't get at me.
Oh my, I don't want to die,
I want to go home.

## IF THE SERGEANT STEALS YOUR RUM. (Air "Never Mind")

If the sergeant steals your rum,
Never mind,
If the sergeant steals your rum,
Never mind!
Though he's just a b— sot,
You can let him take the lot,
If the sergeant steals your rum,
Never mind!

If old Jerry shells the trench, Never mind.

If old Jerry shells the trench, Never mind:

Though the blasted sandbags fly You have only once to die,

If old Jerry shells the trench, Never mind.

If you get stuck on the wire,
Never mind,
If you get stuck on the wire,
Never mind!
Though the light's as broad as day
When you die they stop your pay,
If you get stuck on the wire,
Never mind!

# WHEN THE STEW IS ON THE TABLE. (Air "When the roll is called up yonder"

When the stew is on the table, When the stew is on the table, When the stew is on the table, there. When the stew is on the table, I'll be

When the beer is in the tankard, I'll be there.

#### RAY AND NAVY

Send out the Army and Navy, Australian Composition in the old front line, Send out the brave Territorials, Oh, that won't do for mine, They'll face the danger with a smile Amongst the mud and slime, (I don't think).

Send out my mother, All I can think of tonight Send out my sister and brother, Is the parapet so white:

Suf for Gawd's sake don't send me! Bombs are popping, shells as

# TAR MAR FROM YPRES.

Far, fan from Ypres, I long to be,
Where German snipers can't snipe at me.
Damp is my dug-out,
Cold are my feet,
Waiting for whizz-bangs
To send me to sleep.
(Note. Pronounce "Ypres"—"Eepree".

## MY NELLY. (AMr. Three Blind Mice".

My Nelly's a goer,
My Nelly's a goer!
She's got such wonderful eyes of blue.
She uses such wonderful language too,
Her favourite expression is,—to you.
My Nelly's a goer.

# LIVE HOST MY RIFLE AND BAYONET.

I've lost my rifle and bayonet,
I've lost my disc and my puttees,
I've lost my four-by-two.
I've lost my housewife and hold-all,
I've lost my button-stick too.
I've lost my rations and greatcoat—
Sergeant, what shall I do?

I've tost my rifle and bayonet,
I've lost my pull-through too,
I've lost the socks that you sent me—
They lasted the whole winter through.
I've lost the razor that shaved me,
I've lost my four-by-two,
I've lost my hold-all, so now I've got
blow-all,
Since I've lost you.

DOWN IN THE OLD FRONT LINE.

(Air My home in Tennessee)

Down in the old front line,
Oh, that won't do for mine,
Amongst the mud and slime,
Amidst the slush and grime,
All I can think of tonight
Is the parapet so white;
Bombs are popping, shells are dropping,
No relief in sight.
The rum we ought to get,
We see no signs of yet.
You bet we'll get trench feet,
With nothing hot to eat.
There's tons of shells to chase us
And no dug-outs to save us,
Till we get back, till we get back,
Where there's wine and cheer for us.

# NEVER MIND (R.Q.M.S.E.Clarke) frd Batt.

If your sleeping place is damp,

Never mind!

If you wake up with the cramp, Never mind.

If your trench should fall the some

Fill your ears and make you same

While the sergeant drinks your rum.

Never mind!

If you have to rise at four, Never mind!

If the morning's dark and raw, Never mind.

If a duck-board should elope,

And your container has no rope,

And you have to wade a grope,

Never mind!

If the cook's a trifle new Never mind!

If you get your tea and stew All combined.

And you find your pint of ries

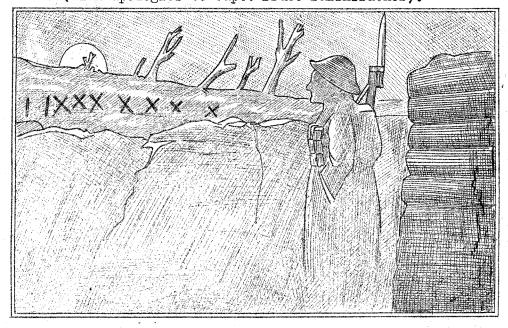
Has a coat of muddy ice,

Try to think it blanky nice.

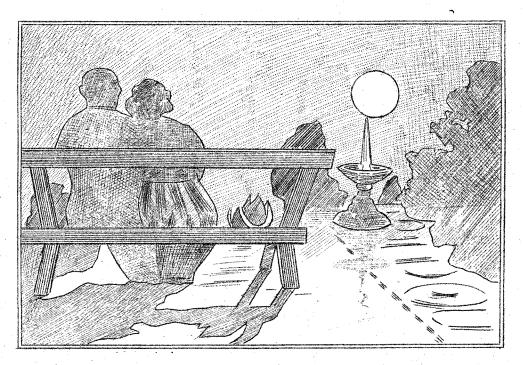
Never mind!

Keep a steady upper lip, And you'ld find, Every cloud you like to rip, Silver lined. Though the skies are looking grey, It is ten to one there may Be a parcel on the way, Never mind!

# THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND. (With apologies to Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather).



FRANCE, 11.30 p.m. "I wonder if the same dear old Moon is shining through her bedroom window."

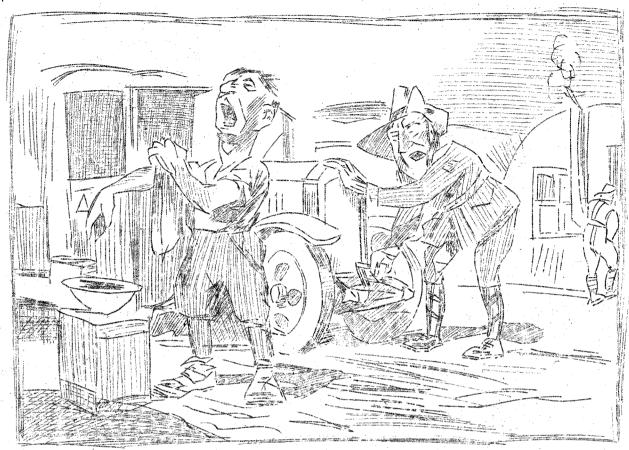


BLIGHTY, 11.30 p.m. The Girl: "How annoying this beastly old Moon is:"





FROM ANZ



DIGGER (cranking lorry): Stop that --- row. The ----brasshats 'ill think I'm grindin' a ---- barrel organ.



THE CLUTCHING HAND.

COME ON THIRD. Come on Third, Green and brown There's going to be a Jubitee in Sydney town

Resch's Beer, Manly Pier! No more boxing on with Fritzes No more getting blown to bits-es Come on boys! Make a noise, Just get that steamer dashing through the foam,

No more mess and muddle, Me for love and cuddle, When they re loading up the transport

IN THE EVENING DOWN THE WAMBEKE. (Air "In the evening by the Moonlight") In the evening, down the Wambeke Softly go our boys a-sneaking; In the evening, down the Wambeke For the Huns they go a seeking. And they grin and think it fine, Crawling to ards the German line, -In the evening, midst the shell-holes down the Wambeke.

Refrain. In among the shell-holes, shell-holes, shell-holes, In among the shell-holes all night long.

Down the Wambeke see them go, Keen to catch the Major's "dough", Creeping through the German wire They come under M.G. fire, Then they whisper "What a sell!" As they my like—Nancy Bell(!) In the evening down the Wambeke, with the wind-up.

Refrain. Running with the wind-up, wind-up, wind-up, Running with the wind-up, all night long. AROUND THE CORNER.

Around the corner, and under the tree, The gallant Major said come with me. I said "Nay Nay", I said "No No", But everytime I've been there once I always vant to go Around the corner and under the tree The brilliant Major made love to me. He kissed me once, He kissed me twice. It wasn't just the thing to do, But gosh! it was so nice.

#### IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE WORKHOUSE.

It was Christmas Day in the workhouse, And the master had brought in the duff. Up spake a sturdy pauper, with a face as bold as brass,

"We don't want your Christmas pudden, 

It was Christmas Day in the harem And the sunuchs were standing around. In strode the bold, bad Sultan, and gazed on his marble halls. "What would you like for Christmas, boys?" And the eunuchs answered "\_\_\_

#### A YOUNG AVIATOR LAY DYING.

A young aviator lay dying, And as neath the wreckage he lay, To the soldiers assembled around him, These last parting words he did say-"Take the cylinder cut of my kidney, "The connecting rod out of my brain, "From the small of my back take the crankshaft, And assemble the engine again

#### ONE STAFF OFFICER.

One Staff Officer jumped upon another Staff Officer's back, One Staff Officer jumped upon another Staff Officer's back, Another Staff Officer jumped upon another Staff Officer's back, And we all went marching on. They were only playing leap-frog, They were only playing leap-frog. They were only playing leap-frog, As one Staff Officer jumped upon another Staff Officer's back.

#### RE-UNION NIGHT. (Air "Mother Machree")

There's a spot in my heart that's the A.I.F. s own,

And it's peopled with places and cobbers I've known,

There's a space in my mem'ry I'll ever keep bright,

To shine in each April on Re-Union Night. Oh! we meet here each year once again

to renew, All the friendships so valued and ever found May we long be together our thoughts to enjoy,

And may God bless our meeting, Digger, my

#### A JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnny comes marching home again,

Hurrah, Hurrah!

We'VI give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, Hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all fee'l gay when Johnny
comes marching home.

#### FOLLY GOOD COMPANY.

Here we are again, Happy as can be, All good pals and jolly good company, Strolling round the town, out upon the spree,

All good pals and jolly good company. Never mind the weather, never mind the rain.

Now we're all together, whoop she goes

Andi-di-di-da, La-di-da-di-dee, All good pals and jolly good company.

#### ONLY ONE MORE MARCHING ORDER.

Only one more marching order,
Only one more church parade,
Only one more kit inspection,
And of that we're not afraid.
When this cruel war is over,
Oh, haw happy we shall be,
When we get our civvie clothes on,
No more soldiering for me.

#### SOME HEARTS WILL BE JOYFUL.

Have you seen the picture of "The Waiting" of the boys coming home from war?

And in this lovely picture I'me relating, Those who fell midst the battle roar.

Mothers, wives, and sweethearts all are waiting

Anxiously as the train is due. Hach one anticipates a loving greeting, Of the one that they love so true.

#### Chorus

Some hearts will be joyful, Some hearts will be sad. Though they all gave a grand ovation As the train comes steaming into the railway station.

#### YOUR KING AND COUNTRY WANT YOU.

We've watched you playing cricket,
And every kind of game.
At football, golf, and polo,
You men have made your name.
But now your Country calls you
To play your part in war.
And no matter what befalls you,
We shall love you all the more.
So come and join the forces
As your fathers did before.

#### Chorus

Oh! we don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go,
For your King and your Country, both need you so,
We shall want you and miss you,
But with all our might and main,
We shall cheer you, thank you, bless you,
When you come back again.

#### BOYS OF THE DARDANELLES.

Old England needs the men she breeds,
There's fighting to be done.
Australians heard, and were prepared.
To help her every son.
From out the Bay they sailed away,
Our pride, Australia's own,
And so today they're far away,
And some in the Great Unknown.

#### Chorus

Boys of the Dardanelles,
They faced the shot and shells.
Down in hist'ry their fame will go,
Our children's children their daring
deeds will know.
Australian lads in kharki and in Blue
Have shown the world what they can do.
How they fought and fell,
The cables daily tell,
Boys of the Dardanelles.

#### BATTALION SONG.

The Fourteenth Boys are merry,
The Fourteenth Boys are gay.
The Fourteenth Boys are happy
When they are on the spree.
They never, never, quarrel1 (?)
They never disagree.
And the password of the Fourteenth Boys is
"Come—un—tave a drink with me!"

I'll go one, said Russia, I'll go two, said France.
I'll go three, said Belguim
If I only get the chance.
I'll go four, said Germany,
And wipe you off the map;
But they all dropped dead
When John Dull said,
"Dill go NAP."

#### KITTY, KITTY.

Kitty, Kitty, isn't it a pity
In the City you work so hard.
With your one, two, three, four, five,
And your six, seven, eight Gerrard.
Kitty, Kitty, isn't it a pity
That you're wasting so much time,
With your lips close to the telephone,
When they might be close to mine.

Kitty she was pretty,
Kitty she was witty,
She went to the City
Where they tried to pull her leg.
One of the committee
Thinking to be witty,
Hit her on the titty
With a hard boiled egg.

Singing "Rule Brittania, The Kalser killed the cat, King George never, never, never would do that.

Suard, to the Guard Room -"Dismiss!"

#### CHU CHIN CHOW.

I'me Chu Chin Chow, of China,
No blood fine as mine in China.
At night when lights are low
He wanders to and fro.
He's a robber of the Orient
And ne's filled with Chinese sentiment.
At night when lights are low
He's a master of the art,
He can steal the ladies heart;
Love he'll plunder, he's a wonder,
Chu, Chin, Chow.

#### SHINING SARAH

Shining Sarah Sitting in a china shop,

Strand when she sits she shines.

And when she shines she sits,

Shining Sarah sitting in a china shop,

She sits and shines, and shines and

sits all day.

#### SONS OF THE SEA.

Sons of the Sea! All British born.
Sailing every ocean, laughing for to scorn;
They may build their ships meridads

They may build their ships my lads and think they know the game.

But they can't build boys of the bull-dog breed,

Who made old England's name.

# THE RUDDY PLATOON (Pat Hanna) (Air) Ri toor-al-li-coral-li-Aye)

When we left old Melbourne We all looked a treat.

We looked pretty boys marching down Swanston Street;

But with the minnies and shrappe i and crumps,

Shelling the trenches and strafing the dumps.

We started with fifty odd non-coms and men,

We started with fifty and got back with ten,

And if this blinkin' depression don't end very soon,

Ther'll be nobody left in the Ruddy Platoon.

Ri toor al li ooral ligaye.

The last ridge is still in front of us today,

We've beaten this last damned depression and soon

Ther'll be a spell-oh for the Ruddy Platoon.

#### WHEN YOU COME HOME.

When you come home, dear, All will be fair,

Home is not home When you are not there. You in my heart dear, You by my side, When you come home at eventide, God will provide, When you come home at eventide.

the cores have minetal box

The classical boy to the war is gond an corrow we're here? In the raiks, no doubt you'll fine him, and Because, His web equipment is girded on, We're her And the old pack hangs behind him. Because "Sing a song,", said the warrior's mate, We're and the minstel prompt, obeyed him; Because We're the words I cannot here relate—
This be diggers all hurrayed him. WASH ME IN

The Hart el sang, and the loud refrain was tau to by the fighters round him;
He lifted his voice in proud disdain, when they had y wounded found him.
He sang his song with its chorus beld, Right there in the first Aid possy:
A bit too bold were the words, I'm teld,
For a journal such as Aussie!

#### BURES A HUALTE.

And to those who love us too.

To wives and sweethearts left behind us.

And to sweethearts old and now.

To our chuns the are not forgetten

Who felt beside their guns,

And here's a health to Britain and Allies,

Cod bloss each one;

IF You WANT TO FIND THE SERCEANT MAJOR.

If you want to find the sergeant-major,

I want to find the sergeant-major,

If you want to find the sergeant-major,

I won where he is.

He so down in the deep dug-outs,

I've seen him,

Down in the deep dug-outs.

I've seen him.

Down in the deep dug-outs.

MARCHING SCNG. (Air "Hold your hand out naughty boy!)

Keep your head lown, Allemand,

Yeep your head down, Allemand.

Last hight in the pale moonlight,

I saw you, I saw you,

You were firing your barbed wire,

Se we opened a rapid fire.

If you want to see your sisters,

Your brothers or your mothers,

Keep your head down, Allemand.

WE'R P HERD, BECAUSE WE'RE HERE

We're here,

Because,

Because,

We're here,

Because,

Because we're here.

#### WASH ME IN JUHE WATER.

Wash me in the water
That you washed your dirty dengineer
and I shall be whiter
Than the whitewash on the wall.

When you come to the end of a perfect day And you sit alone with your thought; While the chimes ring out with learn gay, For the joy that the day has brought. Do you think what the end of a perfect day Can mean to a fired heart.

When the sun goes down with a flaming ray And the dear friends have to bertage.

Well, this is the end of a perfect day mear the end of a journey too.

But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,

With a wish that is kind and true. For mem'ry has painted this perfect day With colours that never fade, and we find, at the end of a perfect day, The soul of a friend we've made.

#### IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLY TREE.

In the shade of the cld apple tree.
Where the love in your eyes I could see.
When the voice that I heard, trike the
song of a bird,
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me.

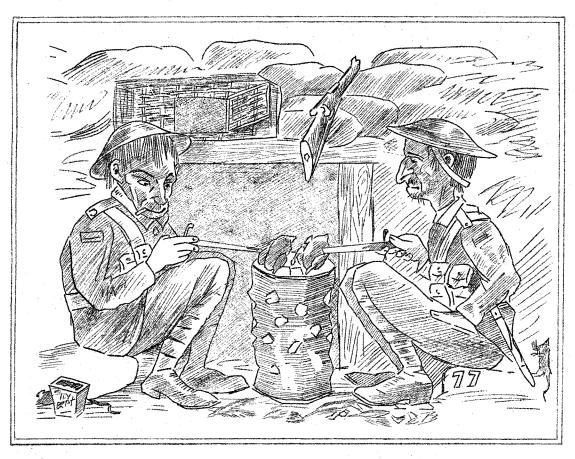
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me.
I could hear the duli buzz of the bee
In the blossoms as you said to me.
With a heart that is true
I'll be waiting for you
In the shade of the old apple tree.

#### DAISY DELL.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do:
I'm half crazy all for the love of you:
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage;
But you'll took sweet on the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

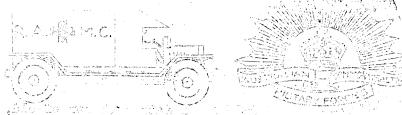


"What: Last another five years?"



Extract from Intelligence Report:
"Yesterday two of our pigeons failed to return."





# DIGGER'S

HYMNS

#### LEAD KINDIY LIGHT

Load, kindly light, omid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see

The distant scene, one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on,
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will, remember not past years.

#### NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Nearer my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to Thee:

The sun gone down,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'de be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee:

#### ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide: The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide; When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's
little day,
Earth's joy grows dim; its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

#### LEST WE FORGET

God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung battle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine, Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget -- Lest we forget,

The tumult and the shouting dies.
The Captains and the Kings depart
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet.
Lest we forget -- Lest we forget.

#### O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels.

O come let us adore Him, NO come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

#### O GOD. OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come. Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.

A thousand ages in thy sight, Are like an evening gone. Short as the watch that ends the night, Before the rising sun.

#### FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

Fight the good fight with all thy might. Christ is thy strength, and Christ the

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown eternally.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near, He changeth not, and thou are dear. Only believe, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

### R.A. Sam. C. Soldiers of Onward, Christian Soldiers

Onward, Christian Soldiers, - Maistralian Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go:

#### Chorus

Onward Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Coing on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On them, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Frothers, lift your voices,
Loud your antems raise. (Chorus)

Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod.
We are not divided
All one body we.
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity. (Chorus)

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise
And that cannot fail. (Chorus)

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing. (Chorus)

Amen.

#### FOR THOSE AT SEA.

Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sear

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard, And hushed their raging at the word, Who walkedst on the foaming deep. And calm amidst its rage did sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power, \(\frac{1}{2}\) Our brethren shield in danger's hour! From rock and tempest, fire and foe, Protect them wheresoe'er they go:

Thus evermore shall rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

#### THROUGH THE NIGHT OF DOUBT AND SORROW

Through the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band;
Singing songs of expectation;
Marching to the Promised Land,
Clear before us through the darkness;
Gleams and burns the guiding light,
Brother clasps the hand of brother;
Stepping fearless through the might.

One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed?
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread.
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bears its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade;
Soon shall come the great awakening,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

Amam

#### ERE THE SUN WAS SEEN

At even, ere the sun was set , 31801 Ah Oh, in what divers pains they met, Oh, with what joy they went away.

Once more 'tis eventide, and we, Copressed with various ills, draw near, What if thy form we cannot see: We know and feel that thou are here.

O Savious Christ, our woes dispel, For some are sick, and some are sad, And some have never loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.

#### ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL.

All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, It must not, it must not, It must not Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord ye know, is God indeed, Without our aid He did us make, We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep, He doth us take.

O, enter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts unto; Praise, laud, and bless His Name always, For it is seemly so to do.

#### THE DAY THOU GAVEST, LORD, IS ENDED.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The darkness falls at Thy behest, To Thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praise shall sanctify cur rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping, While earth rolls onward into light, Phrough all the world her watch is keeping, And rests not now by day or night.

As over each continent and island, The dawn leads on another day, The voice of prayer is never silent, Nor dies the strain of praise away.

#### ATSE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW.

Praise Cod, from whom all blessings flow; The sick, O Lord, around thee law, Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavinly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

#### STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye Soldiers of the cross, Lift high His royal bander It must not suffer loss. From victory unto victing. His army shall He lead, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord inceed.

Chorus Stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift high His royal banner, suffer loss.

#### HARK HARK: MY SOUL.

Hark: hark: my soul, angelio songs are swelling, O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave beat shore; How sweet the truths those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more,

#### Refrain

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

#### WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast. Save in the death of Christ my Lord, All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood

Art thou weary? art thou languid? Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me" saith One, "and coming,
Ba at rest".

ART THOU WE

The bear marks to lead me to Him, It He be my Guide,
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.

Is there diadem as Monarch That his brow adorns? "Yea, a crown in very surety, But of thorns".

#### ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of Aces cleft for me,
Let me water myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From Figuria and side which flowed,
The of single double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands, can fulfil Thy law's demands, Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.

#### JUSN, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly,

Third the nearer waters roll,

While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,

Till the storm of life is past,

Sate on to the haven guide,

O, neceive my soul at last.

Other reguge have I none,

Hongs my helpless soul on Thee;

Lawe O leave me not alone,

Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,

All my help from Thee I bring;

Cover my defenceless head

With the shadow of Thy wing.

All our sins and griefs to bear:

A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

All our sins and griefs to bear? what a privelege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
O what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Are the weak and heavy laden, 1
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuse
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

#### GOD BE WITH YOU:

God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you;
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again
Refrain

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

#### O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED.

O Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee
to the end.

Be Thou for ever near me, My Master and
my friend,

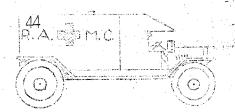
I shall not fear the battle, In Thou
art by my side,

Nor wander from the pathway, if Thou
wilt be my Guide.

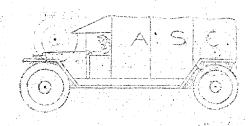
#### PEACE: PERFECT PEACE.

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin,
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace; with sorrows surging round, on Jesus besom naight but calm is found.







# NIMI

·IN THE

1914 -- 28" JUNE 1919

#### H. M. King GEORGE V.

MAJ. GEN. Sir W. T. BRIDGES, G.O.C. A GWN. W. R. DIRDWOOD, G.O.C. A.I.F. G.O.C. A.I.F. (Died of wounds 18 5-15) LIEUT. GEN. Sir JOHN MONASH, G.O.C. AUSTRALIAN CORPS. LIEUT. GEN. Sir H. G. CHAUVEL, G.O.C. DESERT MOUNTED CORPS CHIEF STAFF OFFICER, A.I.F.

#### FIRST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION.

FIRST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION (Cont).

#### GEN. SIR T. W. GLASCOW.

Divisional Headquarters.

FIRST/BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

ist Battalion Infantry.

2nd Battalion Infantry.

3rd Battalion Infantry.

4th Battalion Infantry.

SECOND BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

5th Battalion Infantry.

6th Battalion Infantry.

7th Battalion Infantry.

8th Battalion Infantry.

Trench Mortars.

Headquarters.

Machine Gunners.

(Cont)

9th Infantry Battalion. 10th Infantry Battalion.

11th Infantry Battallion.

12th Infantry Battalion.

Sup. Col.

Pioneers.

Pay Corps.

Ordinance Corps.

Artillery.

Army Service Corps.

Engineers.

Vetinary Section,

A. S. Pk.

Cy. Coy.

A. M. C.

M. G. Bn.

(Cont.)

# FRINCIPAL ENGACEMENTS.

Anzac Landing, Helles, Lone Pine, Pozieres, Moquet Farm, Gueudecourt, Thilloy, Lagnicourt, Bullecourt, Menin Road, Broodseinde, Merris, Lihons, Chuignes, Hargicourt.

Killed in action Died of Wounds Died other causes Frisoners of War Wounded Vapprox.)		10,477 3,553 1,133 500 35,984
TO	OTAL	51.647

#### MI SAUSTRALIAN DIVISION.

SIN CHAS. ROSENTHAL.

Divisional Headquarters. FIFTH BUILDE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters. Machine Gunners. 17th Infantry Battalion.

18th Infantry Battalion. 19th Infantry Battalion. 20th Infantry Battalion.

51,647

Trench Mortars. Headquarters. Machine Gunners. 21st Infantry Battalion. 22nd Infantry Battalion. 23rd Infantry Battalion.

24th Infantry Battalion.

SEVENTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars.

Headquarters. Machine Gunners. 25th Infantry Battalion.

26th Infantry Battalion.

27th Infantry Battalion. 28th Infantry Battalion.

Sup. Col.

Pioneers. Pay Corps. Ordinance. Artillery.

Army Bervice Corps.

(Cont)

#### SECOND AUSTRALIAN DIVISION

Engineers. Vetinary Section.

A. S. Pk. Cy. Coy.

A. M. C.

M. G. Bn.

#### PRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS

Hill 60 (Anzac) Pozieres, Moquet/Farm Flers, Lagnicourt, Bullecourt, Menia Road, Broodseinde, Passchendelle, Ville-sur-Ancre, Hamel (6th Bie) Framerville, Mont St., Quentin, Beaurevoir Line, Montebrehaln.

Killed in action	* • •	 8,837
		2,842
Died other causes	•. • •	 -936
Prisoners of War		 (A7.7
Wounded (approx)		 37,936
		. Lintil 1

TOTAL

#### AUSTRALIAN DIVISION.

#### MAJ. GEN. SIR JOHN GELLIBRAND. G.Q.

Divisional Headquarters.

NINTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars. Headquarters. Machine Gunners, 33rd Infantry Battalion 34th Infantry Battalion.

35th Infantry Battalion. 36th Infantry Battalion.

ENTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars. Headquarters.

Machine Gunners 37th Infantry Battalion. 38th Infantry (Pattalion.

39th Infantry Battalion. 40th Infantry Battalion.

ELEVENTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars, Headquarters.

> Machine Gunners. Alst Anfantry Battalion. And Infantry Battalion. 43rd Infantry Battalion. 44th Infantry Battalion.

(Cont)

#### 46 TOURTH AUSTRALIAN ETVISTON Econt.) THIRD AUSTRALIAN DIVISION. (CONTINUED Sup. Tour THIRTHATH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars. Fionedrs. O PHeadquarters." Pay Corps Machine Gunners Ordinance 49th-Infantry Battalion. Artillery. 50th Infantry Battalion. Army Service Corps. 51st Infantry Sattalion. 52nd Infantry Sattalion. Engineers. Vetinary Section. A. S. Fk. Sup. Col. A.M.C. Pioneers. M. G. Bn. Pay Corps Ordinance,\ CIPAL ENGAGEMENTS. Artillery Army Service Corps Messines; Windmill, Broodseinde, Engineers & XX Passeleniaele, Morlancourt, Villers-Vetinary Section. Bretonneux, Hamel (11th Bde.) A. S. Pk. Mericourt, Bray, Proyart, Clery, Cy. Coy. Boucha-vesnes, Bony. A. M. C. M. G. Bn. filed in action ... PRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS Diet other causes... Anzac Landing, Sari Bair (Athiade Pozieres, Moquet Farm, Flere North Bullecourt, Messines, Zonneberg 161 Wounded (Approx.)... 24,188 Passchendaele, Hebuterne, Demance Villers-Bretonneux, Hamel, Margount TOTAL. 31,123 Etinehem, Proyart, Le Verguier, Jeancourt. Killed in action ... MAUSTRALIAN DIVISION. Died of wounds .... Died other causes ... G. SINCLAIR MACLACAN G.O.C. Prisoners of War ... Divisional Headquarters. Wounded (approx.)... THABRIGADE. Trench Mortars. Headquarters. TOTAL Machine Gunners. 13th Infantry Battalion. AUSTRALIAN DIVISION. 14th Infantry Battalion. 15th Infantry Battalion. MAJ. GEN. SIR J.J.T. HOBBS 16th Infantry Battalion. THERICADE Trench Mortars. Divisional Headquarters. EIGTH BRIGADE. Trench Mortars Headquarters. Machine Gunners. Headquarters. 45th Infantry Battalion, Machine Gunne 46th Infantry Battalion. 29th Infantry Battalion. 47th Infantry Battalion. 30th Infantry Battalion. 48th Infantry Battalion. 31st Indantry Battalion. 32nd Infantry Battalion. (Cont) (Cont.)

#### FOURTEENTH BRIGADI

Trench Mortars. Headquarters. Machine Gunners.

53rd Infantry Battalion.

54th Infantry Battalion. 55th Infantry Battalion.

56th Infantry Battalion.

#### FIFTENTH BRIGADE.

Trench Mortars. Headquarters. Machine Gunners.

57th Infantry Battalion.

58th Infantry Battalion.

99th Infantry Battalion. 60th Infantry Battalion.

Sup. Col.

Pioneers.

Pay Corps.

Ordinance.

Artillery.

Army Service Corps.

Engineers.

Vetinary Section.

A.S. Pk.

Cy. Coy.

A. M. C.

M. G. Bn.

#### PRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS.

Fromelles, Gueudecourt, Grevillers, Beaumetz, Bullecourt, Polygon Wood, Montancourt, Villers-Bretonneux, Vauvillers, Barleux, Peronne, Nauroy, LeCatelet Line.

The state of the s	to the second se
Killed in action	
Died of Wounds	1,875
Died other causes	684
Prisoners of war	574
Wounded (approx.)	23,331

TOTAL ... 32,180

FIRST AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE BRIC

First Light Horse Regiment.

Second Light Horse Regiment. Third Light Horse Regiment.

lst M.G. Sq.

6 M. V. S.

1st L.H. Field Ambulance.

SECOND AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE BRIGAD

5th Light Horse Regiment,

6th Light Horse Regiment

7th Light Horse Regiment

2nd M. G. Sq.

7th M.V.S.

2nd L.H. F.A.

THIRD AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE BRIGADE

8th Light Horse Regiment

9th Light Horse Regiment

10th Light Horse Regiment

3 M.G. Sq.

8 M.V.S.

3rd L.H.F.A.

FOURTH AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE BRIGADER

4th Light Horse Regiment

11th Light Horse Regiment

12th Light Horse Regiment.

4 M.G. Sq.

9 M. V. S.

4th L.H.F.A.

FIFTH AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE REGIMENT LICC

14th Light Horse Regiment.

15th Light Horse Regiment.

5th M.G. Sq.

10 M.V.S.

5th L.H.F.A.

5th Sg Tr.

6th San S.

7th San S.

8th San S,

R. H. A.

4th Sg Tr.

1st Rem U.

C. F. A.

2nd Rem U.

Sig Sq.

Fld Sq.

A.A.S.C.

1 A.A.C.B.

No. 14 A.G.H.

2nd A.S.H.

N Br Tr.

Rem Sec.

WSS(Mes)

#### OPERAPING IN PALESTINE.

#### OTDATE AND ACEMENTS

Lone Pine, Nek, Romani, Katia, Bir el Abd,
Magdhaba, Rafa, Gaza, Beersheba,
Khuweilfeh, Sheria, Jerusalem, Auja,
Jericho, Es Salt, Amman, Ghoraniyeh,
Musallabeth, Abu Tellul, Nablus, Jenin,
Semala, Kuneitra, Damascus, Aleppo.
MESGFOTAMIA.

Amara, Masiriya, Ctesiphon, Kut,

Killed in action	1,168	
Died of Wounds	566	
Died other causes	598	
Prisoners of War	83	
Wounded (approx.)	7,590	

TOTAL ... 10,005

#### CORPS TROOPS AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Headquarters.

HT M Bty.

C Sig Coy.

H.Q.M.T.

M. T. Coys.

Vet Hosp.

Topo Sec.

**减**束.c.

CT.S.C.

1st A.C.C.S.

2nd A.C.C.S.

3rd A.C.C.S.

Rd Supt Dt.

Sea Tr. Ser.

G.S.R.

Spec Dty.

1st Anz. M.R.

Tun Ens.

∄.M.M.3.C.

产文。K.S.C.

3rd A.F.A.

6th A.F.A.

12th A.F.A.

S.S.A.F.A.

36th H.A.G.

2nd Anz. M.R.

A.A.O.C.

Rway Coy

A MARTINE

(Cont)

#### COXPS TROOPS AND MISCELLANEOUS

(Cont.)

A.T.C. Wr.C.

ALV.B.S

A.M.T.S.

Wir. Sec.

Admin. H.Q.

No. 1 A.G.H.

No. 2 A.G.H.

No. 3 A.G.H.

NO A J MAGE

Nurs: Ind.

Nurs. Sal. No. 1 A.A.H.

No. 2 A.A.H.

No. 3 A.A.H.

Ad H.Q.Med.

Den. Cps.

No. 1 H.S.

No. 2 H.S.

No. 1 A.D.H.

No. 1 S.T.

No. 4 S.

A.A.N.S.

A.F.

A.B.

P.Sts.

S.B.A.C.

C.A. Pk.

O.H. IK.

1st Anz. Cy.B.

2nd Anz. Cy.B.

A.N.M.E.F. Med.

H.O.M.W.

#### FRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS.

In addition to Divisional engagements:Vimy, Loos, Miraumont Vieuport,
Dixmude, Cambrai, Robecque, Lens,
Flanders, 1918.

Killed in action	808
Died of wounds	474
Died other causes	
Prisoners of War	
Wounded (approx.)	10,663

TOTAL 13,186

STATISTICS OF THE CASUALDIES IN THE CHEAT WAR.

'An authoritative statement was made in the louse of commons in May, 1921, as follows:-".

BRITIS	H	EMPIRE.

	DEAD	WOUNDED
GREAT BRITAIN	717 700	7 607 067
CANADA	743,702 56,625	1,693,263
NEW ZEALAND	16,136	40,729
AUSTRALIA	59,330	152,171
SOUTH AFRICA and NEW —FOUNDLAND	8,832	15,153
INDIA	61,398	70,859
INDIA	61,398	70,859

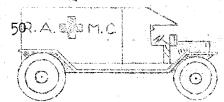
#### ALLIED AND ASSOCIATED COUNTRIES.

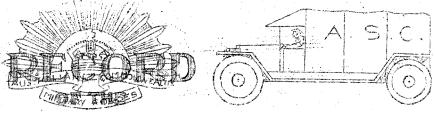
FRANCE		1,385,300	No reco	rd.
BELGUIM	• • • •	38,172	44,686	16
ITALY		460,000	947,000	Lin
 PORTUGAL	• • • •	7,222	13,751	
ROUMANIA	• • • •	335,706	No reco	rd
SERBIA		127,535		
U.S. AMERICA		115,660	1 <b>33,</b> 148 205, <i>6</i> 90	A
	4.0		• •	14.4

#### ENEMY COUNTRIES.

GERMANY		• • • •	2,050,466	4,202,028
AUSTRIA	• • • •	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	1,200,000	3,620,000
BULGARIA	<u> </u>		101,224	152,400
TURKEY	•••	• • • •	300,000	570,000

(Hammerton's Enclyclopedia)





# AUSTRALIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE

IN THE

# GREAT WA

914 --- 1919



STATISTICS OF AUSTRALIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE.

2,054 AUSTRALIAN NURSES WENT OVERSEAS DURING THE WAR.

OF WHOM 13 NEVER RETURNED

HAVING PASSED AWAY OF SERVICE.

THEY SERVED ON THE FOLLOWING FRONTS:-

EGYPT, LEWNOS ISLAND, INDIA, PERSIA, FRANCE, ENGLAND,
MEDITERRANEAN TRANSPORT SERVICE, TRANSPORT DUTY, AND ON TWO
HOSPITAL SHIPS BUTWEEN ENGLAND AND AUSTLALIA.

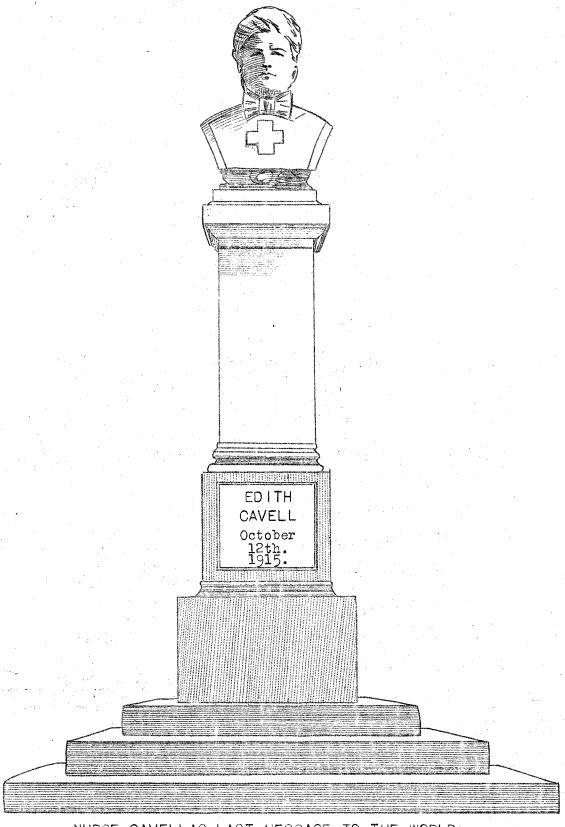
WITH THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE. THEY WENT TO ECYPT.

PERSONNEL OF THE No. 1 and No. 2 AUSTRALIAN GENERAL HOSPITALS SAILED ABOM MELBOURNE ON 5TH DECEMBER, 1914, ON THE "KYARRA".

THE MATRON IN CHIEF IN LCNDON AND WERE ATTACHED TO THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA-MILETARY (IMPERIAL) NURSING SERVICE (FESERVE), AND A NUMBER WERE SENT ON TRANSPORT DUTY.

A NUMBER OF THE RETURNED MURSES ARE STILL TENDING RETURNED SOLDIERS

IN THE MILITARY HOSPITALS AND OVER AUTORALIA.



NURSE CAVELL'S LAST MESSAGE TO THE WORLD.

"But this I would say, standing as I do and in view of God and Eternity. I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness to anyone."



R.A.D. M.C.  BRITISH HONOURS AND DECORATIONS  SPATISTICS OF THE A.I.F.  AWARDED TO MEMBERS OF THE A.I.F. IST ALIAN COMMONWEAL.	<b>5.1</b>
AWARDED TO MEMBERS OF THE A.I. F ALIAN TO MONWEAL (())	医艾二
AWARDED TO MEMBERS OF THE A.I.F. IST ALIAN TO MONWEALT	
The transfer of the state of th	(20 ))
Victoria Cross (V.C.) 65 TOTAL ENLISTMENTS 4.6	,809
Order of the Bath-	38 (Au -
Knights Com. (K.C.B.) 8 TOTAL EMBARKATIONS 33]	.,946
Companion (0.3.) 47	<b>5</b> .
Order of St. Michael and St. TOTAL DEATHS 53	341
George, Kints Grind Cross	
(G.C.M.G.) 2 Killed in Action 39,90	
Kits Com. (K.C.M.G.) 11 Died of Wounds 13,60	
Companions (C.M.G.) 150 Died Other Causes 5.832	
Order of the Brit. Emp:—  Kints Comirs (K.B.E.) 3 Wounded 166,819	
K hts comers (K.B.E.) 3 Wounded166,819 Commanders (C.B.E.) 35 Total Sick and Injured	744 /
Officers (O.B.E.) 157	, 1711
Members (M.B.E.) 114 Gassed 16]48	11 11
Dist. Ser. Order (D.S.O.) 619 Died in Camp Prior to	- V)//
1 Bar 40. 2 Bars 1 41 Embarkment 936	
1 Bar 40, 2 Bars 1	3.387
Dar 1	
Military Cross (M.C.) 2,366	和
TI Jam 17. 2 Bars 4 175 THE TOTAL COST OF THE WAR TO PAR TO THE WAR TO PAR	Cala.
Dyscrive Criss (D.F.C.) 58	(理學)
SAN INDIAN OF C DAILS C	1.67日)
Air Force Cross (A.F.C.) 14	
Details of Members of the A.J.	
Dis Con Med. (D.C.M.) 1,767 who were wounded more than twee	半曽
1 Bar 27 Military Medal (M.M.) 9,926	為
MOTIFICIAL / TIMES	ĺ
wounded o times	10
woulded 9 times	105
wounded 4 times	30.7
Wounded 3 times 5,	<b>582</b>
	位派
	} \}}''
	133

and the world of the

JULY 1st, 1933.

64,000 ex MEMBERS OF THE A.I.F. HAVE DIED SINCE THE WAR.

(It is impossible to arrive at the correct details owing to the difficulties of tracing.)

78,000 ex MEMDERS OF THE A.I.F. ARE UNDER REPATRIATION AND ARE SUFFERING

50,000 ex Members of the A.I.F. ARE SUFFERING FROM WAR DISABILITIES NOT SUFFICIENTLY EXTENSIVE TO OBTAIN PENSIONS, LEAVING 79,668 MEM WHOM HAVE EITHER NOT APPLIED FOR REPATRIATION OR THEIR HEALTM IS NOT SUFFICIENTLY IMPAIRED FOR THEM TO APPLY FOR IT.



1918



VICE-ADMIRAL Sir WILLIAM R. CRESSWELL. FIRST

SERVING IN OR WITH THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN

PERMANENT

At outbreak

of War.

ERSONNEL OF ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL BRIGADE.

At outbreak War

1915 1558

1916

PULSORY TRAINEES

1153

473

418

CADETS IN TRAINING UNDER THE COMPULSORY SERVICE SCHEME.

3032 3166

3322 3724

OF R.A.N. BRIGADE EMPLOYED IN SEVERAL SERVICES DURING THE WAR.

SHORE SERVICE (examination etc.) ALIAN WATERS (Mine sweeping or

patrolling)

AUSTRALIAN STATIONS (gun crews on

Transports &c.

250

#### ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL RADTO SERVICE.

IN AUSTRALIAN SHORE STATIONS

37 Officers

5. C **5 3**83 men

IN ISLAND SHORE STATIONS

 $7^{-}$ 

12,

IN TRANSPORTS & MERCHANTS VESSELS

115 Operators.

(Operators in Transports and Merchant Vessels were not members of the R.A.N. but served under Mercantile Marine Articles.)

#### STATISTICS OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY AT THE OUTBREAK OF WAR.

"AUSTRADIA" Battle Cruiser. "PARRAMATTA" Torpedo Boat Destroyer. Light Cruiser. "BRISBANE" "PIONEER" -Light Cruiser Ist class Torpedo Boat. "CHILDERS" "PROTECTOR" Gunboat. "COUNTESS OF HOPETOUN" "SYDNEY" Light Cruiser. "TINGIRA" "ENCOUNTER" Light Cruiser. Boys! Training Shap. "TORRENS" "GAYUNDAH" Gunboat. Torpedo Destroyer "WARREGO" û HÔOM<sub>II</sub> Torpedo Boat Destroyer. Torpedo Boat Destroyer. ii YARRAII MALBOURNE" Light Cruiser. "A.E.1." "PALUMA" Gunboat. Submarine. "A.E.2."

TOTAL 19 ships.
STRENGTH OF AUSTRALIAN NAVY, 1919, WAS 37 ships.

ENTEMY VESSELS CAPTURED IN AUSTRALIAN PORTS AT OUTBREAK OF WAR 11.

inemy vessels reached australian ports after outbreak of war 9.

#### 26 ENEMY MINES WERE DISCOVERED IN AUSTRALIAN WATERS.

The German warships in the PACIFIC in JULY, 1914.
"Scharnhorst", "Gneisenau", "Leipzig", "Nurnberg", "Emden", and "Cormoran",

#### SAILING-ORDER OF THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN CONVOY.

#### "Minotaur" (Warship) Sydney" (Warship) "Ibuki" (Warship) Al8 A3 A14 A27 A8A.7 All **A4** A9 A26 A19 A15 Al2 Α2 A24 A13 A22 A17 AlO AlA16 A21 A23 A20 AЕ A25 A5

A28
NZ10 NZ3
NZ11 NZ9
NZ6 NZ8
NZ25 NZ7
NZ12 NZ4

"Melbourne" (Warship)

"Minotaur" and "Sylney sailed. 6 25 a.m. 6 45 a.m. 7.15 a.m. First Australian Division sailed. Second Australian Division sailed. 7 55 a.m. 8 20 a.m. 8 53. a.m. Third Australian Division sailed. New Zealand Division sailed.

All Transports clear of sound.

which the "Melbourne" herself:-

\$ 55 a.m. Weighed anchor and proceeded.

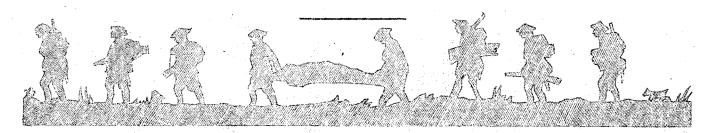
#### TRANSPORTS REQUISITIONED BY THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT

主题			Fit	ted for	
NUM	GER AND NAME Gr	oss Tonnage	Officers	Other Ranks	Horses
Al	HYMETTUS	4606	5	110	<b>7</b> 52
	GEELONG	7951	62 62	1539	
A3	ORVIETO	12130	209	1425	<b>2</b> 2
A	PHICA	7635	11	100	445
(A5)	OMPAL	8130	55	1316	20
A6	GIAN MACCORQUODALE	5121	7	<b>1</b> 29	500
/AT	MEDIC	12032	31	1076	2,83
148	ARCYLLSHIRE	10392	100	J000	高97 系
	SHROPSHIRE	11911	5 <b>7</b>	8 <b>7</b> 8	461
	KARROO	6127	17	390	12438/7°21
411	ASCANIUS	10048	70	1750	15101
		4594	56	50	300
	KATUNA	4641		95	深8
	EURIPIDES	15050	136	2204	= 20
AL	STAR OF ENGLAND later		,		
\_in	red PORT SYDNEY	9136	<b>29</b>	499	476
	STAR OF VICTORIA late	er on so			
	PORT MELBOURNE	. 9152	30	511	257
	FORT LINCOLN	7243	25 36	370	43.49
	WINTSHIRE	10390		720	20,5
	AFRIC	11999	49	1300	
	HORORATA	9400	67	2000	24
	MERE	6443	10	100	462
	KANGATIRA	8948	20	440	420
	SUFFOLK	7573	36	1000	12
	BENALLA	11118	. 50 12	1200	
	ANGLO FGYPTIAN ARMADALE	<b>737</b> 9	15 15	100 2 <b>7</b> 2	549 386 ang
	SOUTHERN	6153 4 <b>7</b> 69	7	·	328 <b>1</b>
	MECTADES	7814	42	145 9 <b>77</b>	<b>)</b>
	SUEVIC	12531	40	510	507 K
	BORDA	11136	40 26	550	A SEAL NEW
	AJANA	7759	1.7	410	\$ (6) 700
	TEMISTOCLES	11231	100	1220	
	AYSHIRE	7763	20	330	29 7
Δ ス Λ Δ ス Λ	PERSIC	12042	40	520 520	491
	BERRIMA	11137	60 170.4	2 1500	471
	BOONAH (ex enemy			1 - 47 m	4/7/2
	MELECURNE)	5926	The Follow	<b>=</b> 120 )	<b>3</b> 498
700		1777		1 -700	
1 11/12	56723 V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V	The special of the state of the	2223024 : VZASAN	- VIII (127)	1002 l

TRANSPORTS REQUISITI	ONE	MSTRALIAN GO	VERNMENT.	
K.A. W. M.C.			ted for	· S . C .
\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\	ross Tonnage	The same of the sa	Other Ranks	Horses
A37 BARAMBAH (ex enemy))	WIST ALIAN, E-TO		))**	$=$ 4(( $\odot$ ))
HOBART)	59/2 <b>3</b> 3/ FOR		120	498
A38 ULYSSES	14499	100	2000	22
A39 PORT MACQUARIE	<b>7</b> 236 18481	25 100	371 2700	456 24
AZI BAKARA (ex enemy CANNSTATT		6	120	348
AMZ BOORARA (ex enemy PFALZ.)	6570	914 - 914 - <b>6</b> 11 - 41	1-50	) / <b>41.4</b> (89)
A43 BARUNGA (ex enemy SUMATRA.		6	140	- ) 367 流
A44 VASTALIA A45 PULLA (ex enemy HESSEN)	5528 5099	6	911	// 400000000000000000000000000000000000
A46 CLAN MACGILLIVRAY	5023	17	1079	WIN I
AA7 MAS OBRA	8174	26	465	333, M
A48 SHANG BRE	5849	21	1014	1472611/
A49 - SEANG_CHOON	580 <b>7</b> 5340	18	1017 782	Att YIM
A50 ITONUS A51 CHILKA	39 52 · · ·	12	313	<b>扇</b> b (川 )
A52 SURADA	5 <b>3</b> 24		257	275
A53 ATRIA	5318	7	212	254
A54 ROVIE	12490	90	1534	ā
A 55 KT ALEXAND	69 5 <b>3</b> 759 <b>7</b>	2 <b>3</b> 2	914 111	- Tan 8
A 57 / MATARIMA	7430		154	
A58 KABINGA	465 <b>7</b>	5	112	於465八二十
A 59 (BOTANT ST	<b>7</b> 688	5	155	(据6)和前
A60 Antas	10049 69 <i>4</i> 2	60 82	1742 980	里了八
A62 WANDILLA	7785	78	1348	一些工事
A63 KAROOLA	7391	96	1190	一鳥
A64 DEMOSTHENES	11223	64	1570	metal many builds
A65 CLAN MACEWEN A66 LLANDA	5140 5431	4	1 <b>17</b> 152	771
A67 DRSOTN	12036	217	1328	12
A68-/ ANGHISES	10046	45 ×	1736	
A693 WAR ELDY	7713	59 48	1352	
A70 BALLABAT	11120 14501	48 90	15 <b>77</b> 21 <b>4</b> 9	# 17
A71 MESTOR A72 RESTANA	11120	49	1587	37.3%
A73 COMMONWEALTH	6616	**** 23*****	982	
A74 MARATHON	7827	44	1202	wantermittee did
The second se		a manaman indhila da ka		

The Fleet of Transports which the Commonwealth had accumulated were in the end thus disposed of:

Handed over to the Admiralty
Handed back to owners
Handed back to the Government of India
Handed over to the Government(Cwlth) Line
Converted into Hospital Ships
Sunk while employed under Naval Board





The First Lord of the Admiralty, speaking in America on October 12th, 1918, tated that the BRITISH NAVY had lost 230 WARSHIPS OF ALL CLASSES - more than s many as the rest of the Allies - and in addition 455 AUXILLARY W NE-SWEEPER and TRAWLER TYPES.

#### LOSSES.

attempt to detail the enemy's losses would be hopeless, but it may be added that well OVER A HUNDRED OF THE ENEMY SMALL CRAFT came to grief in the British Minefields surrounding the Bight of Heligoland.

#### ETAILS OF MERCANTILE MARINE LOSSES DURING THE WAR.

Ahelwar 1914 - 1918, there were lost through enemy action 2,774 DS OF 9.538.918 GROSS TONNAGE.

> 2197 (7,638,020 tons) were Of this Total BRITISH.

> > 238 (696,845 tons) FRENCH.

230 (742,365 tons) ITALIAN.

(120,176 tons) JAPANESE. - 29

80 (341,512 tons) UNITED STATES

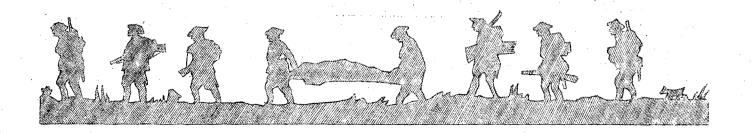
DETAILS OF AIRSHIP AND AEROPLANE RAIDS IN ENGLAND DURING WAR TIME.

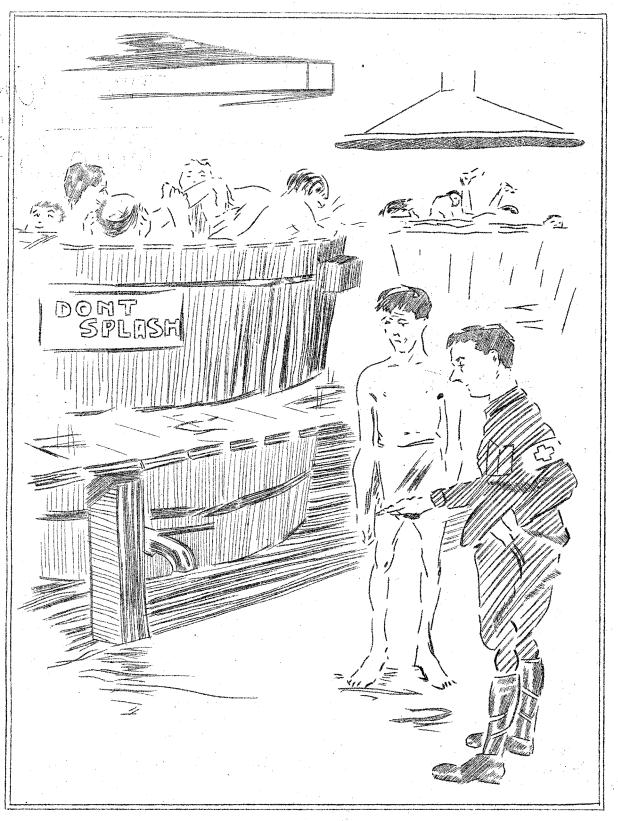
Total casualties Civilian and Military AIR SHIP RAIDS 556 killed 1357 injured.

AEROPLANE RAIDS 857 killed 2050 injured.

l casualties sustained by civilian and military by enemy raids over

ENGLAND DURING THE WAR WERE 1413 Killed and 3407 injured





DIVISIONAL BATHS.

Billjim: "'Ow do yer git into the bloomin' bath, digger?"
Orderly (thoughtfully): "Do yer see that tap? Well, crawl up through it."

HAL GYE.



# SOUTH AFRICAN WAR SONGS



#### STATISTICS OF AUSTRALIANS WHO SERVED THEIR COUNTRY

#### IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR 1899 -- 1902.

#### ENLISTMENTS FROM THE VARIOUS STATES AS UNDER:-

NEW SOUTH WALE VICTORIA QUEENSLAND SOUTH AUSTRALI WESTERN AUSTRA TASMANIA	•	•••	6,327 3,592 2,910 1,534 1,237 860	All minimum of the state of the	ranks
	TOTAL	-	16,460	11	

CASUALTIES AMONGST AUSTRALIANS:- 31 OFFICERS, 359 RANK AND FILE, TOTAL 390.

#### DECORATIONS AWARDED TO AUSTRALIANS.

Victoria Cross (V.C.) ... Companion of the Other of the Bath (C.B.) ... Companion of the Order of St. Michael & St. George (C.M.4) 5 Distinguished Service Order. (D.S.O.) .... 44 There were 78 Victoria Crosses awarded in the South African War,

8 of which were to Australians.

#### PROMINENT GENERALS IN THE S.A. WAR.

Gen. Sir George White. Gen. Sir Redvers Buller. Field Marshall Lord Roberts of Khandahar. General Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. Gen. Sir L. Hunter. Gen. Sir John French.

#### PRINCIPAL ENGAGEMENTS.

DIAMOND HILL. BELFAST.

WITTEBERGEN.

Gen. Lord Baden Powell.

LAINGS NEK. JOHANNESBURG. TRANSVAAL.

DEFENCE OF MAKEKING.

WEPENER.

DRIEFONTEIN.

RELIEF OF LADYSMITH.

PAARDEBURG.

ORANGE FREE STATE.

RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY.

TUGELA HEIGHTS.

MODDER RIVER.

BELMONT.

DEFENCE OF LADYSMITH.

ELANDS LAAGTE.

TALANA. DEFENCE OF KIMBERLEY.

RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

RHODESIA. NATAL. CAPE COLONY and ELANDS RIVER.

When you've shouted Trale Britannia when you've sung "God save the Queen" When you've finished killing Kruger with

your mouth—

Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine

For a gentleman in kharki ordered South? He sen absent minded beggar, and his weaknesses are great-

But we and Paul must take him as we

find him—
He's out on active service wiping some thing of a slate,

And he streft a lot of little things Emphind him!

Duke's son cook's son son of a hundred kings-

(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)

Each of emotoring his country's work-(and who s to look after their things?)
Pass the intropy your credit's sake; and 「PAVGPR + pay!)

There are strls he married secret, asking no permission to,

For he knew we wouldn't get it if he did; There is say and coals and vittles, and

the house-rent falling due; And it's more than rather likely there's

Eva Rid. There are walked with casual.

They an accompany now he's gone,
For an accompany will him.

But the time for sermons, with

We must he girl that Tommy's Port behind him!

Cook's son Duke's son of a belted Earl-

Son of a Lambeth publican, it's all the same today!

Am Moing his country's work-(and who s to look after the girl?)
Pass the lat for your credit's sake; and

The rearc family thousands, far too

Commonweal to be conspeak

And they 11 put their sticks and bed up the spout,

And they'll live on half o' nothing, paid 'em punctual once a week,

Cause the man that earned the wage 4st ordered out.

He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country call,

And his regiment didn't need to send to find him-

He chucked his job and joined it so the job before us all

Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him!

Duke's job-cook's job-gardener, pronet groom-

Mews or palace or paper shop, ther's someone gone away!

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the room?) (a) Pass the hat, for your credit's same and

pay-pay-pay!

Let us manage so as, later, we can loo him in the face,

And tell him what he'd very much prefer That, while he saved the Empire, his employer saved his place,

And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her.

He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all,

But we do not want his kiddies to p him

That we sent 'em to the workhouse win their daddy hammered Paul-

So we'll help the home that Tommy's left behind him!

The girls and wives that Tommy's left behind him!

Cook's home—Duke's home—home of a millionaire-

Fifty thousand horse and footh sping to Table Bay!)

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what have you got to spare?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake; and pay—pay—pay

AUSTRALIAN

COMRADES.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,

Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys.
Comrades when manhood was dawning,
Faithful whatever betide.

And when danger threatened, my darling old commade was there by my side.

#### BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE.

Steadily, shoulder to shoulder, Steadily blade by blade, Steady and strong, marching along, Like the boys of the Old Brigade. (Repeat).

### NOT A RUM ISSUE.

Beer, beer clorious beer, fill yourselves right up to here,
Drink a good deal of it, make a good
meal of it,
Stick to your old fashboned beer.
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're
made of it,
Now altogether a cheer.
Up with the sale of it, down with a pail
of it,
Glorious gromious beer!

## MOTHER ISSUE.

Come, done, come and make eyes at me,
Down at the old Bull and Bush,
Come, come, drink some port wine with me,
Down at the old Bull and Bush.
Hear the little German band—ta—ra—ra—rra.
Just let me hold your hand dearrr—
Come, come, come and have a drink or two,
Down at the old Bull and Bush—Bush—Bush.

## I WANT TO GO HOME.

I wan't to go home, I wan't to go home, Where the pompoms and maxims and mausers den't roar.

I don't want to go on the trek any more, I wan't to go back to Aussie, Where Johnny Boer won't catch me. Oh my, I don't wan't te die, I wan't to go Home.

THE CUTC

Goodbye, my Blue Bell, farewell to you, One last fond look into your eyes of blue. Mids't camp-fires gleaming, mids't shot and shell,

I will be dreaming of my own Blue Bell.

#### SONS OF THE SEA.

Sons of the Sea! All British born!
Sailing every ocean, laughing foes to
scorn;

#### THE SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

Britons once did loyally declaim,
About the way we ruled the waves

Ev'ry Briton's song was just the same,
When singing of our soldier braves,
All the world had heard it, wonder'd why
we sang,

And some have learn'd the reason why, But we're forgetting it, and we're letting it,

Fade away and gradually die;

Fade away and gradually die;

So when we say that England's master,

Remember who has made her so.

#### Chorus

It's the Soldiers of the Queen, my lads, Who've been my lads, who've seen my lads, In the fight for England's glory, lads, When we've had to show them what we mean. And when we say we've always won, And when they ask us how it's done; We'll proudly point to ev'ryone Of England's Soldiers of the Queen! It's the Queen.

#### DOLLY GRAY.

Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you, Tho! it breaks my heart to go, Something tells me I am needed, At the front to fight the foe. See the soldier boys are marching, And I can no longer stay, Hark! I hear the bugle calling, Good-bye, Bolly Gray!

375.4

Just break the news to Mother,
She knews how dear I love her,
And tell her not to wait for me,
For I'me not coming home;
Just say there is no other
Can take the place of Mother,
Then kiss her dear sweet lips for me,
And break the news to her.

#### DOLLY GRAY.

Good-bye, Polly, I must leave you, Tho! it breaks my heart to go, Something tells me I am needed, At the front to fight the foe. See the soldier boys are marching, And I can no longer stay, Hark: I hear the bugle calling, Goodbye, Dolly Gray:

#### SISTER.

Sister, my little sister, whisper a Soon I all be returning, so, little girk you must not cry.

Fighting for home and beauty I will for glory try;

Kiss me, darling sister, and for the last time say "Goolbye."

## THE OTE TLAG.

'Tis not with serfs down trodden,
Nor yet with craven slaves,
That the foe must account who dares
give affront,
To the flag that o'er us waves.
But with men, free, bold and fearless,
United heart in hand,
To guard the honour and the fame
Of the flag of the Motherland.

Of the praye old British flag, my boys, The dear old British flag;
Though we dwell apart, we are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the Grand Old
Flag.

Have you heard the talk of foreign powers, building ships increasingly,

Do you know they watch this Isle of ours? Watch their chance unceasingly?

Have you heard the millions they will spend Strengthening their fleets, and why

They imagine they can break or bend The nation that has often made them Thy

But one thing we possess they forget, they forget,

The lads in blue they've met, often met, often met.

#### Chorus.

SONS OF THI

Sons of the Sea, all British born.

Sailing ev'ry ocean, laughing foes to scorn.

They may build their ships my lads, and think they know the game,

But they can't build the boys of the bull-dog breed,

Who made Old England's name.

Do you know they threaten to combine.
Three to one's their bravery?
Do you know they'd like to sweep the brine;
Bind us lads in slavery?
Have you heard they think that plates of
Plates of steel and guins will do?
But we know 'twas British hearts of oak
In every battle pulled us safely through;
For one thing we possess, they forget, they
forget;

The lads in blue they've met, often met,

Chorus. Sons of etc.

If they'd know why Britons rule the waves,

If they'd solve the mystery,

If they'd know the deeds of Britain's braves,

Let them read their history.

Let them search the bottom of the seas.

Where their battered hulks now lie,

Let them build their puny ships of war,

We build men prepared to do or free they forget,

The lads in blue they're met.

The lads in blue they ve met, often met, often met.

Chords.

Sons of the See &c

30 YEARS AGO IN SOUTH AFRICA J.Robinson).

In these hard times this good to meet and Smutalk about the Veldt,

Real good to hear old cobbers ask each other how they felt,

Tas fine to note the friendly smile and to feel the hearty grip

Of pals you've not seen for a while, not since you left the ship.

talk about the good old times you had \ with Johnny Boer,

And skite about the many ways you stoushed faim on the jaw.

And how about those "Dinkum Kanga" feathers in your hats?

I'm sure you all feel crummy when you think about the chats,

Somehow it makes you young again, it helps

to give you pep,
'Tis something like a marching strain, you want to keep the step,

And then again you cast a thought back to la lonely plain,

You sigh, and think of cobbers you will E mevar see again.

As their pals, you should remember, it has Theen Australia's loss,

They are out there in the silence, on the Veldt we rode across.

## THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Oh, Britannia, the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free; The shrine of each patriot's devotion, A world offers homage to thee: Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Liberty's form stands in view; Thy banners make tyranny tremble When borne by the red, white, and blue

Chorus When borne by the red, white, and blue, When barms by the red, white, and blue. Thy benners make tyranny tremble, When downe by the red, white, and blue.

## RING DOWN THE CURTAIN, I CAN'T SING TONIGHT

Ring down the curtain, I can't sing tonight, My heart is breaking amid all this light; My little one's dying, my pride and delight, So ring down the ourtain, I can't sing tomight)

THE FIGHTING NAVY.

commonteers and when fighting for our Country, British Ters have met their many foes, How Jack fought in victories dearly bought. Our History plainly shows. What they did in glorious days of Welson, England still can do. Hearts of oak that scorn the foreign yoke Our old song still holds true Why in our glory do we tower? What is the secret of our power? Chorus

It's the Navy, the fighting Wavy, That keeps our foes at bay, Our old song "Britannia rules the wayes" We still can sing today. We've got a Navy, a fighting Navy Our neighbour's know that's true, For it keeps them in their place When they know they ve got to face The lively little lads in Navy Blue

#### JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE MOTHER

Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you, While upon the field we're watching with the enemy in view. Comrades brave around me lying, filled with thoughts of Home and God, For well they know that on the morrow. some will sleep beneath the sod. Chorus

Farewell, Mother, you may never press me to you heart again, But, oh! you'll not forget me, Mother, If I me numbered with the slain.

#### RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at heaven's command Arose from out the azure main, Arose, arose from out the azure main. This was the charter, the charter of the land And guardian angels sang this strain. Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never never never shall be slaves.

## "SAKKA BONNA"

Come, fill your glass, Old Comrade, and let our tales repeat. The time is slipping past, you know, beneath our very feet We meet once more, Old Comrade, so shout Hip, Hip, Hoorah! Old Soldiers, dear Old Comrade, Never Die but Fade Away.

All Old Comrades who served in the South African War, 1899—1902.

Motherland Motherland Dou have cal ( Sup your sons,

And from every corner of the earth, they rush to man your guns;

Staunch and true, staunch and true, has Australia ever been,

We will Right for our dear old Motherland, and dix dear Mother-Queen.

All Chorus.

By your side four formen we will face; Glories to be wenthere are deeds to do and dare,

And wherever the British bull-dog goes, Australia will be there.

Motherland, Motherland, the your Sons have crossid the sea,

They have spread the Empire in your name,

Plant the flag let the world will will be some of the state of the sour dream,

To never never rest until, our Empire (Chorus)

A glorious vision I can see, that thrills my Healt with pride-

Our Mother Queen surrounded, by her Sons on every side.

The English, Trish, Scotch and Welsh, and with the Wand in hand,
Her stalwart boys from o'er the seas, who love the Motherland. (Chorus)

What care we for country lads, tis Empire g our creed,

Our proudest past, our parent stock, the grand bla British breed.

We're kinsman true, thro thick and thin, unheeding foemen's brag,

One land, one language, one great Queen, Que clorious old Flag. (Chorus)

By your side Astralia takes her place,
By your side of formen we will face;
Glories to be you there are deeds to do
and dare,

And wherever the British Standard Waves, Australia will be there!

TARY BOTTONS neter shrink from the Shade cold, and dark.

Shoulder to shoulder, true comrades in terms, We can defy cruel wars dread alarms. Fling the old ensign out free to the first, Britons strike home though that strik the last.

At our approach the oppressor shall flee Slaves are unfettered and are all set Though the black cannon shall flash in face

Dealing out slaughter, fear naught but disgrace.

Britons we are when oppression shappy come Britons strike heavy, and Britons trike home.

Britannia in arms shall rise in her might Cower, ye tyrants, for freedom we might Foes tremble all when the lion shall room Soon shall his mane be all dabbles with gore.

Britain triumphant o'er all shall become Britons strike heavy, and Britons strike home.

Britannia, queen of the land and the sea, Fear of the tyrant and boast of the free, Ready her sons when the cannon shall glow, Loyal all prove when beset by the form Here from Australia borne o'er the white foam

Come we to aid, so like Britons strike

Britons strike home, Britons strike home, Britons strike heavy, and Britons strike home.

#### OLD ENGLAND AND THE NEW. (Chorus)

If we have to go to war, then cheerfully we'll go.

No matter what the number or possition the foe,

Let them try their best to beat us They'll have their work to do, We'll show the world twill have to fight Old England and the New.

R/A. M. E. DYSMITH. (W.A.S.)

For four long months the Boer horde

For four long months their cannon roared—

The flag would not come down.
The flag would not come down at call
But flaunted in the air;
The battle-flag—Imperial—
Would not surrender there.

They played the game in manner grand, In days of dearth and dule;
They lunched on half a biscuit and They dired on reasted mule.
These faunt, gay heroes played their parts,
With spade and rifle wrought,
And, when grim hunger gnawed their hearts,
Drew in their belts—and fought!

#### ELANDS RIVER.

It was on the fourth of August, as five hundred of us lay
In the eart at Elands River, came a shell from De La Rey.
We were dreaming of home faces,
Of the old familiar places,
And the gum-trees, and the sunny plains five thousand miles away.
But the challenge woke and found us,
With four thousand rifles round us,
And Death stood laughing at us, at the

We got the Maxims going, and the field chininto place,

She stilled the growling of a Krupp upon our southern face;
Round the crimson ring of battle swiftly rang the deadly rattle

As our rifles searched the fore lines with a desperate menace.

Who would wish himself away,

Fighting in our ranks that day,

For the glory of Australia and the honour of the race?

 $1 \cdot 1$  (Cont).

ELANDS RIVER (cont) S.

They called us to surrender, and they commonwealth let their cannon lag,

ordered us our freedom for the striking of the flag;

Army stores were there in mounds;

worth one hundred thousand pounds;

And we lay, battered, round them, behind trench, and sconce, and crag.

But we sent the answer in,

They could take what they could win.

We hadn't come five thousand miles to fly the coward's rag.

We saw the guns of Carrington dome on and fall away;

We saw the ranks of Kitchener across the kopje grey;

For the sun was shining them upon twenty thousand men,

And we laughed, because we knew, in spite of hell-fire and delay;

On Australia's page forever,

We had written Elands River;

We had written it forever and a lay.

#### ANGLO-BOER WAR.

When England with the Boers war waged,
And news was flashed to Austral's shores;
At Ladysmith, where battle raged.
The British had to yield to Boers.
Oft and again had Buller failed.
The place to succour or relieve.
Then squadrons from old England sail'd,
The nation's honour to retrieve.
'Twas then Australian blood got warm'
With Empire's cause they'd cast their lot;
They'd go the Tugela's heights to storm,
From British shield wipe out the blot.

## "LAST POST"

May their rest be never failing.
For their hearts were ever true.
And, perchance, their spirits hovem as:
we sing;

May their name be golden written, Keep their memory staunch with you, As man, as friend, as brother, each



Officer:- (After an early morning run at the invitation of the Officer)

"Well, Digger! How did you enjoy the run?"

Digger:
"Run? Gor! strike me, I thought you said RUM!"

1.4.



"What's the little gold bar on your sleeve for?"
"So's people wont ask silly questions!"

# WAR VERSES

#### YOU AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS.

## (Richard Lindo's great poetic tribute to you Australian Mothers).

He went without a murmur —
You did not bid him stay;
Although you knew the price that you
And he might have to pay.
Now he has gone for ever
You would not have it said
An Australian Mother whimpered
Because her son was dead.

He won his Cross in Flanders—
How proud you were that day;
Your eyes were bright as though the light
Of Heaven shed its ray.
There's another cross in Flanders
Where he is laid to rest,
But only tears can tarnish
His Cross upon your breast.

Not yours the joy of battle,—
Only the griefs and fears;
But the hero's grave of the son you gave
Is wet by a Nation's tears.
Ye afflicted Women of Australia
No more misunderstood—
Your sacrifice shall ever be
As a crown of Motherhood.

(The above was kindly supplied by Ed. E.Ford)
The Australian Sundowner and must not be
given in theatres or music halls without
written permission).

#### THE TRAGEDY

The cow stood on the tra mway track,

The driver rang the bell

But the silly creature turned her back,

And heeded not his yell.

The driver strove to stop the tram,

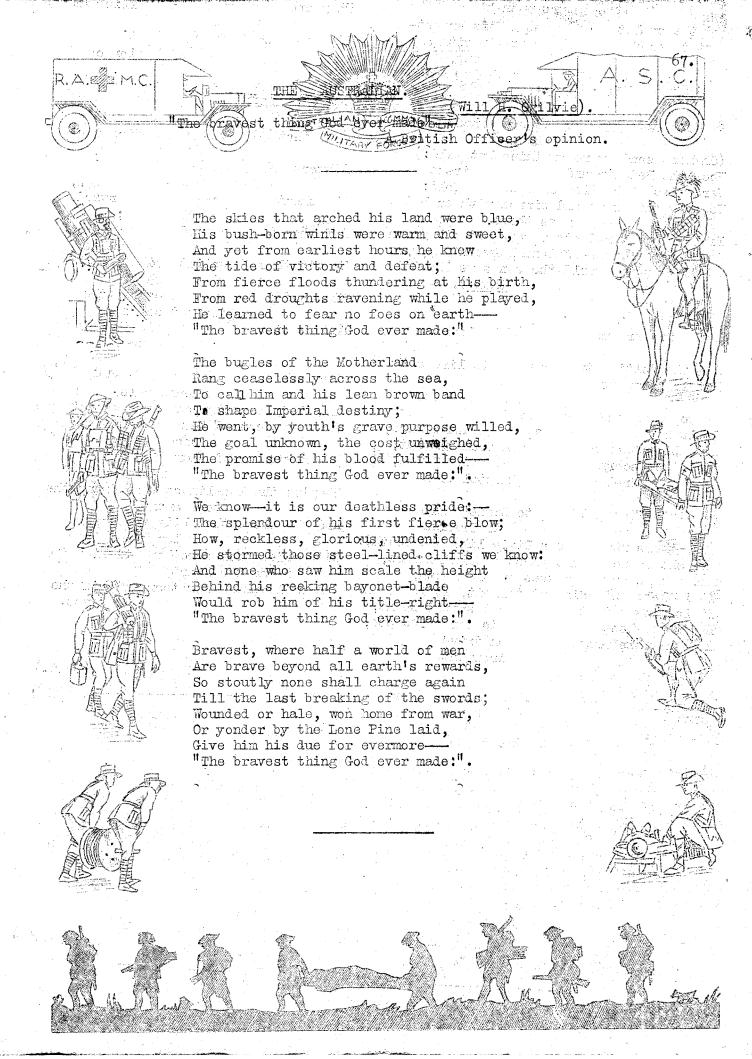
But the bra kes went wrong somehow,

There came a crash, an awful s mash,

And the air was full of cow.

The bones and hoofs and horns and hair Were scattered in a flash;
Some here, some there, some everywhere,
It was an awful smash.

One teat fell on an old maid's lap,
The sight her bosomem thrilled;
She cried aloud to all the crowd,
"Good God: the guard is killed."



If s the spell that spurs the feet IAN when marching palls,

Its the charm that covers league on muddy league,

Its the trimming that we wear with overalls,

then we're slopping with the bucket at fatigue;

It's the prayer that makes the soldier's spirit strong,

And the smulet he wears upon his breast-Just to scoff at dull endeavour with a

For im song the soldier's soul is manifest.

It was "Desert Sands" we sang when we were green

(Oh Mena sand's were anything but cold:) When the Bedouin and craftier Cairene Were with wiles of ages manifold; We sang and swore and sinned with such

as these, Time countered other ways and other men On one small neck of land between the seas (We taught the world the songs we chanted then:). M.S.B.

The words are mostly shaped by limping chance,

And the latting tune may rattle like a bus, But it trimeets scorn of Time and

As we tramp the greasy road with Orpheus; It links the breaking squadron under fire, It pulls the cursing column from the rut. It voices scorn of Death and vain desire, To the Colonel or the regimental slut.

And it sullake me back to Dixie here in France.

(Oh, there never was a Dixie like the South): And the music is the ghost of old Romance, And the memory of kisses on the mouth; It is loss and gain and torment, it is truth, It is incount othe flesh and spirit spent, The seer whose counsel stands forever sooth, And the whip whose thong can drive environment.

with tune the teptd Turkish night,

Rouen has echoed back "Australia Fair," We've yelled the songs of Brisbage and the Bight

Along the pitted streets of Pozteres; Their voice is wrath and mirth and cleanly hate,

Forgetfulness and keen remembrance both, They are bombs we lift and fling at froward Fate

(And we fuse them with a hot, Australian oath: ).

And it's "Boys of Anzac" when we Weep the bagger

(Oh, that's their barrage-fire that drops behind.),

Athwart the gaps their flattened wife

The shouting charge spills for and battle-blind: [版]

And when to blackened vines and ragged walls.

We win through splintered steel and shrinking flesh,

The swaddies drop to breathe, the trumpet calls,

And we sing them up to dig the line afresh.

They are tunes that know no gitte harmonic rule,

And their ancestry concerns us not at all. For we've conned them in a kindergartenschool.

And we've hummed them in a Sydney music-hall,

They've the loneliness that draws the soul apart,

And the shame that bids the husky laughter rise

With a jest for something tigatened

And a blasphemy for tears within the eves.

(Cont.)

(Continued)

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHERS. (Tom King)

And it's "Break the News to Mother"
when we drop

(Oh, gently in the jumble where you tread:)

When Earth and Heaven roar and recland stop,

And the dirty khaki blots with cleaner red;

Though the bugles blare their grieving to the sky,

And the fulsome ink of sorrow choke the pen.

The song we taught you shall you know us by,

Who were singers of the Melody of Men:

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.
(William Gay)

From all division let our land be free, For God has made her one: complete she lies

Within the unbroken circle of the skies,
And round her, indivisible, the sea
Breaks on her single shore; while only we,
Her foster children, bound with sacred ties
Of one dear blood, one storied enterprise,
Are negligent of her integrity.—
Her seamless garment, at great Mannon's nod
With hands unfilial we have basely rent,
With petty variance our souls are spent,
And ancient kinship under foot is trod:
O let us rise, united, penitent,
And be one people,—mighty, servir God:

#### TO MY DIGGER PAL.

Does anyone know, does anyone care? Where you so or how you fare? Whether you smile or whether you sigh? Thether you laugh or whether you cry? Glad when you're happy? Sad when you're blue? Does anyone care what becomes of you? I do, old Digger Pal, I'll say I do.

Mothers, you who wait in angulah, Watch with dread for news each day, White-faced mothers, worn with weeping, Think of one thing when you pray.

God has known your boy since childhood, Guarded, loved, him day by day, Would he leave him just when duty Called him from his home away:

He who knows his country needs him, He your boy, who longed to fight, For the sake of those who suffer Will be precious in God's sight.

Living, wounded, dead, or missing, Tace the words—one must be true; Through your prayers be very certain, God is with him—and with you.

EIGHTEEN YEARS TODAY.

(Gwenda Davies "Tell me why you're areaming, Daddy Said my little son to me, So I told him all about it, As he sat upon my knee. I told him of that Sunday morn, 'Twas eighteen years today, 9 When the men of Australasia, Joined the mighty fray How they landed on that Foreign shore. And fought that gallant fight, Of how they nobly won the day, And put the Turks to flight. We saw the cliffs before us To be scaled 'mid shot and shell, And our comrades fell around us I remember it-so well.

There are some who'll sleep forever On a hill that's called Lone Pine. And the twenty-fifth of April Will be famous for all time. And so to keep their memory green, We march each Anzac Day, To pay tribute to those Herees. Who gave their lives that lay.

## Alex. Allan).

#### Everywhere these Agetralian Soldiers are their characteristic As

Oh, it asn't got no roller-brim, it shows for was back to vall, an' dicky, till no shiny nap,

An' it don't sport fancy ribbon--just a weather-beated strap;

It never swanked around the Block to give the girls a treat:

It ain't the kind of nifty lid they'd stand in Collins Street;

It's nothin' like the jumpin'-jack you wear vith evenin' dress;

It was never foaled by Woodrow, an' i's never deard of Tress;

You wouldn't call it just the juicy onion for the play

Nor the thing to lock a clue with on the bridge on 'Inley Day;

It's be a ellish compliment to call it brown,

But it is cone side's cocked up 'and some. when it angin down;

It was served through forty climates up from Comlingwood to Leith,

An Litts the frost, dial that is Finite underneath;

It's stopped a brace of bullets (it 'as also missed a few)--

It's my dingy, dinkum cobber (for I've and never liked 'om noo:)

So gut ligout, an never think a bloke

The last a rat

brown brown

We was fell and all in Cairo, where our notions of the law

Was mostly wrote with knuckles on the population's jaw;

An' Comin' up one evenin' -- there was

othree of us, an' gay-Malley-way.

Welun opinions round in with a shockin' lack of tone,

50 I landed im a lefty one acrost the # zzy-bone;

'E pulled a knife, an' yelled, an' then, with twenty seconds gone,

The Rather and the mother of a bloomin' mix was on.

11 O 1 1/20 some cobbers took a share--

An' the sight of our old at-brims was the thing that brought 'em there'

An', only for me twistin' as the blow come 'unmin' down,

For this scar upon my shoulder I'd a wore a angel's crown.

I was 'all an inch from 'eaven twig the cut upon the brim-

So I'll keep it a mementer, thil I sing my partin: 'ymn:

Till the left of Time 'as feinted and is right 'as biffed me flat.

An' for a 'alo afterwards--Me old

brown

I took it out to Anzac, which door 'umped it from,

An' I wore it for a diadem when fritterin' to the Somme.

We found a front-line sector-'adn't 'ardly come

When Fritz 'e showed a sign which read; "Australians welcome 'ome:"

We wasn't out to disappoint, we 'ad a sense of fair,

We was grateful for the welcome -- an' we 'anded back our share:

Oh, we dealt 'im good an' plenty in' I think e' understands

There's other uses for your doors pourt from shakin: 'ands;

For we served Australian cocktan Wan' the cocktail ad a hick)-

They was out for dinge, an' Dicken, but they didn't get a stick.

Oh, the papers called us Titans (an it's crook to hear the same),

But the strange, distangy hats we work, twas them that made the name:

An' I'm tippin' Fritis TALLY till th settin' of the sun,

Will recall our fruity language, and the nasty things we done

When we looked 'em on the earlole, an' we socked iem in the slate

Oh, they won't forget their intro. to

brown

at:

When a bloke 'as 'ad a Blighty, an'

An a lint of London sunshine brings the London titters out,

The first thing that 'e'll notice-an' the second, too, per'aps--

Is the way the glad-eye 'overs on us

For they ve seen it in the paper (which its name ain't Truthful James:)

That we're Gala'ads an' 'eroes, an' a 'undred other names;

An' it ain't no use disclaimin', for the paper-blokes in town

They lave mede our reputation, an' we'll tave to live it down.

Oh, a Vorkshire or a 'Ampshire or a baggy boy in blue

They're good an' all to catch a skirt fent most of 'em' as two);

But the thing that snares the optic of the gushin'feminine

It ain't the 'aughty Guardsman with a picket up 'is spine,

Or it ain't the buddin' captain with

For I ve wondered 'ard an' aften--you

If the thing that bowls 'em gentle, an' that takes 'em off the bat,

Is the lanky brown Australian, or

brown

'at:

Oh, the service cap is 'andy when a bloke is goin' flash.

An 'the 'elmet's most convenient when 'e's scoffin' soup or 'ash;

But my dinkum shady-brimmer, you can take your bloomin' oath.

Is worth a ton of either or a paddockfull of both.

Its tint may strike you silly, an' its outline make you laugh,

It ain t a chic confection, or a flamin

shape would make you sore,

There's a 'ole or two about it (which I've 'inted at before);

But it kept the sun at Mena off my dainty little 'ead,

It 'as 'eard my prayers for guidance (an' the other things I've said)

It 'as stood me for a piller when I Laid me down to sleep,

When the earth was mostly water, an' the mid was four-feet deep;

An' I think per'aps this reason makes us like them as we do--

They are what blokes pick us out by, an'they breathe of 'ome an' you;

Oh, 'ome that makes me love you an' my heart go pitter-pat,

'Ow you'll greet me when you meet me
In the old

brown

'at:



THE GENE

AABAMC

As I stood snokin a piperul cut, vetchin the sunset glow Australian

seventeen year ago.

Dreamin' of all the ins and outs that worry our uman clay,

Ar givin' a thought to the 'Arbor-side That was alf a world away, English officer passed me by with

lis chin-bone igh in the air. Passed an laited an! turned about, chuckin' the aughty stare.

Looked he over from 'ead to boots, an'

'E says, an' I says, "Bill: what's yours?" At the bloomin' show began.

"You'll 'shun an' salute when I'm doin! rounds, "'e words me last, "because I'm General Blank: " an' "Strike me dead"

Note: "but I thought you was:"
Www. "bare's various generals good an' //bad an some that is alf-an - alf,

Wether you take 'em at mess or rounds, I hadin' a bloomin' strafe;

There a some of them ought to be wearing! skirth, an' some of them wholly man---Sut the bick of the field at the lighest

rail is the true Austral-i-an.

Not that 'e'll tell you the same 'imself, and that 'e'll let you talk

About is doin's, or blazon 'em on 'is Milliant-door with chalk.

But the workes they ve led with never a

langery you the oil about them all—an the self-same blokes is us:

For the general bred by the Bight or Strains, the Bay or the 'Arbor blue,

'E's something more than a general: 'e's a bloke the same as you:

Live watched them tere on the Flanders Front they never and their sign On a chatteau ten or a dozen miles be the fightin -line.

Teld show you the error in alf-a-tick if you called them "dug-out-kings,"

For they find their mark in the sweat an! mucks in the very 'eart of things;

Willin: to nose around an learn, ready nan' quick to teach

The things te's learned to another blokethat is the pride of each.

Alex Allan.)

compin' an' thin an' pokin' round

Findin the time to chaff Down in the South at Bootfontein, Mirary for An sling a joke with the Duntroon boys 'e runs as lis working staff.

'E thinks of 'imself an' safety last: E:11 risk 'imself to look

To the clerks an runners an bather, too-an' 'e don't forget the cook.

'E'll push is way to the farthest post when 'e fears a flank reverse to

'E'll work all night when the good works bad, or the bad is showing worker

Cribbin' a yard by the left or anght schoolin the scrappy fire,

Setting the ole division straight the end of a speakin wire;

Screwin, the sappin parties up when the barrage chucks the dirt,

Sparin' at eye for the stretcher bees an: a word for the maimed or 'ur's

Weary an' aggard, but 'angin' on when things is lookin; black,

Countin! the runners that stageer is conthem that don't come back

'E's a bullock-tear an' a photographia a salamander, too;

But 'e'd tell you off if you cold im so-'e's a bloke the same as you;

Oh, 'e makes a looby of runnin' risk, an' you wouldn't give a brown

For is life when 'e lays on the saidbegtops till the snipers send im down;

I'd 'ave grabbed 'is ankle an pulled in in, if I 'adn't been afraid, when 'e's balanced fast on the ranget like

a tart at a dress parade,

'Ummin' an' swingin' is little stick an' slingin' is tongue a treat

If the 'ead of one of 'is rank-and-rile bobbed up on 'is workin'-beat.

'E schools 'is men like a pack of kids, an: it gives 'im the flamin' nark

If a workin' party, with tunics off shows

white an' a' easy mark; For 'e'll send 'em down or 'e'll make Hem

dress, an e'll over in andy state. Till 'e sees that the coloner's direction word and is non are clobered ment.

You'd cash your cheque of is laise mined cheek, if you ad a cheque to cash.

'E'll stop in the open to light is pipe; but you wouldn't call 'im rash.

(Cont.)

For 'e frames it all as a put-up jour-le knows 'is ways inspire) Al easy mind in 'is common swabs, an a

scorn of Fritz's fire.

An' if 'e plays to a losin' and—well, it's worth a bit to die

With never a squeak in your partin' soul, or a blink to your glazin' eye;

To know, though you've done your little dash, you never 'ave done your block, That your father bred from a dinkum breed, an' you breed to your father's stock.

Oh, 'e'll kid in the thick of the burstin' shells that war's a blasted joke;

But 'e don't consider 'e's Charleymong-'e's just a 'uman bloke.

There's twenty-six that our land 'as bore, but a few of 'em known to fame; There's a pare 'alf-dozen the world might know, when it comes to their rank an! name; greatest general the world 'as ever It's olds that, meetin! them in the street (you'll seldom see them there), You'd call them sprigs of the lower ten-

an it's odds they wouldn't care; There's one or two that the crowd will

pick an chuck 'em its best bokays, While they walk, as always, deaf an blind to the lole world's blame or praise;

There sythmee or four that the mob will and a vote and a gilded name

When they fit again, when the war is done, in the notch from which they came.

They won't be losin' a fortnight's sleep, they'll never care a jot

If their deeds don't go in the 'istory books

(which the most of them will not:) But when our bloomers are counted up, an'

there's nothin' left to say, An' the things we didn't do, an' why, are

all explained away,

An! when the jobs that we did by lalves (an' some of 'em pretty crook)

'Ave all been settled as "strategy," an! wrote in a and some book;

When furrow an' orchard, desk an' farm, ave got them again in thrall,

When they re trainin' kids in the barrackschool, or vines on a 'omestead wall,

There's one place where they'll be sittin' yet in the niche their ands ave made-The learts of the men (the men that's left)

oo fought in their old brigade:

They are the ones too plan the job; they are the men that DO;

But you'd never know they was Bonapartes they re blokes the same as you:

(From "The Everlastin' Ballads")

"Some people calls a Mirage a Miracle!", said the Potato-Peeler loftily; but it ain't, for I've seen both.

"The Mirage was in the Egyptian desertit was only a new name for the "Jim-Jams," and the "Miracle" was in the Records Office-'twas a dead man lookin' for work.

"The only man wot ever performed a genuine miracle in recent years was the known."

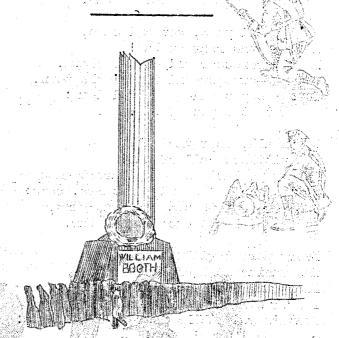
"Greater than Nero? Greater than Napoleon?"

"You bet 'e was! They destroyed, but

'e built up.

"His name was General Booth, and le made wimmen wear hats twenty years behind the times -- and love doin! it.

"A Great General with a Great Religion wots earned the respect of every decent man. When the rest of the Padres fall in behind im, there'll be a crush on the Narrer Way."



A Great General with a Great Religion wots earned the respect of every decent man".

THE CALL. (R.W. Servece)

(France, August First 1984)

Over the gorse and the golden dells, Ringing and swinging of clamorous bells, Praying and saying of wild farewells: War! War! War!

High and low, all must go: Hark to the shout of War! Leave to the women the harvest yield; Gird ye, men, for the sinister field; A sabre instead of a scythe to wield: Warl Warl Warl

Rich and poor, lord and boor, Hark to the blast of War! Tinker and tailor and millionaire, Actor in triumph and priest in prayer, Compades now in the hell out there, Sweep to the fire of War!

Prince and page, sot and sage, Hark to the broar of War! Poet, professor and circus clown, Chimme Tweeper and fop o' the town, Into the pot and be melted down: Into the pot of War!

Women all, hear the call, The pitaless call of war! Look your last on your dearest ones, Doothers and husbands, fathers, sons: Swift the go to the ravenous guns, The glattonous guns of War.

Everywhere thrill the air The mediac hell of War: There with be little of sleeping tonight; There will be wailing and weeping tonight; Death's red sickle is reaping tonight: War! War! War!

Land now often do you get leave to Australia? asked the inquisitive old lady. Once every war," replied one of the linkums. "at the end of it."

She. "How terrible it must be to be blind". Aussie: (Thoughtlessly): "Yes, you do feel terrible the next morning."

FUNK. (R.W.Service) S.

when your marrer bones seem foller Far and near, high and glear, chills;

When your skin creeps like a pullet's, And you're duckin all the bullets, And you're green as gorgonzola round the gills;

When your legs seem made of jelly And you're squeamish in the belly And you want to turn about and do a bunk: For Gavd's sake, kid, don't show it; Don't let you're mateys know to You're just sufferin' from funk, funk.

> Of course there's no denying That it aint so easy tryin To grin and grip your rifle by the butt

When the 'ole world rips asimder, And you sees your pal go under, As a bunch of shrapnel sprays him on the

I admit its 'ard contrivin', When you 'ears the shells arriven' To discover you've a blooming bit of anunk; But my lad, you've got to do it. And your God will see you through it For wot 'E 'ates is funck, funk funk So stand up son, look gritty, And just 'um a lively ditty, And only be afraid to be afraid: Just 'old your rifle steady And 'ave you're bay nit ready. For that's the way good soldier men is made.

And if you 'as to die,
As it sometimes 'appens, who
Far better die as 'ero than a skunk; A-doin! of yer bit, And so — to 'ell with it, There ain't no bloomin funk, funk, funk.

M.O.: "How long have you been sick, man?" Digger: "About six weeks, sir."
M.O.: "Why didn't you come to me before?" Digger: "I've been treating my self."
M.O.: "What do you mean by treating yourself?-that's what I'm here for. What did you treat yourself with?" Digger: "Oh! I uster wait outside an! pick up the pills that the blokes what had been on sick parade threw away."

Sez I: My Country calls? Well, let it call. I grins perlitely and leclines with thanks.

Go, let em plaster every blighted wall;

'Ere's one they don't stampede into the ranks.

Them politicians with their greasy ways;

Them empire—grabbers—fight for 'em? No fear!

I've seen this mess a—comin' from the days

Of Algorious and Aggydear:

I've felt me passion rise and swell,

But....wot the 'ell Bill? Wot the 'ell?

Sez I: If they would do the decent thing,
And shield the missis and the little 'uns,
Why, even I might shout God save the King,
And face the chances of them 'ungry guns.
But we've cot three, another on the way;
It's that wot makes me snarl and set me jor:
The wife and nippers wot of 'em I say,
If I gets knocked out in this blasted war?
Gets proper busted by a shell,
But....wot the 'ell Bill? Wot the 'ell?

Ay, wot the 'ell's the use of all this talk? Today some boys in blue was passin' me, And some of 'em they 'ad no legs to walk, And some of 'em they 'ad no eyes to see. And well I couln't look 'em in the face, And so I'm goin' to declare
I'm under forty—one and take me place
To face the music with the bunch out there:
A fool you say! Maybe you're right.
I'll 'ave no peace unless I fight.
I've ceased to think; I only know
I've gotta go Dill, gotta go!

Towny: "Ay, choom, have you seen any of the fellows of the West Riding about here?"
Aussie: "No, but I've seen a 'ell of of Anzacs walking".

THE FOOL. (R.W.Service).

"But it isn't playing the game" he said,
And he slammed his books away;

"The Latin and Greek I've got in my head
Will do for a duller day."

"Rubbish!" I cries; "the bugles call
Isn't for lads from school."

D'ye think he'd listen? Oh, not at all:
So I called him a fool, a fool.

Now there's his dog by his empty hed, And the flute he used to play, And his favourite bat. but Dick he's

Somewhere in France, they say;
Dick with his rapture of song and swn,
Dick of the yellow hair,
Dick whose life had but begun,
Carrion-cold out there.

Look at his prizes all in a row
Surely a hint of flame.
Now he's finished with, nothing to shew:
Doesn't it seem a shame?
Look from the window! All you see
Was to be his one day:
Forest and furrow, lawn and lea;
And he goes and chucks it away.

Chucks it away to die in the dark.

Somebody saw him fall,
Part of him mud, part of him blood,
The rest of him — not at all.

And yet I'll bet he was never afraid,
And he went as the best of 'em go,
For his hand was clenched on his broken blade,

And his face was turned to the foe.

And I called him a fool...Oh blind was I!
And the cup of my grief's abrim.
Will Glory o' England ever die
So long as we've lads like him?
So long as we've fond and fearless fools,
Who, spurning fortune and fame,
Turn out with the ralleying cry of their
schools,

Just bent on playing the game.

War bread suggests a new version for a popular song. Itis But a Little Faded Flour.

TUBRY,

Jubby ain't no bloomin' langel, Bless you, sir, I know 'e ain't; ustration AnOI dent suppose (d) like it fill the If you said ie was a saint. But 'e's British, is ole Tubby, Mide of British beef and beer, An' I bet 'e thinks in 'Ev'n Ov is wals wots left dahn 'ere. Twes killed last week. was Tubby, Knocked out sudden-like and flat. Lord. e was a champion bember, There ain t any doubt on that: Them there dans. Gawd 'elp their fices, Blew up sich a whoppin' mine, An' our chaps 'opped in the crater, Lume, but they lopped it fine. Tubby went along wiv others, Threw is bombs and never missed; When de'd thrown 'em all 'e 'ollered, Custed en like, and shook is fist. Back le lops wiv shells all rahnd 'im, Bet you Tubby didnt care, Says wents more bombs and sich-like, Aprile zets, em ther and there. Back peges, we cheered im loarsly, Tubby seemed to think it fun, Lumber It was fine to watch im Samp is lingers at the lun. But to didn't get much ferver, Dropped is bombs 'e did, and then, Then we eard im shout 'is loudest, "Boys, The done," 'e shouts, "an' w'en-Web you writes ome to the missus Tell Tellubby went 'ome game." An le died like that, did Tubby, Shouting out 'is Missus' name.

Yus Toet, 'e thinks in 'Ev'n Ov fis pals wets left dahn 'ere. Good ole Tubly, 'ow we loved yer. We shan's fail yer, never fear.

## STEADFAST FRIEND

It is good to have wealth,
It is good to have health.
They serve a useful end,
But in weal or woe, the best
thing I know,
Is a true and steadfast Friend.

MOVI A. S. C.

Oh, love them while they e hare, not when

That you regret, as moment you recall.
When you, Who had so much, gave not at all.

Speak kindly when the loved are held to hear,

And you will never look down some long year Or year of years, and wish that you be said

The words that might have cheered or conforted.

Do little deeds, and learn to Eg them now, And you will never wish you had, soronow, When yours the chance, for nothing ever brings

As great a grief as life's regleated things.

Fincourage them, their battle just begun, And you will never think they might have won

Had you but spoken, when your gentle bruch. That seemed so little, might hate ment so much.

Yes, love them now, and never 1st love wait, And you need never sigh "It is god late". Do little deeds, say what you have to say—Oh, love them while theyr'd here, now when away.

#### THE COMMONPLACE

Here's to the friend with the and king

Who adds some spice to the cormer the who polishes up the dull old hours.
Who plucks the thistles and plants the

Just the Everyday Friend with the Everyday Smile, Who makes the commonplace tasks

Worth Morth Worth

"A Tommy officer walking through vi wievs— Bretoneux pulled up a digger and asket in a haw-haw tone, 'Ha, my max, who ask you, what?' The digger shifted his fag and drawled, 'I've one of those—who call this place Villers—Breton—ex'". "The gameness of these Australian troops who have followed immediately on the heels of the Germans fairly warms your heart. On Thursday, below Bapaume, an Australian came walking in across country, over the grass of a paddock, stepping quickly. He might have been one of the hands on a farm at home hurrying back from work to tea...Presently, his message delivered, off he went back the same track without fuss and without orders, just doing Australia's work in the old Australian Way:"

Official Press Representative Bean, from France, 19/3/17.

As I came southward from burned Bapaume, over the meadow grass, A chap with a note-book 'opped aside, waitin! to let me pass. "Day to you, Sydney" 'e says to me, an' I says to 'im short, "Good-day: I'm doin! a bit of a job for 'Aig, in the old Australian way." "'Urryin' like:" 'e says again; an' I says to 'im, "Struck it, Steve: I'd sooner walk than I'd talk! I says, an' 'e saw the bars on my sleeve; An' over my shoulder, as on I swung, takin' a final look, I see 'im suckin' 'is pencil soft, an' makin notes in is book; An' mixin' in with the C.O's. message, stowed in my brain away, A jingle joined with my trampin' feet, in a tune that 'ad come to stay: "Carry on, cobber:" (It says to me) "In the old Australian way:"

There's some of us come from the cattlelands, an' some from the 'arrow's tail, An' some 'ave served in a dry-goods shop, an' others 'ave served in jail: There's race orse owners an pigeon-shots, an' blokes from the Might-Aye-Been, Grinnin' or serious, slim or stout (but the most of 'em's long and lean). 'Andy as most to a job, per'aps, but death on the after-fuss-An! the name of the land that fathered us is the name that will do for us: Oh, many (an' crock:) are the roads we tread, yet all roads lead to Rome, An' we're doin' our job in the way we did the jobs that we 'ad at 'ome: Though quite a number 'as bank accounts (an' some 'ave never a tray), Don't fancy you're comin' to pat our 'eads, or and us a small boquet. We're finishin' up. As we started out, In the old Australian way.

We've dared the dark an' the rippin' wire for joy of the raidin'-rush, We've cracked it 'ardy, beddin' down in the thigh-deep frozen slush, An' the paper-bloke 'e 'as touched it off as "an incident of patrol" When we chivied the German rabbit out from 'is burrow an' funkin' ole. We're evenin' up (an' we're doin' it quick) the gaps in our reckonings, But we'd rather you choked before you said we walked like ancient kings. We're sick to death of "the Anzac touch" an! the blitherin! "!earts of oak," Which is settin! the standard much too ligh for the plain Australian bloke; For the 'And that sends us the jumpy night an! the most un olesome day, 'E made us no bloomin' bric-a-brac-E shaped us of workin!-clay, To carry on (You'd 'ave us so) In the old Australian way:

Oh, whether we're schoolin! the shellscared teams, waitin! the word to go (An' it ain't like steerin' a timber-team on the flank of the Dorrigo), Or whether we're racin' an' floppin' to shoot ahead of the whipped advance (Oh, I've shot breakers at Manly, too, but they wasn't a circumstance), Or tryin; to read your family name on one o' their blasted shells (Oh, the buryin -party 11 dig-in your disc, if they can't find nothin' else), Or wallowin' belly-down in the mud, with the cutters set to the wire, Or floggin' a Army Service cart through the zone of their scourgin! fire, Or bumpin' back with the broken stuff in a stretcher or motor-dray, There's never a squeak, though you listen ard, or a premature "Ooray:" For we'll carry it through (As we used to do) In the old Australian way: (Cont.)

#### THE AUSTRALIAN WAY. (Continued)

'Ill, an' valley, an' roofless 'ouse, 'ouse, an' valley, and 'ill, We've hunted them over there an' back (an' we'll do some 'untin' still:) But it isn't the yell of the eight-inch shell, or the scream of the five-point-nine That's speedin' the feet in our service boots, that's warmin' our 'earts like wine; For the joy of ploddin' will never stale,. or the beer of life go flat While we 'ang to the tail of their long retreat as a terrier langs to a rat. So for them that dropped on the beach at dawn, for them we left by the coast, Sleepin' at Suvla an' Lonely Pine, Chunuk an' Courtney's Post, An' for them that lift, in the 'oly dark, their quaverin 'ands to pray (Not meanin' us, for we 'ave no time, an' we've got no prayers to say). Just for the pride of the job on 'and (an' it carries no place or pay) We're worryin' through As you've seen us do---Just as you said that you knew we'd do: Just as you guessed it was true we'd do. In the old Australian Way.

#### THE TWO KNITTERS. (Harold insell)

All around the valley you will find the golden eam,

Waving thre! the ripening corn, and rippling in the stream,

Spread across the sunset clouds, an on the scented gums,

Right athwart the heavens as the peaceful twilight comes,

And sometimes God will place it far from these scenes apart,

In the throbbing sacred keeping of a faithful woman's heart.

Knit-knit-knit-knit-knitting:
In the evening's gentle glow,
"Dead:" the white lips murmur;
"Oh, my God: I loved him so,"
But the hands they never falter
As the slender needles bring
Their tribute from an aching heart
To Country, and to King.

(Cont.)

#### THE TWO KNITTERS (Cont).

Dancing in the City streets, the golden gleam shines bright,
Flashing on the steeples and the tram rails in delight,
Lighting up dark, dusky rooms, amid the city's din,
Cheering with its brilliance tired souls who live within;
And sometimes God will leave it, as it flashes here and there,
A message from His Heaven wowen in a woman's hair.

Knit-knit-knit-knit-knitting:
In the evening's gentle glow.
Rouge and paint and powder
In the midst of tawdry show;
Someone's fallen sister,
Yet—the flashing needles bring
The tribute of an outcast
To her Country and her King.

## RAIDING. (J. Alex Allan).

Halt: Who's there? Sergeant to report?
Low: Keep low, till the last star sets:
Muster in the fire-bay, nearest to the port,
Near a score of blackened faces, hands
and bayonets.

Pray the little gods that watch make the gunners blind,

Guide their traverses awry, strike their sinews slack:

Shed your badges, drop your kit, leave your discs behind—

Something for a keepsake if you don't come back:

Duck along the duckboards: Steady, or you'll slip:

Where the mid comes up between, watch the going first.

Keep your blooming mouth shut: Think you're on a trip

Out to Lizzie's ragtime—shop, back in Darlinghurst?

(P.T.O.)

## RAIDING (Continued).

Trained? Yes, fine—like racers for the Cup: Yonder lies the winning post, still as death as yet—

Fritz and his machine-gun (pup-pup-pup-pup-puh-up:)

Soon enough you'll hear 'em sweep down the parapet.

Toss aside the sandbags that smother up the sap;

Coming back—if we come back—we'll pack em snug again:

Past the gate to No-Man's Land, pouring through the gap,

Charge and scream like forty fiends, yelling through the rain.

Ducking past the duckboards, stakes and rusty wire,

Common swad, and officer, men as good as you; Sooner have our slippers on, sitting by the fire;

Rather be at home in bed—but there's work to do:

Holes: 'Ware holes: Look and leap and pass—Quick: Stride quick where the rotting bodies lie,

Crashing through the ribs of men in the high grass.

Cursing, sweating, stumbling—hear their lines reply:

Hear the scary gunfire break: See the Very lights:

Race and squatter through the mud (is it mud or glue?)

Fritz, you're where we'd like to be on these winter nights;

Shame to drag you out at all—but we're wanting you:

Rip and fumble through their wire, swing and tear and shift,

Fall and lie or find your feet (some are lying still)....

Foot and fist and butt drive home, club and side-arm lift-

Ho, the hounds of war are out, smelling for the kill:

 Back: Strike back: Mad and fighting-blind:....

Home, turn home— and chance your way across:

Many a gunner and his gun lie in smash behind

Many an empty funk-hole beneath the parados:

Scatter for the lines again, dodge and run and stop,

Crawl, and thread the welcome grass, till the trench you win;

Press the wound and struggle on, and if you should drop,

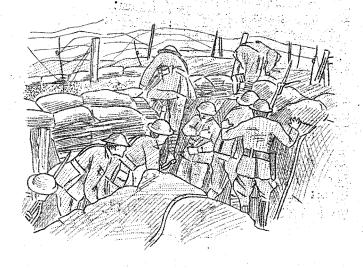
Find a friendly shell-hole—and we'll bring you in:

Ducking to the duck-boards through the sally port,

Near a score of us went out—ten are overdue.

Nine of us with aught to lose (time and joy are short)—

Call again and call for men, we'll be here for you:



#### THE RECORD

If you can spare a minit, Boss:
(Thanks: Mine's a glass of ale),
I'd just like you to listen to
A simple soldier's tale—
A tale o' King and Country,
Of cannon, shot and shell,
And a gallant Khaki soldier
Who served his Country well.

When the call came from the 'Omeland I saw me duty clear, I left me lodgin's and me Pals. Horse-racin', work and beer; I did me duty noble, The Huns was on the go, When the Kaiser heard about me, And a sniper laid me low.

Me left arm hung quite helpless,
So they passed me out "unfit,"
And I came back to Orsetrailyer
Feelin! proud I'd done me "Bit,"
And the crowd had heard about me,
For they cheered and cheered like mad;
There was whisky and refreshments,
And the whole darn world felt glad.

But the gladness didn't linger, When I started out next day, To touch Defence Pay-Office For me little bit o' pay; The clerks was pert and cheeky, With Pomatum on their 'air, And swore, by holy Dinkum: That my money wasn't there.

They said they couldn't trace me,
Though I called and called again,
Till, at last, one clean-shaved Johnny
With a little bit O' brain,
And a great big round-faced dial
Lookin' like a risin' moon,
Says: "You was 'killed in action
On the twenty-eighth of June:"

#### (Harold Hansell)

"You silly moon-faced poley cow,
I'm standin' here," I said;
Says he: "I 'ave your 'record,'
And they've passed you out as 'dead:'
And 'dead' you'll darn well have to be,
Our 'records' all is true,
And we ain't a-goin' to change 'em
For a Khaki brute like you."

You bet: I raised a 'oly row,
And gave 'em all "what for:"
You bet: I fussed until I see
The Minister o' War.
Says he: "Send for his 'Record:'
And when it come he said:
'My friend; you 'ave my sympathy:
Brave 'ero—you are dead:"

That's how they treat a soldier, Boss: Who donned their darned Khaki,
And fought well for his Country
In them lands across the Sea,
Where he pinked the Hun by thousands,
To say nothing of the Turk:
Then tell 'im: "Died in Action:
Better go and look for work:"

So I'm sorter "gone to Glory:"
And a sorter left behind;
I'm striving 'ard for Justice,
And the Publick's very kind;
They shout me meals and licker,
And a bob or two a day;
They're sorry for me 'orful Fate——
A man wot's "Passed away."



Records Corporal:—"You was killed in action on the twenty-eighth of June".

## GOOD OLD NO. 9. (J.M.Harkins)

If your head is aching and your bones are very sore,

A cough tears your chest like a blunt cross-cut saw,

Or if your back feels if 'twere going to break,

And with the shivers you tremble and shake,

Perhaps it's bronchitis, consumption, or gout,

Lumbago, neuritis — you're ill without doubt;

It may be the stomach, liver or "flue",
The kidneys, digestion, heart trouble, too,
A chill or a cold may have you in tight
grip,

A touch of asthma or just the plain "pip".

A corn or bunion may cause you much pain,
It may be toothache or neuralgia again,
Rheumatics, anaemia or appendicitis,
Or just common or garden tireditus;
What ere your complaint, pray don't lose
your head,

He won't cure that, or a limb you have shed,

But if you've one of the afore-mentioned ills,

Our M.O. will cure you with No. 9 pills.

## A NEW VERSION (Joke Arroll)

Old Madam d'Otsox
Went to the grub-box
Chips for the Diggers to cut, sir;
But when she got there
Fini pomnes de terre,
So the poor Digs kummagutzer.

Uprose the suffering Warriors
In awful, righteous wrath,
They slew him there, with dismal air,
And cast his carcase forth.
Then quoth the oldest soldier,
"So there's an end to that!
Thus perish they who—liars—say
They haven't got one chat.

"Your troops are full of spirit!"
Said the Frenchman, "Oui, tres bon!"
Too right," the Q.M. said, "they've pinched the plurry EssR. Don!"

#### THE CHAT'S PARADE.

(J.M.Harkins)

When the soldier, fagged and weary,
In surroundings that are dreary,
Aside lays he his rifle and grenade,
Seeks solace in forgetful slumber,
From shell-crash and battle's thunder,
'Tis then the "chats" are mustered for
parade.

At the double about his back
In a most irregular track
They make for the parade-ground on his
spine.

When there they will never keep still, Undisciplined they stamp at will, And up and down they march in ragged line.

Round his ribs they do manoeuvre, Curses issue from the soldier, There's divisions by the score, he declares, Doing artillery formation Without his approbation, He wriggles and he twists and loudly swears.

Through long, dark night they carry on, At the charges they become tres bien, The soldier to disperse them madly tears With savage fingers at his skin, As he prays for the morning glim, In darkness, though, the victory is theirs.

The morn at last breaks good and clear, Light is this "Army's" one great fear, They retire to warn flannel trenches, But not too long there they linger, For the soldier's thumb and finger, Routs them out with unregretful wrenches.

But no victory is there won,
For again reinforcements come,
And in darkness of night again attack;
So on the fight goes—on and on,
They are almost like the Hun:
Their foul deeds are performed behind
the back.

### OVER THE FOOT RAILS.

"How's Dave?"

"No good! He's in hospital, and they're going to remove his septum!"

"Well, if the silly cow 'ad got it made out in his wife's name they couldn't touch it!"

### THE LONE PINE CHARGE. (E.R.H.)

(One of the special values attached to this poem is the fact that it was written in the captured trenches immediately after the engagement.)

The boys of the First Brigade stood to their arms;

From the lines of the foeman rang out the alarms.

We crouched as we waited the shrill whistle blast,

Each knew that the effort might well be his last.

The signal rang out, and we sprang to the work,

With bayonets in line, and each face to the Turk;

And we thought every gun in the universe talked,

As the reaper, grim death, took his toll as he stalked.

The wounded fell prone, ne'er again would they rise,

For the shrapnell sowed death as it rained from the skies;

But the remnant pushed on, and came up with the Turk,

Great gaps in their ranks, but in stern mood for work.

Some Turks stood their ground—there were some who had fled,

But we harried them well, and the trenches ran red.

They plied us with shot and the dread hand grenade,

Yet slowly, but surely, our progress we made.

For six days and nights raged the battle apace,

And each showed the other the dash of his race.

But a silence crept over the trenches one night,

And we knew, when it deepened, that we owned the fight.

Not a hand grenade thrown—not a shot from a gun,

We breathed for a space—Ione Pine had been won.

She was only a shoemaker's daughter, but she gave him a frightful welt.

and the job of the job that have been been also be been also also be also be also be also be also be also be a

## GETTING BACK. (E.R.H.)

I've beard men say, when in the comp, Or on the sea, or on the tramp. The tales they'll tell to folks at home If they win through, and cross the foam, And get safe back.

Some carry with them day and night,
A souvenir of some big fight.
To show to friends where they have fought—
On fields where victory's dearly bought—
If they get back.

While thunderous cannon rend the skies, They face the foe with steady eyes; Though some get through, there's some must go,

Who try conclusions with the foe,
All can't get back.

Our boys who fell have left a name Upon the priceless lists of fame; The memory of those brave hearts dear, Is all I ask as souvenir,

If I get back.

## THINGS WE CAN'T FIND IN THE OFFICIAL HISTORY.

The name of the last ridge we took for Birdy.

Did they get the "spirit of Anzac" out of the S.R.D. bottle?

Has the King arrived yet for that inspection of the Australian Army Corps in France?

What has become of the old squire's ten thousand francs?

If the Diggers still have a chat?
Where does the A.P.C. fall in on Anzac
Day?

What were the names of the last 5000 men to leave Gallipoli?

#### THE SOPHISTICATES.

On a visit to the Zoo a young mother, taking her two sons to have a look at the various animals, eventually arrived at the Storks. She took great pains to explain that this was the bird that brought the babies. Then she walked on, and her youngest son, aged six, said to his eight year old Brother, "Hey, Bill, don't you think we had better wake mum up to it?"

#### THIRD BATTALION ALPHABET.

- A for Australia, the land of our dreams, The more you think of her the farther she seems.
- B for Battalion, of which you've all heard, S is for Staff who in No-Man's Land It wears Brown and Green, and it's number's the Third.
  - C for Canteen-always right for a drink, Free beer by the gallon for all-I don't think!
  - D for our Doctor-so artless and kind, If you don't like your route march, he'll leave you behind.
  - E is for Empire we've boasted so much, Perhaps we could do with a Hindenburg touch.
  - F is for France—famed for sunshine and song,
    - In Winter she's hell, but in Summer "tres bon".
  - G is for girls, whom we miss so out here, They ought to be issued with baccy! and beer.
  - H is the place where, you've often heard tell,
    - We were driving old Fritz, but he took us as well.
  - I is for Instructor, who taught us our Drill,
    - He taught all he knew, and we know nothing still.
  - J is for Jerry, whom we know as Fritz, We sneak on his posts. He imshies in fits.
  - K is for Keshan-our Jiu-Jitsu king, At tossing the "Bowyangs" he's simply the thing.
- L is for Leslie, our bold Brigadier He chases our heads—they bu . ...
- M is for our Colonel, you never heard roar,
  - Although we're not greedy, we always like Moore.
- N is for Nobby -- who made a brave stand, And worked message carriers rigt into the band.
- O is for orders, that put your wind-up, You tell a good tale and get sold a good pup.
- P's for our Padre—a thorough good sport, If a man's to be honored then, Gee-whiz, he ought! . .
- Q is for Q.M. who supplies us with rum, And works a good yarn when the issue don't come.

## 3RD BATTALION ALPHABET (Cont.)

- R is for rations, the issue so free, With ten to a loaf-well, the life will do me.
- roam to the transfer of the world
  - But wake up in time for their breakfast at home.
  - T is for Third and it's trombones renowned
    - That sliding in time to the music were found.
  - U is for Us—which the Froggies call "oui" Ho! La-la! Toute de suite! Kia-ora! Compris?
  - for Vin Blanc-which is poison to drink, It first knocks you rotten, then lands you in "clink".
  - for WAACS who we been slandered so much, We find them good sports, and treat them as such.
- sacred letter on beer barrel read. If you drink of it's contents you lose your YZ (wisehead).

100 Oliv

#### COLD COMFORT. (9.2) A CARACTERIAL

I was wending my way o'er the duckboards While Jerry was strafing the same; I was playing at ducking and dodging And my mind was intent on the game.

When a sound near at hand gave me warning, I dived down to earth like a flash, And clean out of sight in a mud-hole, I went, with a horrible splash.

And as I emerged wet and dripping, And looking a pitiable sight A voice from near-by gave me comfort-"Cold comfort" for one in my plight.

For it said in a voice that was cheering-"Why in 'ell did you dive in the mud? You'd a bin just as safe if you'd strod up For the damned thing was only a dud!"

Officer:" Now, tell me your idea of strategy". Large and the same of

Digger: "It is when you don't let the enemy know you're out of ammunition, but keep on firing".

#### TEN LITTLE AUSSIES. ( Stff.Sgt L.C.Hall)

Ten little Aussies for the fighting line, One hit the Wazir Battle. Then there were nine.

Nine little Aussies sorely tempting fate, One went across to Anzac, Then there were eight.

Eight little Aussies flying straight for heaven; One struck Serapeum, Then there were seven.

Seven little Aussies came to France with nix, One started a two-up school,

Then there were six.

Six little Aussies on the West arrive. One had a strafe with Fritz, Then there were five.

Five little Aussies on Blighty leave, I'me sure, One met a girl in Glascow. Then there were four.

Four little Aussies visiting Paree, One found a Demoiselle, Then there were three.

Three little Aussies with souvenirs but few, One found a fuse at Bray, Then there were two.

Two little Aussies on the spree for fun, One was stopped at Plymouth, Then there was one.

One little Aussie, half the voyage done, Went ashore at Cape Town, Then there were none.

Ten little Aussies in nice Sunday frocks, Waiting on a Melbourne pier, Won't there be some shocks!!

It is unofficially denied that, whilst crossing some barbed wire entanglements, the Kaiser was caught by the Allies.

#### HAVE YOU HEARD?

"How did you get on?" "Came a gutzer!"

Are we downhearted? No! Then you—soon will be.

Thank Gawd, we've got a Navy".

"What did you do in the Great War daddy?" Carea to a fer a fer or ever

Some say "Good old Sergeant". Others say the old Sergeant".

"Kiss me Sergeant!"

Dear Mother, I am sending you herewith ten shillings, but not this week."

adalah di Kiring dalam A soldier's farewell: "Goodbye, and -you".

"That's the stuff to give 'em".

"Ah! Ah!, no b- shave this morning". "Ah! Ah!, no b-razor".

The chats held a sports meeting on my back last night.

"Today's my daughter's wedding day, ten thousand pounds I'll give away" (three

"On second thoughts I think it best, to put it away in the old oak chest". "You mingy—, chuck him out!".

#### WAR NEWS FROM THE PRESS.

Some of the war news is very perplexing, and only that I am most trustful and never doubt anything that I read in the "Baptist Banner" I should look upon the following news items as suspiciously as a crow does at a man with a gun:-

The Germans have taken Cascara on the Dutch frontier, and are likely to soon rush the Dykes in Holland.

Later: The War Office admit the taking of Cascara, but doubt the ability of the Germans to hold it for long.

Latest: The Germans are evacuating everywhere.

Later still: The strain on the German rear is something terrible.

The Germans have invested Namur. Later on the Allies will invest the war indemnity they will take from Geermany.

#### SONG OF THE DARDANELLES. (Henry Lawson).

The wireless tells and the cable tells How our boys behaved by the Dardanelles. Some thought in their hearts "Will our boys make good?"

We knew them of old and we knew they would! Knew they would-

Knew they would;

We were mates of old and we knew they would.

They laughed and they larked and they 

For blood is warm under Southern skies; They knew not Pharach ( tis understood). And they got into scrapes, as we knew they would.

Knew they would-Knew they would;

And they got into scrapes, as we knew they would.

They chafed in the dust of an old dead land

At the long months! drill in the scorching sand;

But they knew in their hearts it was for their good,

And they saw it through as we knew they would.

Knew they would-Knew they would;

And they saw it through as we knew they would. A fell and the deed the six

The Coo-ee, called through the Mena Camp, And an army roared like the Ocean's tramp On a gale-swept beach in her wildest mood, Till the Pyramids shook as we knew they , + gire rewould. It should be a control

Knew they would-Knew they would.

(And the Sphinx woke up as we knew she 

They were shipped like sheep when the dawn was grey;

(But their officers knew that no lambs were they).

They squatted and perched where er they

could, And they "blanky-ed" for joy as we knew

they would.

Knew they would.

Knew they would;

They "blankey-ed" for joy as we knew they would.

## SONG OF THE DARDANELLES (Cont.)

The sea was hell and the shore was hell, With mine, entanglement, shrapnel and shell,

But they stormed the heights as Australians should,

And they fought and they died as we knew they would. Knew they would-

Knew they would;

They fought and they died as we knew they would.

From the southern hills and the city lanes,

From the sandwaste lone and the Blacksoil Plains;

The youngest and strongest of England's brood!--

They'll win for the South as we knew they would.

Knew they would-Knew they would;

They'll win for the South as we knew. they would.

## FIGHTING HARD. (Henry Lawson).

"The Australians are fighting hard in Gallipoli." —Cable.

Rolling out to fight for England. singing songs across the sea; Rolling North to fight for England, and to fight for you and me. Fighting hard for France and England, where the storms of Death are hurled; Fighting hard for Australasia and the honour of the World!

Fighting hard.

Fighting hard for Sunny Queensland. fighting for Bananaland,

Fighting hard for West Australia, and the mulga and the sand;

Fighting hard for Plain and Wool-Track, and the haze of western heat-

Fighting hard for South Australia and the bronze of Farrar's Wheat! . Fighting hard.

## FIGHTING HARD. (Cont.)

Fighting hard for fair Victoria, and the mountain and the glen;

(And the Memory of Eureka—there were other tyrants then),

For the glorious Gippsland forests and the World's great Singing Star—

For the irrigation channels where the cabbage gardens are—

Fighting hard.

Fighting hard for gale and earthquake, and the wind-swept ports between;
For the wild flax and manuka and the terraced hills of green.
Fighting hard for wooden homesteads, where the mighty kauris stand—
Fighting hard for fern and tussock!—
fighting hard for Maoriland!
Fighting hard.

Fighting hard for little Tassy, where the apple orchards grow;

(And the Northern Territory just to give the place a show),

Fighting hard for Home and Empire, while the Commonwealth prevails—

And, in spite of all her blunders, dying

hard for New South Wales.

Dying hard.

Fighting for the Pride of Old Folk, and the people that you know;

And the girl you left behind you—(ah! the time is passing slow).

For the proud tears of a sister! come you back, or never come!

And the weary Elder Brother, looking after things at home—

Fighting Hard! You Lucky Devils!

Fighting hard.

M.O. "Well, what's your trouble?"

Private Dag: "I've got web feet, sir,
from walking on the duckboards too
long."

"Look 'ere, Bill, when you use me rifle to smash up firewood, don't leave it layin' in the mud all night. You know what a careful bloke I am with a rifle!"

### UP AND DOWN THE DUCKBOARDS: (J.R.S.)

Up and down the duckboards,
Up and down again,
Blinking at the star-shells
Falling in the rain.

Thinking of the rations,

If they're getting wet,

Thinking, if there's any rum,

How much will we get.

Thinking if a bullet hurts—
If there's any pain.
Yow! Here comes a blanky bomb!
Up and down again!

Up and down the duckboards, Screwing at the moon, Musing on the bally strafe We got this afternoon.

Thinking how explosives

Make you jump and shake and sweat,
Thinking how you duck and run,

And hug the parapet.

Thinking of the next one—
If it's joy or pain.
Hell! It's getting hotter!
Up and down again!

Up and down the duckboards,
Good and bad and worn,
From "stand-to" in the evening
Till "carry-on" at morn.

Thinking all the blooming things
You never thought before,
Thinking of the stunt last night,
And feeling pretty sore.

Thinking you'll chuck thinking up

Before you go insane—

Two whizz-bangs! A nine-two-eight!

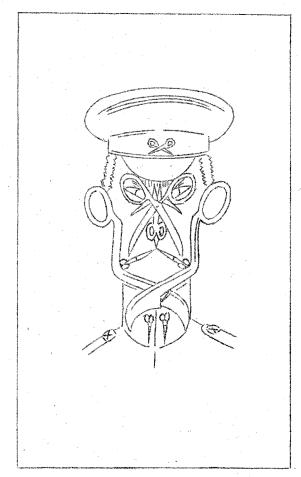
Up and down again!

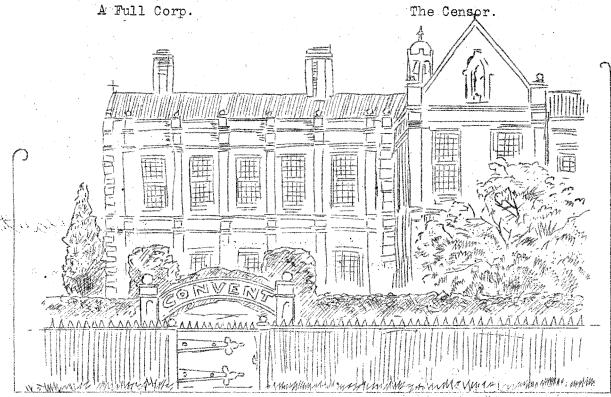
## "THE AIRMEN".

"The heavens are their battlefields. They are the cavalry of the clouds. High above the squalor and the mud..., their struggles there by day and night are like a Miltonic conflict between the winged hosts."

(Thoyd George).







No Man's Land.



The Lady: "And where is your home?"

The Other: "'Ome! Why I'm 'Ome when I've got my 'at on."

#### SCOTS OF THE RIVERINA. (Henry Lawson) THE AFTERMATH. (Pioneer)

The boy cleared out to the city from his home at the harvest time-

They were Scots of the Riverina, and to run from home was a crime.

The old man burned his letters, the first and last he burned,

And he scratched his name from the Bible when the old wife's back was turned.

A year went past, and another. There were calls from the firing-line;

They heard the boy had enlisted, but the old man made no sign.

His name must never be mentioned on the farm by Gundagai-

They were Scots of the Riverina with ever the kirk hard by.

The boy came home on his "final," and the town-ship's bonfire burned.

His mother's arms were about him, but the old man's back was turned.

The daughters begged for pardon till the old man raised his hand -

A Scot of the Riverina who was hard to understand.

The boy was killed in Flanders, where the best and bravest die. There were tears at the Grahame home-

stead, and grief in Gundagai; But the old man ploughed at daybreak and the old man ploughed till the mirk-There were furrows of pain in the orchard while his household went to the kirk.

The hurricane lamp in the rafters dimly burned;

And the old man died at the table when the old wife's back was turned.

Face down on his bare arms folded he sank with his wild grey hair Outspread o'er the open Bible and a

name re-written there.

#### UNLUCKY.

"Cripes! there's stiffness fer yer! We've just finished building this bonzer possie, stove and all, ready for the Winter, and now they go and make an Armistice!"

Seek now thy heart and question which shall be,

The deeper Hell of two which offer thee, The Hell of War that honour could not shun, Or that which goes with duty left undone.

Hell, though it be of fury, fire and pain; The Hell of War thou suff rest not in vain. The dead shall live by memory through the years;

Their resting place bedewed by Angel's tears. And they that live, returning to their land, Shall through the years to come, in honour

And of the joys of Peace in full partake, As those who suffered much for duty's sake.

But—they who stayed behind to count the cost,

To argue "this is gained" or "that is lost," And holding back, bethought them of some gain,

At cost of those who suffered fire and pain. Shall not in future years in council stand To legislate the future of their land-Nor still in blissful peace their ways pursue

Because, while others died, this peace they knew.

And they shall live forever in that state Of Hell, whose terrors never shall abate. Tormented conscience and a tortured mind That through eternity no peace shall find.

## FOUR WORDS. (Louie Samuels)

There are four words, the sweetest words In all of human speech, More sweet than all the songs of birds, Or Lyric poets teach. This life may be a vale of tears,

A sad and dreary thing— Four words, and trouble disappears And birds begin to sing.

Four words, and all the roses bloom, The sun begins to shine;

Four words, will dissipate the gloom, And water turn to wine.

Four words, will hush the maddest row, And cause you not to grieve— Ah, well, here goes, you've got them now! "You're next for leave."

When cannon are silent, when Feace spreads her wings,

And the cheers of the victors ebb slowly, When foeman and comrade alike lie at rest On the fields which their valor made holy, With the links in the chain of the Lifethat-you-lived"

Snapped apart -- and you stand hesitating, Remember the Empire spreads over the Seas In the sunshine-

Australia

is.

Waiting!

Ye heroes! from office, and workshop, and farm,

Who streamed to the Front at the calling, To stand undismayed 'midst the mud of the trench,

With the hail of a hell ever falling; To charge thro! the shrapnel where bright bayonets gleam

With a laugh!—yet you stand hesitating; There are fortunes to glean for one half that you've done

In the sunshine-

Australia

is

Waiting!

Ye Women! who mourn for the loved ones who lie

'Neath the deep, or the red field of battle; Whose heads are bent low when the soldiers pass by

On the march, whilst their bright bayonets rattle:

Come! sore wounded hearts that the good God alone

Can heal-do not stand hesitating; No wider our land than our wide sympathy; In the sunshine

Australia

Waiting!

(Cont.)

There are two ways of missing the joys of Army life-one is by not joining, and the other by not being born. "The Nark".

Wide is this England that welcomes you all,

Where the gold of the wattle is gleaming; Join in the throng, spread across the broad sea,

To the land of new life ever streaming: Come with your sorrows and sadness-

but come; Stand not in doubt hesitating; Hope walks abroad. Come! make a new Home

In the sunshine-Australia

is

Waiting!

See! the sun sets, and the clouds gather round,

Shadows of night slowly falling; Darkness surrounds—but away o'er the Seas Sunrise -- and Hope to you calling. Live the new Life, for the "Life-thatyou-lived"

Lies dead-do not stand hesitating; Reach out a hand to your kinsmen's strong grasp

In the sunshine-Australia

Waiting!

## Brady, (Philosopher.)

If your luck is out with women; if you've looked too long on wine, Do not sit and nurse the anger of your anguish, brother mine, For the sun will rise temorrow, and the skies be just as blue, And you'll find that other fellows have their troubles—same as you.

Though your aching heart be empty, and your pockets much the same. Though the dice of Fate are loaded, be a man and play the game! There is something left to live for-to your own strong soul be true, And we'll take your hand and grip it, who have battled same as you .

#### HIS MATE

There's a broken battered village
Somewhere up behind the line,
There's a dug-out and a bunk there,
That I used to say were mine.

I remember how I reached them, Dripping wet and all forlorn, In the dim and dreary twilight Of a weeping summer morn.

All that week I'd buried brothers, In one bitter battle slain, In one grave I laid two hundred. God: What sorrow and what rain:

And that night I'd been in trenches, Seeking out the sodden dead, And just dropping them in shell-holes, With a service swiftly said.

For the bullets rattled round me, But I couldn't leave them there, Water-soaked in flooded shell-holes Reft of common Christian prayer.

So I crawled round on my belly, And I listened to the roar Of the guns that hammered Thiepval, Like big breakers on the shore.

Then there spoke a dripping sergeant, When the time was growing late, "Would you please to bury this one, 'Cause 'e used to be my mate?"

So we groped our way in darkness To a body lying there, Just a blacker lump of blackness, With a red blotch on his hair.

Though we turned him gently over, Yet I still can hear the thud, As the body fell face forward, And then settled in the mud.

We went down upon our faces, And I said the service through, From "I am the Resurrection" To the last, the great "adieu".

"I hope the next war is fought with the right spirit." "It will be if the rum issue's not cut out!". (Cont.)

#### HIS MATE. (Cont).

We stood up to give the Blessing, And commend him to the Lord When a sudden light shot soaring Silver swift and like a sword.

At a stroke it slew the darkness, Flashed its glory on the mud, And I saw the sergeant staring At a crimson clot of blood.

There are many kinds of sorrow In this world of Love and Hate, But there is no sterner sorrow Than a soldier's for his Mate.

#### PRAYER BEFORE AN ATTACK

It ain't as I 'opes 'E'll keep me safe While the other blokes goes down, It ain't as I wants to leave this world And wear an 'ero's crown. It ain't for that as I says my prayers When I goes to the attack. But I pray that whatever comes my way I may never turn me back. I leaves the matter o' life and death, To the Father who knows what's best, And I prays that I still may play the man Whether I turns east or west. I'd sooner that it were east, ye know, To Blighty and my gal Sue: I'd sooner be there, wi' the gold in 'er'air And the skies be ind all blue, But still I pray I may do my bit, And then, if I must turn west, I'll be unashamed when my name is named, And I'll find a Soldier's rest.

### ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR.

Ah, wear not sorrow's garb, and dry those tears,

Hide your deep pain, and proudly lift your head,

Say "Twas for England, great through all the years,

That our Beloved on the field lay dead,

Guarding her very life, he nobly fell,

And though our hearts may break—

"It is well".

Waste of Muscle, waist of Brain, Waste of Patience, waste of Pain, Waste of Manhood, waste of Health, Waste of Beauty, waste of Wealth, Waste of Blood, and waste of Tears, Waste of Youth's most precious years, Waste of ways the Saints have trod, Waste of Glory, waste of God ----War:

#### CHEER-I-O.

Here's to you and here's to me, Here's to pals on land and sea, Here's to Peace that is to be, Cheer-i-o:

Here's to those who live and fight, Here's to those gone out of sight, Who have fought and died for Right, Cheer-i-o:

On we'll go through weal or woe, On through any blinkin' show. Cheer-i-o:

It's the battle-cry of God, As he works in star and sod, Beating Satan with His rod, Cheer-i-o:

It's the cry that made the earth, Gave the rolling spheres their birth, Wrought a world of wondrous worth, Cheer-i-o:

If it comes my turn to die, To be outed and put by, May I peg out with this ary, Cheer-i-o:

#### THINGS WE NEVER HEARD IN THE ARMY

"Now, I don't want to bustle you boys, but Reveille's been blown over half-anhour ago!" "Well, men, perhaps you don't want it, but I think another noggin of rum will make you sleep well. "Boys, you've dug quite enough! Me and the corporal will rinish at for you." Don't hurry back from London if you're enjoying yourself. Seven or eight days extra sineither here nor there!"

TO STRETTCHER BEARERS Easy does it -- bit of trench fere, Mind the blinkin' bit o' wire, There's a shell 'ole on your left there. Lift 'im up a little 'igher, Stick it, lad, ye'll soon be there now, Want to rest 'ere for a while? Let 'im dahn then-gently-gently, There ye are, lad. That's the style. Want a drink, mate? 'Ere's my bottle, Lift is lead up for im, Jack, Put my tunic underneath im, 'Ow's that, churny? That's the tack: Guess we'd better make a start now, Ready for another spell? Best be goin', we won't 'urt ye, But 'e might just start to shell. Are ye right, mate? Off we goes then, That's well over on the right; Gawd Almighty, that's a near 'un: 'Old your end up good and tight, Never mind, lad, you're for Blighty, Mind this rotten bit o' board. We'll soon 'ave ye tucked in bed, lad, Opes ye gets to my old ward. No more war for you, my learty, This'll get ye well away, Twelve good months in dear old Blighty, Twelve good months if you're a day. M.O.'s got a bit o' something What'll stop that blarsted pain. 'Ere's a rotten bit o' ground, mate, Lift up 'igner - up again, Wish 'e'd stop is blarsted shellin' Makes it rotten for the lad. When a feller's been and got it, It affec's 'im twice as bad. 'Ow's it goin' now then, sonny? 'Ere's that narrow bit o' trench, Careful, mate, there's some dead Jerries. Gawd Almighty, what a stench: 'Ere we are now, stretcher-case, boys, Bring im aht a cup o' tea: Inasmuch as we have done it

Ye have done it unto Me.

Ordely Officer: "I don't see what you've got to complain of regarding your Company cook." Company Dig: "Quite right, sir! His pepper and salt are the best live ever tasted.

"Where are you going, Young Fellow My Lad, On this glittering morn of May?"
"I'm going to join the Colours, Dad; They're looking for men, they say."
"But you're only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad; You aren't obliged to go."
"I'm seventeen and a quarter, Dad, And ever so strong, you know."

"So you're off to France, Young Fellow My Lad, I And you're looking so fit and bright."

"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Dad, Sut I feel that I'm doing right."

"God bless you and keep you, Young Fellow My Lad; You're all of my life, you know."

"Don't worry. I'll soon be back, dear Dad, And I'm awfully proud to go."

"Why don't you write, Young Fellow My Lad? I watch for the post each day; And I miss you so, and I'm awfully sad, And it's months since you went away. And I've had a fire in the parlour lit, And I'm keeping it burning bright Till my boy comes home; and here I sit Into the quiet night".

"What is the matter Young Fellow My Lad?
No letter again today,
Why did the postman look so sad,
And sigh as he turned away?
I hear them tell that we've gained new ground,
But a terrible price we've paid:
God grant, my boy, that you're safe and sound;
But Oh I'm afraid, afraid."

"They've told me the truth, Young Fellow My Lad: You'll never come back again.
(Oh God! the dreams and the dreams I've had, And the hopes I've nursed in vain!)
For you passed in the night, Young Fellow My Lad, And you proved in the cruel test
Of the screaming shell and the battle hell
That my boy was one of the best."

"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow My Lad, In the gleam of the evening star, In the wood note wild and the laugh of the child, In all sweet things that are. And you'll never die my wonderful boy, While life is noble and true; For all our beauty and hope and joy We will owe to our lads like you."

(A Hymn of Hate).

What is meant by active service
'Ere where sin is leakin' locse,
'N' the oldest 'and's as nervis
As a dog-bedevilled goose,
Has bin writ be every poet
What can rhyme it worth a dam,
But the 'orror as we know it
Is jist jam, jam, JAM!
Oh, the 'ymn of 'ate we owe it—
Stodgy, splodgy, seepy, soaky,
sanguinary jam!

There's the "fearful roar iv battle,"
What gets underneath yer 'at,
Mooin' like a million cattle
Each as big as Ararat;
There's the red field green 'n' slippy
(And I'm cleaner where I am),
But the thing that's got me nippy
It is jam, jam, JAM!
Druv us sour it has, 'n' dippy,
Sticky, sicky, slimy, sloppy,
stummick—strafin' jam!

Of the mud that's in the trenches
Writers make a solemn fuss;
For the vermin 'n' the stenches
Little ladies pity us;
But the yarn that's honest dinkum,
'N' the prayer what ain't a sham
Is that Fritz may bust 'n' sink 'em
Ships of jam, jam, JAM!
For we bolt 'em, chew 'em, drink 'em,
Million billion bar's of beastly,
cloyin', clammy jam!

We are sorry-sick of peaches,
'N' we're full right up of plum,
'N' our innards fairly screeches
When the tins of apple come.
Back of Blighty piled in cases,
Jist as close as they can cram,
Fillin' all the open spaces,
Is the jam, jam, JAM!
Oh, the woe the soldiers face is,
Monday, Sunday, ruddy, muddy,
boundless bogs of jam.

Here in the flamin' thick of things, With Death across the way, 'n' traps What little Fritz the German flings Explodin' in yer lunch per'aps, It ain't all glory for a bloke, It ain't all corfee ot and stoo, Nor wavin' banners in the smoke, Or practisin' the bay net stroke-We has our little troubles, too!

Here's Trigger Ribb bin seein' red 'N' raisin' Cain because he had Back in the caverns in his tead, A 'oller tooth run ravin' mad. Pore Trigger up 'n' down the trench Was jiggin like a blithered loon, 'N' every time she give a wrench You orter seen the beggar blench, You orter 'eard him play a toon.

The sullen shells was pawin' blind, A-feelin' for us grim as sin, While now 'n' then we'd likely find A dizzy bomb come limpin' in. But Trigger simply let 'er sizz. He 'ardly begged to be excused. This was no damn concern of his. He twined a muffler round his phiz, 'N' fearful was the words he used.

Lest we be gettin! cock-a-whoop Ole 'Ans tries out his box of tricks. His bullets all around the coop Is peckin! like a million chicks. But Trigger when they barks his snout Don't sniff at it. He won't confess They're on the earth-ignores the clout, 'N' makes the same old song about His brimmin' mug of bitterness.

They raided us there in the mud One day afore the dead sun rose. Me oath, the mess of stuff and blood Would give a slaughterman the joes! And when the scrap is past and done, Where's Trigger Ribb? The noble youth Has got his bay net in a Hun, While down his cheeks the salt tears run. Sez he to me: "Gorbli!—this tooth!"

(Cont.)

A shell hoist Trigger in a tree. We found him motherin' jis jor:
"If this ache's goin' on," sez he,
"So 'elp me, it'll spoil the war!" Five collared Trigger on his perch, They wired his molar to a bough, Then give the anguished one a lurch, 'N' down he pitches. From that birch His riddled tooth is hangin' now.

This afternoon it's merry 'ell; Grenades is comin' by the peck; A big gun times us true 'n' well, And, oh! we gets it in the neck. They lick out flames what reach a mile, The drip of lead will never cease. But Trigger's pottin' all the while;
He sports a fond 'n' foolish smile—
"Thank Gord," he sez, "a bit of peace!"

#### MUD AND DUST. (H. Eekhoff)

An Aussie tramped the muddy road, 'Mid snow and rain and sleet, The rain was running down his back, And oozing from his feet.

He carried sack and rifle And ammunition, too, He wore his helmet "at alert" As all good Aussies do.

With rations in a haversack And tucker sodden through, He used some dinkum lingo, As all good Amssies do.

At last he turned a corner, Saw a notice on a tree, And waded to his neck in mud To see what it could be.

I cannot now remember Exactly what it said, It didn't seem to please him, For this is how it read:

As on you plod your weary way, Consider our desire, For if you kick up too much dust, You'll draw artillery fire.

There's Voices on the river and the mountain,

There's Voices out across the dreary plain,

That's mostly callin' when a chap aint heedin'.

But sometimes—if you <u>listen</u>—they remain,

And that is why I sit beside the river As it slowly winds it's way towards the sea,

For its dreamy Voice is ever callin', callin',

And this is what the river sez to me:-

She come from "over West," near Black Swan River,

And she "stood beside" when things wereanyhow!

A little Nurse, with drinks to soothe yer liver,

And Lord! her hands were coolin! on yer brow,

The music of her footsteps was beguilin', She had Mercy for the very boards she trod,

When she kissed 'em, Diggers "goin' West" went smilin',

To speak her name before the Throne O' God.

I might have "spoken," over there in "Blighty,",

But pals were "goin! West," most every day,

So I merely said:—"Well! So long! Little Sister,

I'll call in at your farm in W.A."

And she looked at me with eyes a kind
o' misty,

Just give a little sigh and clasped my hand,

And I got work again across the channel,

Transferrin Bosch's to the Better Land.

'Twas four years later that I struck the Homestead,

And God! the good old "Aussie" sun shone great,

As hidden by the bushes at the roadside, I watched her standin' there beside the gate, With Sunshine, Love, and Happiness about her, And "Home," all round the tidy little farm, With her husband—lucky Digger—close beside her.

And a laughin', crowin' baby on her arm.

And this is why one "Digger" ever wanders
From the city to the Bush, across the plain,
For I know her answer,—had I only "spoken,"
And the Wound that I think healed, bursts
out again,

And the River with its Voice is callin', callin',

While I listen to its quiet sympathy, As it winds amid the blue-gums and the wattles,

And this is what the river sez to me:-

She come from "over West," near Black Swan River,

And she "stood beside" when things were anyhow!

A little Nurse, with drinks to soothe yer liver,

And Lord! her hands were coolin' on yer brow, The music of her footsteps was beguilin', She had mercy for the very boards she trod, When she kissed 'em, Diggers "goin' West"—went smilin',

To speak her name before the Throne o' God.



I oft go out at night-time When all the sky's a-flare And little lights of battle Are dancing in the air.

I use my pick and shovel
To dig a little hole,
And there I sit till morning—
A listening—patrol.

A silly little sickle Of moon is hung above; Within a pond beside me The frogs are making love:

I see the German sap-head; A cow is lying there, Its belly like a barrel, Its legs are in the air.

The big guns rip like thunder, The bullets whizz o'erhead, But o'er the sea in England Good people lie abed.

And over there in England May every honest soul Sleep sound while we sit watching On listening patrol.

#### THE TOMMY'S LAMENT.

I fancy it's not 'arf my chance To go on plodding 'neath my pack, Parading like a snail through France, My house upon my bloomin' back.

My wants are few, but what I need Ain't not so much of bully stew, Nor biscuits, that's a mongrel's feed, But, matey, just 'twixt me and you—

When winks the early evening star, And shadows o'er the trenches come— I wish the sergeants brought a jar, And issued double tots of rum. The night is still and the air is keen, Tense with menace the time crawls by, In front is the town and its homes are seen, Blurred in outline against the sky.

The dead leaves float in the sighing air, The darkness moves like a curtain drawn, A veil which the morning sun will tear From the face of death.—We charge at dawn.

#### ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

For the bloke on Active Service, we'en 'e goes across the sea.

'E's sure to stand in terror of the things 'e doesnt see,

A 'and grenade or mortar as it leaves the other side

You can see an' 'ear it comin', so you simply steps aside.

The aeroplane above you may go droppin bombs a bit,

But lyin' in your dug-out you're unlucky if you're it.

Wien the breezes fills your trenches with hasfixiatin' gas,

You puts on your respirator an! allows the stuff to pass.

Wen you're up against a feller with a bayonet long an' keen,

Just 'ave purchase of your weapon an' you'll drill the beggar clean.

W'en man and 'oss is chargin' you, upon your knees you kneel,

An' catch the 'oss's breastbone with an inch of two of steel.

It's sure to end its canter, an' as the creature stops

The rider pitches forward an! you catch im as 'e drops.

It's w'en 'e sees 'is danger, an' 'e knows 'is way about

That a bloke is dammed unlucky if e's knocked completely out.

But out on Active Service there are dangers everywehere,

The shrapnel shell and bullet that comes on you unaware, maid,

The saucy little rifle is a perky little
An' w'en you've got 'er assage you 'ave
done your last parade.

(P.T.O.)

#### ON ACTIVE SERVICE (Cont).

The four-point five will seek you from some distant leafy wood,

An' taps you on the napper an' you're out of step for good.

From the gun within the spinney to the sniper up a tree

There are terrors waitin! Tommy in the things 'e doesn't see.

#### LETTERS.

#### (Patrick Macgill)

When stand-to hour is over we leave the parapet,

And scamper to our dug-out to smoke a cigarette;

The post has brought in parcels and letters for us all,

And now we'll light a candle, a little penny candle,

A tiny tallow candle, and stick it to the wall.

Dark shadows cringe and cower on roof and wall and floor,

And little roving breezes come rustling through the door;

We open up the letters of friends across the foam,

And thoughts go back to London, again we dream of London-

We see the lights of London, of London and of home.

We've parcels small and parcels of a quite gigantic size,

We've Devon cream and butter and apples baked in pies,

We'll make a night of feasting and all will have their fill—

See, cot-mate Bill has dainties, such dandy, dinky dainties,

She's one to choose the dainties, the maid that's gone on Bill.

Oh: Kensington for neatness; it packs its parcels well,

Though Bow is always bulky it isn't quite as swell,

But here there's no distinction 'twixt Kensington and Bow,

We're comrades in the dug-out, all equals in the dug-out,

We're comrades in the dug-out and fight a common foe. (Cont).

#### LETTERS (Cont).

Here comes the ration party with tins of bully stew-

"Clear off your ration party, we have 'no need of you;

"Maconachie for breakfast? It ain't no bloomin' use,

We're faring far, far better, our gifts from home are better,

Look here, we've something better than bully after Loos."

The post comes trenchward nightly; we hail the post with glee,

Though now we're not as many as once we used to be,

For some have done their fighting, packed up and gone away,

And many boys are sleeping, no sound will break their sleeping,

Brave lusty comrades sleeping in little homes of clay.

We all have read our letters, but one's untouched so far,

An English maiden's letter to her sweetheart at the War,

And when we write in answer to tell her how he fell,

What can we say to cheer her? Oh, what is now to cheer her?

There's nothing left to cheer her except the news to tell.

We'll write to her to-morrow and this is what we'll say,

He breathed her name in dying; in peace he passed away-

No words about his moaning, his anguish and his pain,

When slowly, slowly dying. God: Fifteen hours in dying:

He lay a maimed thing dying, alone upon the plain.

We often write to mothers, to sweethearts and to wives,

And tell how those who loved them have given up their lives;

If we're not always truthful, our lies are always kind,

Our letters lie to cheer them, to solace and to cheer them,

Oh: anything to cheer them, —the women

left behind.

#### KHARTUM. (M.W. Cannan)

To such as in the Newspapers or elsewhere have blamed him.

You who fought fear since you had him to lead

In the cold anguish of your first distress, And took the labour of his life to make A bulwark for your years of idleness; Clung to his name, sheltered behind his strength,

How dare you judge him failure or success?

You who were each an Empire went your ways, Shuddered at death and laughed at thought of war,

And when it came, knew nothing; called to him

To keep the Terror from your flimsy door; You who had tied his hands through strength withheld

And knowledge flouted, years and years before.

You-you took all he gave; he who took up Burden of Empire that was yours to bear, And walked through hells you'll never know to find

The hard-won wisdom of a soldier there; And went out into silence on the sea, And left his memory to your keeping here.

You

You that are each this England, you who live Therefore, within the shadow of the wind As England lives, by such great travailing, Have you at this high hour no better gift Than your safe smug disparagement can bring? He that died, died for England; England lives, Which shall inhabit these until And you are England; that's the bitter thing.

## 'AFTER THE WAR'

After the war perhaps I'll sit again Out on the tarrace where I sat with you, And see the changeless sky and hills beat blue And live an afternoon of summer through.

I shall remember then, and sad at heart For the lost day of happiness we knew, Wish only that some other man were you And spoke my name as once you used to do.

#### TO MY COMRADES. (of the Australian LIGHT HORSE) (Trooper Gerardy)

Though days were bloody and dread nights were long

On mountain treks beyond the Jordan Valley, The skylark's joyous burst of morning-song Was ever your reveille.

Now crimson poppies nod beside the road You followed, when Damascus was a treasure; Before you cast aside your shoulder-load For days of life and leisure.

Your tracks through Sinai are overblown, And scars of strife in Palestine are hidden;

In Lebanon the grass has overgrown The magic miles you've ridden.

#### PREMONITION

(Robert S. Lasker) "If I should fall, do not grieve for me. I shall be one with the sun and the wind and the flowers." (Leslie Coulson).

If I should fall, my presence may be sought

In all the teeming beauty of the earth. With every lovely thing that God has wrought

I shall be one, and find it it new birth. Upon green meadows, or in April grass And flowers, who wills my presence still might find

Time pass.

Seek in the gold and purple of the west, Seek in the sunshine of a summer's day, Seek in the ocean's silence and unrest If you would find me; and, while seeking, say:

"He loved all these—he loved all lovely things:

And from them now his living spirit sings."

#### THE DESTROYER.

(Will Lawson)

She raced away down the sunset track,
Beyond the mines and the boom;
The spray flashed red on her turtle-back
To the whirr of her engine room.
Her funnels spouted their smoke-plumes blackShe looked the Spirit of Doom.

Along her sides the wavelets hissed, As she opened out her speed, They fell astern to snarl and twist, And writhe in her wake and bleed. Hers was a force no seas resist, And she gave them little heed.

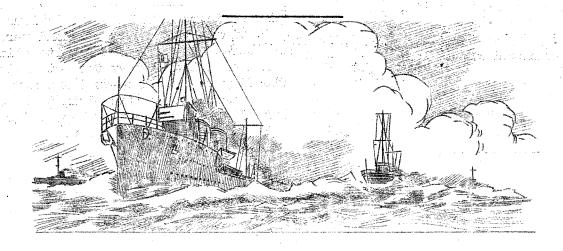
Away in the west the red sun sunk
To drown in the heaving flood;
And fast — with never a noisy crank
Or piston rod a—thud,
Her stern set low in the high wave—bank—
She swam on a sea of blood.

Into the night, when the sun had gone, The fast destroyer flew, And never a side-light gleamed or shone, As the pale stars grew and grew. What errand grim did she speed upon? Only her captain knew.

Through the sweeping seas she clove a track Into the blinding gloom—Stumpy—funnelled, sinister, black—She was the Spirit of Doom.

And the keen spray hailed on her turtle—back, To the throb of her engine—room.

Back to our forts the destroyer crept,
As the dawn rushed in aflame;
Her stacks were blistered, her decks sea—swept,
But she licked her lips as she came;
And she took her place where her comrades slept,
Like a hound that had killed its game.



#### MISSING -- BELIEVED KILLED

#### (ON READING A MOTHER'S LETTER)

'Twere heaven enough to fill my heart If only one would stay, Just one of all the million joys God gives to take away.

If I could keep one golden dawn, The splendour of one star, One silver glint of yon bird's wing That flashes from afar;

If I could keep the least of things That make me catch my breath To gasp with wonder at God's world And hold it back from death,

It were enough; but death forbids.
The sunset flames to fade,
The velvet petals of this rose
Fall withered --brown--decayed.

She only asked to keep one thing, The joy-light in his eyes: God has not even let her know Where his dead body lies.

O Grave, where is thy victory? O Death, where is thy sting? Thy victory is ev'rywhere, Thy sting's in ev'rything.

#### THE SNIPER

There's a Jerry over there, Sarge:
Can't you see 'is big square 'ead?
If 'e bobs it up again there,
I'll soon nail 'im--nail 'im dead.
Gimme up that pair 'o glasses,
And just fix that blinkin' sight.
Gawd: that nearly almost got 'im,
There 'e is now--see? 'Arf right.
If 'e moves again I'll get 'im,
Take these glasses 'ere and see,
What's that? Got 'im through the 'ead, Sarge Where's my blarsted cup o' tea?

THE SECRET

You were askin' 'ow we sticks it, Sticks this blarsted rain and mud, '6w it is we keeps on smilin' When the place runs red wi' blood. Since you're askin', I can tell ye, And I thinks I tells ye true, But it ain't official, mind ye, It's a tip 'twixt me and you. For the General thinks it's tactics, And the bloomin' plans 'e makes: And the C.O. thinks it's trainin', And the trouble as he takes. Sargint-Major says it's drillin', And is straffin on parade; Doctor swears it's sanitation, Mand some patent stinks 'e's made. Padre tells us it's religion, And the spirit of the Lord; But I ain't got much religion, And I sticks it still, by Gawd. Quarters kids us it's the rations, And the dinners as we gets: But I know what keeps us smilint, It's the Woodbine Cigarettes. For the daytime seems more dreary, And the night-time seems to drag To eternity of darkness, When ye 'aven't got a fag. Then the rain seems some ow wetter, And the cold cuts twice as keen, And ye keeps on seein! Boches, What the Sargint 'asn't seen. If ole Fritz 'as been and got ye, And ye ave to stick the pain, If ye 'aven't got a fag on, Why, it 'urts as bad again. When there ain't no fags to pull at, Then there's terror in the ranks. That's the secret -(yes, I'll 'ave one) Just a fag -- and many Tanks.

Take these glasses 'ere and see,
What's that? Got 'im through the 'ead, Sarge? The sergeants feed from a white china plate
And of dainties they too get their share,
The Diggers get duff—at least now and then—
And are healthy 'tis plain to be seen,
But all ranks agree, they hope ne'er again
To gaze on a Haricot Bean."

#### "COUNTED FOR"

'E blundered down the blighted trench, The great big-footed clod, and at the great big-footed clod, and at the great big-footed clod, and the great big-footed clod Fell on me, an' knocked me down, Then on me pipe 'e trod; Trod on, an' broke me bloomin' pipe, The only one, I ad, Snapped it 'off just: near the bowl. Gawd: I weren't arf mad.

An 'e's the bloke as Saved the Guns, That blunderin' awkward blighter, For since we "called upon" the 'Uns 'E's been a nasty fighter. But me, I'me invalided ome, For I copped a chunk of shell Right upon me blinkin' ip, Oh, ain't it puffic 'ell:

An' as I limped along the street Outside the Pallis Gates, Who'd ye think that I should meet But Mr. blushin' Bates; 'Is arm slung up; yes, there he sat Be ind some swanky osses, Been to call upon the King For one of them there crosses.

Which they some ow cawn't be blamed, "An 'oos the man as got "The Crorss!?" Some nearby gent exclaimed. "Gent", I says, "I knows the bloke, I does, so 'elp me swipe--"E's Privit Bates, the swab who broke Me favrit! bloomin' pipe."

#### GALLIPOLI

Upon the margin of a rugged shore There is a spot now barren, desolate, A place of graves, sodden with human gore That Time will hallow, Memory consecrate. There lie the ashes of the mighty dead, The youth who lit with flame Obscurity, Fought true for Freedom, won through rain of lead

Undying fame, their immortality. over, The stranger wand ring when the war is The ploughman there driving his coulter deep.

The husbandmen who golden harvests reap--From hill and ravine, from each plain and cover,

Will hear a shout, see phantoms on the marge, See me again making a deathless charge.

Five-and-fifty sprightly lads Are standing on parade, The Section's Roll is quickly called And not a man has strayed. Then five-and-fifty pairs of heels Together smartly click. 'Mid murmurs from admiring throngs "Phew: Section Five is slick:"

Fall in upon your N.C.O.", The order is obeyed. (Be not alrmed, though fallen on He never needs First Aid.) But he, good man, whoe'er he be, Assigns us each a task. And some get light and easy jobs, Others -- more than they ask.

Six men in deep humility. Before 'tis seven o'clock, Go down on hands and knees to scrub The 'Administrative Block; For seven successive morns they writhe In anguish sore to see, But on the eighth each man falls sick With chronic Housemaid's Knee.

The crowd they yelled thesselves all 'oarse, A score of men are marched "two deep" Towards the Comp'ny's mess. And what they find awaiting there Appals them, I confess, For while the bitter wintry air Coagulates their blood, They peel the epidermis From the soil-beladen "spud."

> But five and fifty hungry lads Complete their tasks at length, And swiftly glide to breakfast To recover wasted strength. Their bully beef and bacon ... They attack with frantic glee, Or stab the sulky "submarine," And wash it down with tea.

Many a wife in days to come, When strife at length is o'er, Compandently will sit and watch Her hubby scrub the floor. And as he slices carrots o And removes potato eyes. She'll murmur, "War is, after all, A blessing in disguise. \*\*

Im and me was kids together, Played together, went to school, Where Miss Jenkins used to rap us On our knuckles wiv a rule. When we left we worked together, At the Fact ry, makin jam, Gawd ave mercy on us women: I'm full up today -- I am. Well I minds the August Monday, When 'e said 'e loved me true, Underneath the copper beech tree, With the moonbeams shining through. Then we walked down by the river, Silent-like an and in and, Till we came there by the Ketch Inn, Where them two big willows stand. There 'e caught me roughly to 'im, And 'is voice was 'oarse and wild, As 'e whispered through 'is kisses, "Will ye mother me my child?" An' I took and kissed and kissed im, Sweet as love and long as life, Vowed while breath was in my body I would be 'is faithful wife. An' I seemed to see 'is baby, Smiling as 'e lay at rest, With 'is tiny 'and a-clutching At the softness of my breast. Gawd above, them days was 'eaven I can see the river shine Like a band of silver ribbon: I can feel is and in mine, I can feel them red ot kisses On my lips or on my 'air, I can feel 'is arm tight round me, Gawd: I tell ye it ain't fair. Look ye what the war's done at 'im, Lying there as still as death. See 'is mouth all screwed and twisted, With the pain of drawing breath: But of course I lave a pension, . Coming regilar every week. So I aint got much to grouse at-I suppose it's like my cheek, Grousin' when a grateful country Buys my food and pays my rent. I should be most 'umbly grateful That my John was one as went, Went to fight for King and Country, Like a 'ero and a man, I should be most jumbly grateful, And just do as best I can.

But my pension won't buy kisses, An 'e'll never kiss again. 'E ain't got no kissin' in 'im, Aint got nothin now-but pain. Not as I would ever change im For the strongest man alive. While the breath is in my body Still I'll mother 'im-and strive That I keeps my face still smiling, Though my 'eart is fit to break; . As I lives a married widow. So I'll live on for 'is sale. But I says - Let them as makes em Fight their wars and mourn their dead, Let their women sleep for ever In a loveless, childless bed. No-I know - it ain't right talkin'. But there's times as I am wild. Gawd; you dunno! ow I wants it ---'Ow I wants -- a child -- 'is child.

#### THE SPIRIT.

When there ain't no gal to kiss you, And the postman seems to miss you, And the face have missed an issue, Carry on.

When ye've got an empty belly,
And the "bully's" rotten smelly,
And you're shivering like a jelly,
Carry on.

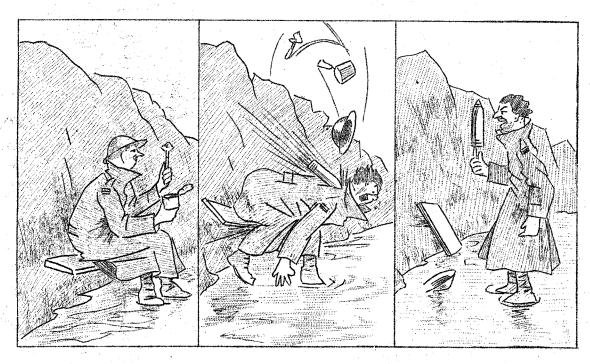
When the Boche has done your chum in, And the sargint's done the rum in, And there ain't no rations comin', Carry on.

When the world is red and reeking, And the shrapnel shells are shricking, And your blood is slowly leaking, Carry on.

When the broken, battered trenches
Are like bloody butchers' benches,
And the air is thick with stenches,
Carry on.

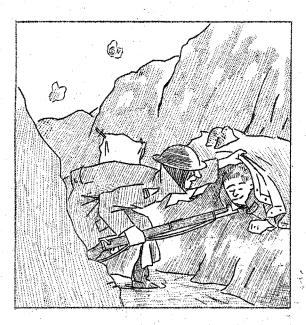
Carry on, Though your pals are pale and And the hope of life is gone, Carry on: For to do more than you can Is to be a British man, Not a rotten "also ran"—

CARRY ON:



From a Christmas Letter.

"I was eatin' Christmas puddin' in the mud, When a whizzbang 'it me collar wiv a thud, An' I honestly expected that me bits 'ud be collected, But my luck was in—the beggar was a dud."



S

"I say, cobber, got 'ny room in there for me an' another bloke?"



"When we had to thaw our boots before we could put them on our remarks were not pleasant to hear."



MEDICAL OFFICER: "Well, my man, what are you back here for?

DIGGER: "Well Sir, the Sergeant told me to go to Hell, so I come back here."

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#### (Harold Hansell).

"Court Martial?" said the Potato-Peeler. "It's something like the Military Cross spelt backwards. 'Taint quite so great a honner--and twice as easy to get."

Old Dad is fairly off his head
Out at Bulgandra Flat;
He's roaming all around the town
In Sunday coat and hat.
He's had a letter from the Front,
From his young son, Big Ben"I'm goin to be Court-Martialled, Dad:
On Saturday at ten."

"Great snakes:" cries Dad; "now that will show
The grit that's in our race;
He's only been a fortnight there
And yet he's took his place
Among the mighty of the land.
Ain't they quick-sighted men?
They're goin' to make Court Martial
Of my own son, young Big Ben.

"I knew that Ben would make his mark When he got to the War; I guess he took command o' things And give the foe 'what for;' Or else took charge of the canteen, And wouldn't quit it when They gave the order to retreat—My hero son, Big Ben.

"The parson read the letter,
And he looked quite pleased, you bet:
He said 'Whatever Ben deserved
That same he'd surely get;
And that the sword came, after all,
Quite second to the pen,'
Which brought such comfort to my
heart

From my own son, Big Ben.

(Cont.)

"There is an old Trooper called Durham,
Whose pace is like that of a wor-um,
But the day is in sight
When we'll enter the Bight,
Then to hell with the ship and the
fir-um."

"I guess he'll chum up with 'The Nobs,'
And shake hands with the King--Perhap's he'll have to stay to lunch
And then be asked to sing;
And if he is, By Holy Smoke:
They will hear something when
He's had a glass of beer or two-My only son, Big Ben.

"When Ben comes to Bulgandra Flat,
With all the foe passed out,
The Concertinas will tune up,
The Band of Hope will shout:
'All Ale: All Ale: Court Martial:::'
My: we'll turn some corkscrews when
He comes back to Bulgandra Flat--My hero son, Big Ben."

# THE JESTER IN THE TRENCH. (Leon Gellert)

That just reminds me of a yarn;
And everybody turned to hear his tale.
He had a thousand yarns inside his head.
They waited for him, ready with their
mirth

And creeping smiles, --- then suddenly turned pale,
Grew still, and gazed upon the earth.
They heard no tale. No further word was said.

And with his untold fun, Half leaning on his gun, They left him --- dead.

During the freeze in France in 1916,a Tommy officer slipped on the duckboards. He got up, turned to a grinning Aussie, and exclaimed, "I suppose that is what you Australians would call a gutzah?"

"My—oath, that was a — snifter,"
said the Aussie.

## THE JESTER IN THE TRENCH. (Leon Gellert)

'That reminds me of a yarn,' he said;
And everybody turned to hear his tale.
He had a thousand yarns inside his head.
They waited for him, ready with their mirth
And creeping smiles,—then suddenly
turned pale,

Grew still, and gazed upon the earth. They heard no tale. No further word was said.

And with his untold fun, Half leaning on his gun, They left him dead.

#### THE CROSS. (Leon Gellert)

'I wear a cross of bronze, he said,
'And men have told me I was brave.'
He turned his head,
And, pointing to a grave,
'They told me that my work of war was done.'
His fierce mouth set.
'And yet, and yet....'
He trembled where he stood.
'And yet, and yet.....'
I have not won
That broken cross of wood:'

## THE CRIPPLE. (Leon Gellert)

He totters round and dangles those odd shapes
That were his legs. His eyes are never dim. He brags about his fame between the tapes, And laughs the Loudest when they laugh at him.

Amid the fights of snow he takes a hand;
Accepts his small defeats, and with a smile
He rises from the ground, and makes his stand
With clumsiness, but battles hard the while.
So quick to see the pain in fellow men,
He chides them; yea,—and laughs them into
youth:

And yet, when death was near to one, 'twas then

About his kindly heart we learnt the truth. Since nowadays of cheer there is dearth, 'Twas smiles or tears, and so he chose the mirth.

## A NIGHT ATTACK. (Leon Gellert)

Be still. The bleeding night is in suspense
Of watchful agony and coloured thought,
And every beating vein and trembling sense,

Long tired with time, is pitched and overwrought,

And for the eye, the darkness holds strange forms.

Soft movements in the leaves, and wicked glows

That wait and peer. The whole black landscape swarms

With shapes of white and grey that no one knows:

And for the ear, a sound, a pause, a breath,

A distant hurried footstap moving fast. The hand has touched the slimy face of death.

The mind is raking at the ragged past.
..... A sound of rifles rattles
from the south,

And startled orders move from mouth to mouth.

### THE ATTACK AT DAWN. (Leon Gellert)

'At every cost, they said, it must be done.

They told us in the early afternoon.
We sit and wait the coming of the sun.
We sit in groups,—grey groups that
watch the moon.

We stretch our legs and murmur half in sleep,

And touch the tips of bayonets and yawn. Our hands are cold. They strangely grope and creen,

Tugging at ends of straps. We wait the dawn.

Some men come stumbling past in single file,

And scrape the trench's side and scatter sand.

They trip and curse and go.Perhaps we smile.

We wait the dawn:...The dawn is close at hand. (P.T.O.)

A gentle rustling runs along the line.

'At every cost,' they said, 'It must be done.'

A hundred eyes are staring for the sign. It's coming: Look:...Our God's own laughing sun:

#### THE DEATH (Leon Gellert)

I'm hit. It's come at last. I feel a smart

Of needles in... My God.... I'm hit again:
No pain this time.... no pain.. and yet...
my heart.....

Where is my heart? 'Tis strange I feel no pain.

The night is still, the night is very still.

I feel the April rain upon my hair.

I see the lights upon the yonder hill
Agleam and shining in the silent air.
Gow soft the grasses seem—how soft
and cool:

How long the valley looks—how long and deep:

How warm the rain: I feel a little pool Beside my hand. I feel....Can this be sleep?

Can this be sleep....this buzzing in my head?

Good God: A light: A light:
The pool: I'm xxx.

Ships and cannon, steam and coal Cannot make a Navy's soul: It's the Men who make her go Ripping thro! the Ages so.

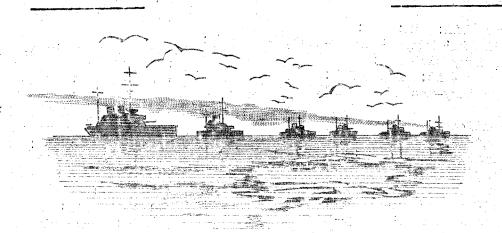
Let her go:
Let her go through thick and thin.
Danger: Facing it we win.
If we lose, 'tis Fate's decree;
But, so far, it's been Victory.
Let her go:

Stormy seas of leaden grey, Hidden dangers: What are they? Over all the watch-dogs dance, Face the odds and take the chance.

Let her go:
Let her go in all her might,
Big guns speak for truth and right;
Sheels call shrill for Peace at sea,
The Peace that comes from Victory.
Let her go:

England's Navy still doth roam Proudly o'er the white-flecked foam; Heroes sail — and Heroes sleep With their God beneath the deep.

Let her go: Let her go: Full steam ahead: Living will avenge the Dead. England: Mistress of the Sea, For Honor, King and Victory, Let her go:



#### (Rudyard Kipling.)

One man in a thousand, Solomon says, Will stick more close than a brother. And it's worth while seeking him half your days

If you find him before the other.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your
friend-

With the whole round world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show.
Will settle the finding for lee.
Nine hundred and ninety—nine of 'em go
By your looks or your acts or your glory.

#### GUNGA DIN.

e Marie displa.

#### (Rudyard Kipling.)

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny fights an!
Aldershot it;

But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im
that's got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was "Din: Din: Din: You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din: Hi: slippy hitherao: Water, get it: Panee Lao: You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin'
eyebrows crawl,
(Cont.)

We shouted "Harry By:"
Till out throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e could'int.
serve us all.

It was "Din: Din: Din: You teathen, where the mischief ave you

You put some juldee in it
Or I'll marrow you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din:"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e did'nt seem to know the use of fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin inut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank
rear.

With 'is mussick on 'is back,

'E would skip with our attack,

An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."

An' for all 'is dirty 'ide

'E was white, clear white, inside

When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire:

It was "Din: Din:"

With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the

When the cartridges ran out, You could hear the front-rank shout, "Hi: Ammunition-mules and Gunga Din:"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should'a'
been.

I was chokin mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga
Din.

'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din: Din: Din:
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;

'E's chawin' up the ground, An' 'e's kickin' all around. For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din:"

(Cont.)

## GUNGA DIN. (Cont.)

#### (Rudyard Kipling.)

'E carried me away

To where a dooli lay,

An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar
'E put me safe inside, clean.

An' just before 'e died,
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga
So I'll meet 'im later on Din.

At the place where 'e is sone—

Where it's always double drill and no

canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor dammed souls,

An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga

Yes, Din: Din: Din: You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din: Though I've belted you and flayed you, By the livin! Gawd that made you, You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

#### THE RETURN.

### (Patrick Maggill.)

or pacadewit files

There's a tramp o' feet in the mornin',
There's an oath from an N.C.O.,
As up the road to the trenches
The brown battalions go:
Guns and rifles and wagons,
Transports and horses and men,
Up with the flush of the dawnin',
And back with the night again.

Back again from the battle,
From the mates we've left behind,
And our officers are gloomy
And the N.C.O.'s are kind:
When a Jew's harp breaks the silence,
Furring an old refrain,
Singing the song of the soldier,
"Here we are again:"

Here we are:

Oh: here we are again:
Some have gone west,
Best of the best,
Lying out in the rain,
Stiff as stones in the open,
Out of the doings for good.
They'll never come back to advance or
attack;

But, God: don't we wish that they could:

#### THE FLY.

### (Patrick Maggill.)

Buzz-fly and gad-fly, dragon-fly and blue, When you're in the trenches come and visit you,
They revel in your butter-dish and tiot on your ham,
Drill upon the army cheese and loot the army jam.
They're with you in the dusk and the dawning and the noon,
They come in close formation, in column and platoon.
There's never zest like Tommy's zest when these have got to die:
For Tommy takes his puttees off and strafs the blooming fly.

#### STRAF: THAT FLY.

(Patrick Maggill.

(Bully-Grenay.)

There's the butter, gad, and horse-fly, The blow-fly and the blue, The fine fly and the course fly, But never flew a worse fly Of all the flies that flew

Than the little sneaky black fly That gobbles up our ham, The beggar's not a slack fly, He really is a crack fly, And wolfs the soldiers' jam.

So straf! that fly: our motto Is "Straf! him when you can," He'll die because he ought to, He'll go because he's got to, So at him, every man:



#### RECESSIONAL . (Rudyard Kipling)

God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung battle line, Beneath whose awful Hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine— Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget:

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget:

Far-called, our navies melt away; On dune and headland sinks the fire: Lo, all our pomp of yesterday Is one with Nineveh and Tyre: Judge of the Nations, spare us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe, Such boastings as the Gentiles use, Or lesser breeds without the Law-Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget:

For heathen heart that puts her trust In reeking tube and iron shard, All valiant dust that builds on dust, And guarding, calls not Thee to guard, For frantic boast and foolish word—Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord:

BEFORE ACTION. (Leon Gellert)

We always had to do our work at night, I wondered why we had to be so sly. I wondered why we couln't have our fight Under the open sky.

I wondered why I always felt so cold. I wondered why the orders seemed so slow, So slow to come, so whisperingly told, So whisperingly low.

I wondered if my packing-straps were tight,
And wondered why I wondered ...Sound
went wild....

An order came....I ran into the night, Wondering why I smiled.

#### THE BURIAL. (Leon Gellert)

What task is this that so unnerves me now? When pity should be dead, and has been dead. Unloose that sheet from round the pierced brow;

What matter blood is seen, for blood is red, And red's the colour of the clammy earth. Be not so solemn,—There's no need to pray; But rather smile,—yea, laugh: If pure, thy mirth

Is right. He laughed himself but yesterday. That pay-book? Take it from him, Ours a debt No gold can ever pay. That cross of wood About his neck? That must remain, and yet He needs it not, because his heart was good. We'll house him 'neath these broken shrubs; dig deep.

He's tired, God knows, and needs a little sleep.

#### THE DIGGERS. (Leon Gellert)

The diggers are digging, and digging deep, They're digging and singing, And I'm asleep.

They're digging and singing, and swiftly they're swinging

The flying earth as it falls in a heap. And some of it scatters and falls on my head;

But the diggers dig on. They can only dig. They can only sing, and their eyes are big. Their eyes are big and heavy as lead. They dig and they sing and they think I'm dead.

The diggers are digging, and filling the hole.

They're sighing and sighing.
They pray for my soul.
I hear what they say, and from where I

am lying,
I hear a new corporal calling the roll.
But the diggers dig on and fill in my bed.
The diggers dig on, and they sweat and

they sweat.

They sigh and they sigh, and their eyes are wet.

The brown earth clatters and covers my head;

Then I laugh and I laugh, for they think I'm dead.

### (J. Alex Allan).

"Aeroplanes—the army's eyes that see, and its beaks that peck

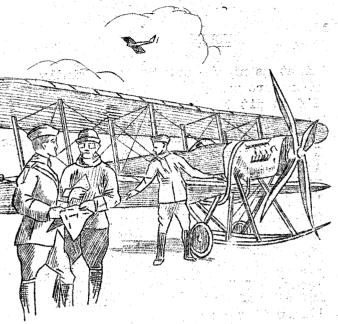
As high from the sweep of the cloudline as the clouds than the cities are higher,

We leave in the wake of our winging a trail that is fretted with fire:

Unseen from the greyness below us, where the cannonades challenge and roar, We ride on the the stream of the sunlight. on the breast of the cloud-wrack we sear, Through the folds of the fog in the lower, through the glare of the uppermost spaces, We drive with the blindness about us and the

buffeting wind on our faces. The stave that the singing propeller, that the wind in the wires is humming, Chants death to the junctions below us, the camp that lies dark to our coming, The threat that we bring shall you wake to, the doom of your fattest dominions With the beat of our engines! approaching, the slant of the silk in our pinions-Fate's falcons that watch where you cower, down-swooping, reversing and checking-The eyes of the army for seeing, the beaks of the army for packing:

Far down on the white of the roadways, the green of the meadowland grasses, A serpent winds laboring onward—the brown of the column that passes: A thrust on the piloting-handle, the rush that descends, and decreases, The joy of the hawk o'er the quarry, the click of the bomb that releases, Your vapor-balls ringing me harmless, my answering gunner's derision, Burst limbers and screaming of horses, the shreds of the shattered division, Torn fragments that cumber the roadway, rude panic unlosed and unknowing, Blind fear that goes hotfoot for safety, nor stands on its order of going: Swift spies of your camouflaged cannon, your bough-woven screens that dissemble, Keen hunters we haunt your reserve-lines, your convoys and troups that assemble: Small respite or rest shall we grant you, poor leisure for ruing or recking-The eyes of the army for seeing, the beaks of the army for pecking.



A speck on the rim of the ether, a mote on the distant blue showing, A formlessness merging and forming, a shapelessness shaping and growing: Drag back on the lever: Short mercy on him who shall dally delaying, Scant shrift to the one who waits under while the foemen may stoop to the slaying:

The palm unto him who shall bear itthe race to the speediest runner; Fate compass the course lest they ram us-God steady the gun and the gunner: Gone past: And a bare yard between us? Cross-fire that still rattles and dwindles?

Hard down to the right, lest we lose him where his rocking plane circles and spindles;

A shot through the tank—and to earthward, in smoke and smother of fire, Goes reeling a crumple of fabric, a tangle of metal and wire: Winged prophets are we of disaster, red bringers of ruin and wrecking-The eyes of the army for seeing, the

beaks of the army for pecking.

Right as ninepence, thank ye kindly, There are umpty worse than me, I'd be fit to fight to-morrer If my bloomin' eyes could see, But they can't, sir, that's the noosance, I'm as blind as forty bats. And I las to work by feel, sir, Like ye does at night for chats. 'Ow it 'appened? -- well it 'appened On a bloomin' night patrol. When I got a blinkin whizzbang To myself and got it whole. Yes, the last thing as I seed, sir, Were a burst of silver light, And it went and left the darkness, Cause it took eway my sight. There was me and old Bill Drury And 'e got one through the 'ead; We tried 'ard to fethb 'im back, sir, But it weren't no bon--'e's dead. And it's when I thinks of 'im, sir, Uv is kiddies and is wife, That I thanks the One above, sir, That I still eve got my life. There are times I wants to see, sir. Like a beggar wants a meal, But when I remembers Billie, Then I ain't disposed to squeal. For I've got my legs and arms, sir, And these ands is willing still, I can do my job of work yet; I can do it--and I will. There's just one thing I'm afeard on, Will they find me work to do? That's the thing as makes me worry, Same as it would worry you. When this blarsted war is over, And we settles dahn again To the mekin' of the money, Will they still remember then? Yes, I know they've been and promised, But it's easy to forget. When the shoutin's done and over, There's accounts to settle yet. There'll be thousands same as me, sir, Out to do what work they can, Not disabled, but like me, sir, Not just everybody's man. Will they find us jobs to work at Where two 'ands can earn their pay, For a wage enough to keep us Free from debt, and pay our way?

That's the only thing as worries When I sits me down to think, Will I get my charace of 'ome, sir, And enough to eat and drink?

## OLD AND NEW YEARS. (Fred Johns)

Gone the old years, sorrow laden,
Bearing with them streams of tears
Shattered hopes for many thousands,
Untold griefs, years filled with fears.
Gone old years with memories
Of the bitterness of strife,
Of suffering and miseries,
And the infamles of life.

Come the new years, richly laden
With the choicest gifts of heaven,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men,—
Fruits of noble service given.
Come new years with remembrance
Of those who paid tremendous price;
Our resolve's to prove worthy
Of all who made their sacrifice.

## A MOTHER UNDERSTANDS . (G.A.Studdart Kennedy)

Dear Lord, I hold my hand to take Thy body, broken here for me, Accept the sacrifice I make, My body broken, there, for Thee.

His was my body, born of me, Born of my bitter travail pain, And it lies broken on the field, Swept by the wind and the rain.

Surely a Mother understands Thy thorncrowned head, The mystery of Thy pierced hands—the Broken Bread.

"The best definition of a 'Gutzer' requires a knowledge of modern German to be understood. For further information apply to the All-Highest."

#### THE LISTENERS.

#### (Being the wail of the Recruiting Sergeant)

Gord, wont anything move yer?

Same old faces 'ere

Day after day, an' week after week

All through the bloomin' year;

Some that are stelid, an' grinnin' some,
'Urryin', driftin', you go and come,

Listen, an' clap me, an' shout "Ooray:"

That was a bonzer speech, y' say.
'Itch up your shoulders, an' walk away:

Dinkum, you sicken me, standin' there—

Me thats been puttin' it straight an' fair,

P'raps there's a way to reach yer—

Dont seem to be my way:

You: Wont anything move yer,

Anything shift yer—

Eh?

"Tisn't because I foller

Blokes with the Oxford bleat —

Them that can frame, with 'oneyed words,

Bait for your frozen feet,

Blokes that can limber a "aitch" or "g" (The One to the spot where it aughter be; lust for their 'ot words an' their kiddin' fine,

For their 'ot words an' their kiddin' fine,

An' the speeches they 'url at your waitin' line

Can't get yer movin', no more'n mine:

Seems to me only on thing yer'll do —

You're flamin' good listeners, through an' through

You that are suckin' your gobsticks

There by the kerbstone, say,

S'posin I lobbed yer a bomb or two.

Think that'd shift yer,

Eh?

Think there's a thing that'd budge yer Out of your attitood --Make yer pull faces or interrupt, Swear, or do something rude? Orderly dials an' nice black 'ats Collars an' weskits an" fags an' spats ---Struth, if your listenin' 'elped us win You'de be the Kings, as I'll give yer in: Gord, but I'me sick of your listenin: Waggin' my flippers an' wastin' skite --Why wont yer scrap, are yer too polite? Siposin'a Zep came over, What do you think you'de say, Dodgina a dray load of gelegnite? Think it'd start yer? Ih?

You with the willin' ear'oles
Use them for something else:
Come to a place that I know, an'ear
The squealin' of eight inch shells:
Cuddle the dugout, an' under cover,
'Eark to the "Minnies" screamin'over.
Go where the blokes 'oo 'ave learned
to do

'Anker to teach yer a thing or two More than the things that yer thought yer knoo:

Me, 'oc am 'urt an' 'ave got the sack (An' bluffin' the doctor to let me back--

I em the bloke 'oo would move yer, Get yer to sign an 'go: Only -- there's nothing 'll do the

Nothin' 'll kid yer --- NO.

(This Recruiting Sergeant stood each lunch hour in 1917 at the Melbourne Town Hall corner speaking from a e rostrum inscribed "Presented by John Wren Esq.)



(Shall we ever forget them?)

REVEILLE: Get out of bed, get out of bed, you lazy blighters!

PARADE: Fall in A. Fall in B. Fall in every Companee.

boys, Come to the cookhouse door,

when you see the sergeant cook smile,

Come to the cookhouse door!

POST: Letters from Lousy Lou. Letters from Lousy Lou. Letters for you and letters for me, and letters from Lousy Lou!

DEFAULTERS: You can be a defaulter as long as you answer your name!

RETREAT: You won't go to heaven when you die, Mary Ann, no, you won't, no you won't Mary Ann!

PAY PARADE: Swinging the lead, boys, swinging the lead, always remember to work your head!

LAST POST:

"That most lovely and melancholy of calls; the noble death of each day's life; a sound moving about hither and thither, liked a veiled figure making gestures both stately and tender, among the dim thoughts that we have about death—the approaching extinguisher".

(C.E.Montague)
"Lights out! Lights out!

"THE COMFORTS." (J.S.B.)
There's a little Sandbagged possie, 'tis
just behind the front,
Where we gets a cup of cocoa when we

comes out from a stunt, And I tell yer it's bonzer e'en we're

feeling cold and stunned And we trudges fer our issue ter the

And we trudges fer our issue ter the little "Comforts Fund."

Now I ain't no bally poet, or I'd write its praises high,

But the pongos will remember in the good old bye-and-bye (Cont)

#### A PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

"A pipe! It is a great comforter, a pleasant scother! Blue devils fly before its honest breath! It ripens the brain, it opens the heart, and the man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan".

-Bulwer's "Night and Morning."

"The pungent, nose refreshing weed,"
Which, whether pulverised, it gain
A speedy passage to the brain;
Or, whether, touched with fire, it rise
In circling eddies to the skies,
Does thought more quicken and refine
Than all the breath of all the Nine.
—Cooper—.

Tobacco is

A lone man's companion,
A batchelor's friend,
A hungry man's food,
A sad man's cordial,
A wakeful man's sleep, and
A chilly man's fire.
—Charles Kingsley—

"The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe, he becomes a philosopher:—it's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under difficulties. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, than any other blessed thing on this universal earth". Sam Slick:—The Clock-maker.—

## THE LAST BARRAGE. (PIP).

When the last barrage has lifted, And the dawn of Right breaks thro!, And back we trail to our Bushland— We will drink, dear friends, to you.

We will drink a toast to our comrades, Who fought with us side by side, And fell ere the barrage lifted, And the dust of battle died.

## "THE COMFORTS" (Cont.)

How they helped us like a cobber w'en we came out from the line, All the lads of Aussie's Army say, "Our Comforts Fund is fine!" Four summers since, in a waning year,
You marshalled us, eager to save mankind.
Do you recall? Is the vision clear,
The sequence plain in your ordered mind?
We have weltered and plodded and dug
and bled,

Labored, with sweat and our wounds for fee, That the little lands should be freed (you said),

And the world made safe for democracy: We have fought your fight; you have said your say--

#### There is a bill to pay:

Leader and servant, through blood and doubt,
Striving(you told us) should win to light,
And the gristing of gladness would issue out
From the mills of the Master that

grind aright..

Gain we should garner from grief and loss.

Help would be near when the poor man cried,

Fire of battle should purge our dross,

And the seed of the lowly be justified.

These were your words: If your words

were true.

#### What do you mean to do?

Docile and drilled in the ancient ways, Lightly unquestioning, simply true, We have fought (how we fought;) for a flag, a phrase,

The seeming of Right, and a king or two. You said (you remember) that afterward The song of the world, in a sweet, new

Should smother the dissonance evil-starred That lived in the old, sad, bitter time. Masters, we grieve if we do you wrong--But the waiting is overlong:

#### (J. Alex. Allan)

We can tarry awhile, who were ever used To waiting till hope in the heart grew sick:

Yet power that is laggard is power abused—And the clouds in the northern sky hang thick.

A wine that we knew not has poured, and passed

To fire in the blood of the world of men-A strangeness and newness that waxes fast Nor ever will wane or be stilled again.
'Twere better, perchance, to recall today The pledges we bore away.

Was there a meaning upon your tongue
More than the clamor of hawk-scared birds-Fruit in the tree of your promise hung.
Dawn in the heart of your cloud of words?
There is a lesson that, writ in fire,
The school of our warring and working
showed--

A way to the goal of a man's desire, A shorter, a sterner, a truer road; Read it, an then, for your own sweet sake, Cling to your word---or break.

We have walked in the darkness where Terror lives;

The ranks of our muster are gapped and thin;

Fling us (we earned it) what honor gives For the worth of your word and our trust therein.

There is never a need for a man to crave Who has learned of a way that a man may

Yet pay, for the faith that a day may save, For your pride and our own, and the land's fair sake:

Was it, my masters, but sham and show You mouthed, four years ago?



#### SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS WHATHER.

(R.W.Service)

It isn't the foe that we fear; It isn't the bullets that whine; It isn't the business career and anatomic Of a shell, or the burst of a mine; It isn't the snipers who seeked To nip our young hopes in the bud. No it isn't the guns, And it isn't the Huns Its the MUD, MUD, MUD.

That often is rather good fun. It isn't the shrapnel we find to be a second Obtrusive when rained by the ton; One rascal is an absentee, It isn't the bounce of the bombs That gives us a positive pain; When the weather is wet—
Its the RAIN, RAIN!

We shrink from the horrors of war.

"If ye please, sor, it's all right;
We don't mind the battle a bit;
There's no one missing, not at all, In fact, that is what we are for;
And no one breek the rules,
It isn't the rum-jars and things
But I forgot to call myself—
Make us wish we were back in the fold.

It's me and you's the fools!" Its the fingers that freeze, In the boreal breeze, It's the COLD, COLD, COLD!

one to be related to the first of Oh, the rain, the mud, and the cold, The cold, the mud, and the rain; With weather at zero, it's hard for new in which athero; or throse end and

From language that s rude to refrain; With porridgy muck to the knees, With sky that's a-pouring a flood. Sure the worst of our foes, Are the pains and the woes,

## To AUSTRALIAN "DIGGERS" AND NURSES TO BRAVE MEN AND NOBLE-WOMEN

This little Australian tribute.

"And none shall pay a nobler, sweeter tribute to their name, Than: The Voice of Duty called them and their eager footsteps came."

(From "The Everlastin' Ballads")

#### FLANNAGAN'S ROLL CALL. (Richard Morton)

"Sergeant Flannagan call the roll" The officer said to Pat, At , or is promise and And in salute the sergeant's hand I was not Flew upward ato his hat; and all also as adv of He called the roll, and counted all The men he'd got incline, Jan bassoffer event of Then said "There should be forty, sor-There's only thirty-nine." do wo ofthe Broaded

VIII TO THE EDMONT WITH THE WARREN Sergeant Flannagan scratched his head, It sish to the melee wer mind as spaint would land counted ball again, try where he we and but He murmured "Forty can't be made From thirty-nine, that's plain; Some scum not worth his salt!" "Find out," the captain sternly said, "And tell me who's in fault".

化抗性乳球 医水溶液 医二磺胺甲基甲基 Sergeant Flannagan in two twos,

All smiling in delight,

It isn't because we lack grit

Came running to his officer,

We shrink from the horrors of war.

We don't mind the battle a bit. Sergeant Flannagan in two twos, Late of the State of the State

and the second

#### GOD'S BUSINESS.

We ask too much the help of skies In some unholy enterprise, And salve our conscience with the thought, When we have won, that God has wrought. So we have prayed for aid divine,
Both sides of every battle-line. And yet the clash of fighting clans Is not God's business. War is man satisfied to the

I doubt if God has ever stood and the contract of Of the RAIN, the COLD, and the MUD. On bloody ground and thought it good. If cannon ever made him glad, with the second secon No matter which battalions win,
I know God thinks that war is sin, Concerned alone the thing shall cease. War is man's business. God's is PEACE.

My mother 'eld by Greenfield's faith-my father 'eld it too--

An! I bred close to my mother's side, as a decent bloke should do;

An' Baptist, Greek or Methodist, wowser or Pharisee,

Scotty or Saint or Plymouth Rock, they was always one to me;

I 'ave loved the smell of trees an' grass, the river slidin' by,

The chatterin' birds among the leaves, the streaky sunset sky,

The shine of seas beneath the moon, the tracks of 'ill an' wood,

An' all of Nature's 'andiworks I've sought an' found 'em good.

I've took no stock in 'ymns or sects, Bibles or bickerin',

For I never leaned to the nosey side, an' I done no buttin' in;

I've riddled the Ten Commandments through, I've reckoned life a joke,

Yet I think 'E'll see it the same as me, looking out for the decent bloke.

But what a straight-out 'ead like me can never figure out,

Is what these 'ot prayer-merchants 'ere are raisin' Cain about.

They're workin' by the text-book, an' the text-book's just the same,

No matter what's their creed or lurk or Bible-punchin' name.

It's got me rattled there an' back, for it's most exceedin' odd,

An' I 'ate to think 'ow the 'ole thing looks to a God like the swaddies' God: Oh, our sportin', fightin' Padres, fledged from Oxford, 'ere or Rome--

I can 'ear them goin' crook about the padres back at 'ome;

They've chewed the bully-cud with us, they've bore the battle's brunt With Tom an' Dick an' 'Arry,' ave our padres at the front.

Oh, they wear no linen overcoat with lily dooks to match,

But you'll know 'em by their 'earty grin an' little shoulder-patch.

They will kid you, p'raps, an' chiack, but they never rub it in

About the brimstone waitin' for a bloke in mortal sin.

They'll sing you 'ymns an' comic songs, an' now an' then will shove

A fist well 'id (an' just as well:) inside a boxin' glove,

For a swad. don't 'old with prayin', but I've stacked against a few

That would swing a 'ealthy knuckle for the padres that we knoo.

They 'ave been with us through mud 'an dust an' trench an' trampled wire,

When the ground was spittin' earthquakes an' the sky was beltin' fire;

They 'ave listened to our tales of 'ome an' tarts an' wounds an' grief;

They 'ave dined on ration-rabbit, while we scoffed their ration-beef;

They 'ave rigged impromptoo concerts, where they knocked the flamin' soul

From a grand pianner collared from some German bunny-'ole;

They never flashed the frozen stare, or gave the icy dook---

They was cobber to the colonel an! the regimental cook.

They was thoroughbreds, though sometimes short of brush or currycomb--

But I'll bet their ears are burnin' for the padres back 'at 'ome:

I've come from the West to my father's 'ouse, an' I find the landscape thick With, "You're the son of a Calathump:", an' "You're a bloomin' Mick:"

I 'ave struck the row that never dies, the yap that will not cease,

Which is 'ard, an' a little more than 'ard, on the broodin' Dove of Peace.

I'm safe at last in my father's 'ouse, an' my spirit's goin' sore

For the 'omely priests of the creedless creed I knoo in times before--

The chapel where never an altar showed, that never a pillar decked;

The creed of the church that 'ad no walls, the sect that 'ad no sect;

An' I reckon that if there's any creed a bloke should 'ang to--well,

It's the one that the padres peddle there in the livin' Flanders 'ell;

(Cont.)

If any faith is the only faith, you can take the cil from me It's the dinkum one that the padres deal in the fiddle oversea; For I've seen the 'and of a Salvo. tend a dyin' Dublin man, An' a wowser sped by a Brisbane priest oo's name was Sullivan; An' a Rabbi liftin' a Gentile up to murmur of tope, and mix The name of ome with the name of Christ, ant show im the Crucifix. An' once or twice to myself I've said, as I'll say it 'ere again, That the padres 'ere are pardres, but the padres there are men: Oh, they ain't no kings at the guyvers spun from pamphlet, text and tome, But I'd like to 'ear what they're sayin' now of the padres back at 'ome:

## IF (Budyard Kipling)

If you can keep your head when all
about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on to
you;

If you can trust yourself when all men
boubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by
waiting,

Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,

Or being lied about, don't deal in lies, Or being hated don't give way to hating, And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;

If you can think—and not make thoughts

Your aim;

Mother o' mine, 0 mother o' mine,

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster

I know whose tears would come down And treat those two impostors just the same; Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken

If I were damned of body and soul,

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools, Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,

inia: araba Al

And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

\_\_ (Cont).

1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1. 19 1.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings

And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on:"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with Kings--nore lose the common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute With sixty seconds worth of distance run,

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it.

in it,
And---which is more---you'll be a Man,
my son:

#### MOTHER O'MINE.

If I were hanged on the highest hill, Mother o' mine, O mother O'mine: I know whose love would follow me still, of Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

If I were dammed of body and soul, I know whose prayers would make me whole, Mother o' mire, O Mother O' mine. I believe in the spirit of Anzac, And may it for ever abide, Till it flows through the whole of creation

Like a terrible, wonderful tide. Till it floods every heart with its beauty,

Till it fills every soul with its song, For that is the only true Credo For which an Australian need long.

I believe in the spirit of Anzac, The spirit that ever inspires All those who are willing to suffer, The spirit which lighted the fires That blazed on the hot sands of Egypt, France, Belguim, Gallipoli's heights, The spirit of him who is willing To turn down his own little lights.

I believe in the spirit of Anzac, The spirit of do and of dare, The spirit of him who is striving Himself with all others to share, That is a creed worth defending, Worth loving, and living for, aye, A creed no man need be ashamed of, A creed for which all men might die.

#### THE LADIES OF HELL. (A German title for the Highland Regiments)

Theres a toss of the Sporran, A swing of the kilt, And a screech frae the pipers in blood-stirring lilt; They step out together, As the pibroch notes swell-Oh, they're bonnie, braw fighters, The Ladies of Hell.

They are frae the heather And far frae the moor; As the rack of their hillsides Their faces are dour. Oh, "The Campbells are coming" Frae corrie and fell— What thrill is their slogan, These Ladies of Hell.

(Cont).

## THE LADIES OF HELL (Cont).

As they charged at Culloden Like fire o'er the brae, Their brothers are charging In Flanders today. And one lesson in manners The Bosche has learned well; It's "Make way for the Ladies"-The Ladies of Hell.

#### THE DINKUM OIL ABOUT "DIGGER". (C.Douglas)

I ain't a bloke for writin' much about the things out here,

As all spare time I have got is took for drinkin' beer.

But w'en I reads the Aussie bloke, it always makes me larf,

An' near forget there is a War. Oh, strike me, yes, not 'arf!

The things as some blokes writes about is real good dinkum mirth,

An! I just take it into me just like for all I'm worth.

But one thing that I don't just like is bout a name we've got

An' how we got it hitched to us. It's simply blanky rot.

It was a bloke named Smith, I heard, who got us this ere name.

He was well known up Queensland way. I'll tell yer of 'is fame.

He usta grow these big, sweet bucks, 'ad um weigh a ton,

An' w'en 'e started diggin' these ('e prized

'em every one),
It took up all his bally time, so we called him "Digger."

Each usta take 'im near three weeks—an' they kept getting bigger.

Well, as was only natural, his kids got called it too,

An', as yer know, the Smith family has grew and grew and grew.

Now these kids grew up to be men, an' then there come this war,

An' lots 'as come away, yer know, like us blokes did-fer gore.

Now someone knew these Smiths at 'ome, so they just carried on .

An' give them this 'ere monicker, which fitted 'em "Tray Bon". (Cont.)

THE DUD. (Mac).

So if they writes an! arsts yer now that you 'ave got the oil, Just tell 'um that it grew from Smiths, as Smiths did from our soil, An' if they wants ta argue much, you send him up ta me, I know the real square dinkum oil. So there yer are! Compree?

#### STRETCHER-BEARERS (9.2.)

Stretcher-bearers! Stretcher-bearers! Seeking in the rain Out amongst the flying death For those who lie in pain, Bringing in the wounded men-Then out to seek again.

Out amongst the tangled wire (Where they thickest fell) Snatching back the threads of life From out the jaws of Hell; Out amongst machine-gun sweep And blasts of shatt'ring shell.

For you no mad, exciting charge, No swift, exultant fight, But just an endless plodding on Through the shuddering night: Making ('neath a star-shell's gleam) Where ere a face shines white.

Stretcher-bearers! Stretcher-bearers! To you all praise be due, Who ne'er shirked the issue yet When there was work to do; We who ve seen and know your worth All touch our hats to you.

#### THE DINGBAT. (Pip)

He's not a bally Batman, he's a Dingbat

now you know, We've changed his blessed monicker for keeps. We do not call him Orderly or Servant near the foe-

And he shines well 'mid polish tins in heaps.

Blokes that do not know him say: "Them coots - How many of you fought, are scarred, and oh, not for mine!"

But things have changed a lot here at the front; For he does his bit when strafing with his cobbers in the line,

And he shines well 'mid whizzbangs in a stunt.

A Dud lies here, disturb him not . But let him rest in peace. He resteth from the weary world, His work at last doth cease. Condemned unto a violent death Far from his place of birth, But to our great and glad surprise, He now lies deep in earth.

He put the wind up all of us When first we heard him scream. We woke in fright; we shrivelled up; 'Twas like an awful dream. But there he lies, in calm content, His work on earth is done, Disturb him not, but let him rest, The blanky, rotten Hun!

#### WHERE WE'VE DOSSED. (Fixim)

We've dossed in some queer places Since we came to stouch the Hun, In fact we've dossed most everywhere-In Egypt we begun Upon the desert sand, 'midst flies And fleas, and heat, and dust. We lived on good old marmalade, Hard biscuit and some crust. We've dossed upon the railroads, In the carriages de Luxe And done a trip through Egypt In some open cattle trucks. In waterproof and blanket With bad weather and a sigh We huddled up together Each prepared to sleep or die. We've dossed upon the troopships That sail the mighty foam, Thinking of our loved ones, And dreaming we were home. We've struggled for positions Among cargo, oil and coal, And for a decent rock-a-bye One would have pawned his soul.

#### TO THE PEACE CRANKS.

price? You-who are you who cry for Peace at any realise?

Though this be Hell itself, Before we list to you we'd have it thrice-And we are in the line. (W.G.B.)

AFTERMATH. (Siegfried Sassoon)

HAVE you forgotten yet? For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days, Like traffic checked awhile at the

crossing of city ways:

And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow

Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,

Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare,

But the past is just the same, -and War's a bloody game....

Have you forgotten yet?....

Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Manetz,-

The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on parapets?

Do you remember the rats; and the stench Of corpses rotting in front of the frontline trench,-

And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?

Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack, --

And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then

As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?

Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back

With dying eyes and lolling heads,those ashen-grey

Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet?.... Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll never forget.

#### CONCERT PARTY. (Egyptian Base Camp)

They are gathering round.... Out of the twilight; over the grey-blue sand,

Shoals of low-jargoning men drift inward to the sound,--

The jangle and throb of a piano... tum-ti-tum...

Drawn by the lamp, they come Out of the glimmering lines of their tents, over the shuffling sand.

O sing us the songs, the songs of our own land,

You warbling ladies in white. Dimness conceals the hunger in our faces,

This wall of faces risen out of the night, These eyes that keep their memories of the places

So long beyond their sight.

Jaded and gay, the ladies sing; and the chap in brown

Tilts his grey hat; jaunty and lean and pale,

He rattles the keys...some actor-bloke

from town....
"God send you home"; and then "A long, long trail";

"I hear you calling me"; and "Dixieland"... Sing slowly...now the chorus..one by one We hear them, drink them; till the concert's done.

Silent, I watch the shadowy mass of soldiers stand.

Silent, they drift away, over the glimmering sand.

## "COMING OVER" (James M.RYan)

Watchin; waitin; watchin! - though the dreary hours pall-

Wearin, web equipment holdin, fifty rounds o' ball-

Gazin' out upon the sea, Searchin' for the enemy-

Waitin', watchin', waitin'-ever ready for the call.

Watchin', waitin', watchin'-on the transport A Sixteen-

Safety catches forward and the rifles mighty clean-

Livin', full o' happy hope, Lookin' for a periscope-

Waitin', watchin', waitin'-for a German submarine.

THE CORPORAL'S STORY (Cont.)

Are yer going up the line?

Well, that distant cloud's a sign

That the cavalry's in action, and I

guess the fight's fine—

But ye're white—yer hands are shaking—

Ah, ye're young—yer heart is breaking—

Try to keep yerself from thinking—

Get yer rum—yer should be drinking—

For it's human flesh that's stinking,

As yer going up the line,

Are yer going up the line?
Well, that heap 0' dead's a sign
That we're moving slowing forward to
the German River Rhine.
Have yer rifle trailed and ready
And yer trigger finger steady—
It's a risky game ye're playing—
Yes, I know the words ye're saying,
For to Gawd above ye're praying
As ye're going up the line.

#### THE CORPORAL'S STORY. (H.T.P.)

I was Corporal in the A.I.F. for years and years and years, And I did me bit on the Western Front with the Aussie Pioneers, And I sometimes think that the roughest job as ever we ad in the war Was when they sent us up the line, to build a camp for Corps. My oath, that job was a beauty; Parade at 'arf-past nine, And then we'de work for the rest of the day, and mind you up in the line! Of course, we 'ad a few smokes, and lunch-time an hour or more, But we'd start again in the afternoon, and never get 'ome till four.

We could 'ear our 'eavies firin'; and
then on a good, clear day
We could very near see our own balloons,
not 'ardly two miles away;
The Torbs would come over now and again,
and often, on starry nights,
I've laid in me bed in me dug-out, and
seen his Verey lights.

My oath, that camp was a roughie; a terrible windy job:
We 'ad casualties every day—I was loosin' me bloomin' knob. (Cont.)

Bill and Joe Smith got scabies; and poor old Jock MacKay
Hit his foot with a hammer, and got marked down "S.I."

Young Ern stood under a sheet of iron that cracked his skull like an egg, And another chap fell in a barrer-pit and broke his bleedin! leg...

There wasn't 'ardly a day went by but somebody got a crack,
And talk about the mob's morale!—it had gone to the bloomin' pack.

Well, one afternoon I was fed right up, and just goin' 'ome at three, When who should I see comin' down the track but Divisional G.O.C.
So I thinks: "Well, I'll 'ave a word with 'im;" and I clicks me 'eel on me boot,
And fetches up right in front of 'im, an dooks 'im a smart salute.

"Well, Corporal," the General says,
"was you wishin! to speak to me?
Just come along into me dug—out; I'm
'avin! a cup of tea."
So I follows him into 'is little 'ut
and he shows me into a chair,
And says "Well, Corporal, go ahead;
I've plenty of time to spare."
"Well, it's just like this," I says,
"the boys have been 'avin' a dam
rough spin,

And if you don't take 'em out for a

right in."

spell, they'll be turnin' the war

"Good God!" he says. And I answers,
"I'm lettin' you know the dink,
If it's mutiny, Sir, you're after,
they're 'overing on the brink.
They're wearin' themselves to a shadder,
and fallin' away like flies,
And you'll 'ave the mob of them out on
strike if ever a barstid dies."
The General sinks his chin in his 'and,
and he says, as he knits his brow,

and he says, as he knits his brow, "Well, Corp., this matter is very grave: I'll give it attention now.

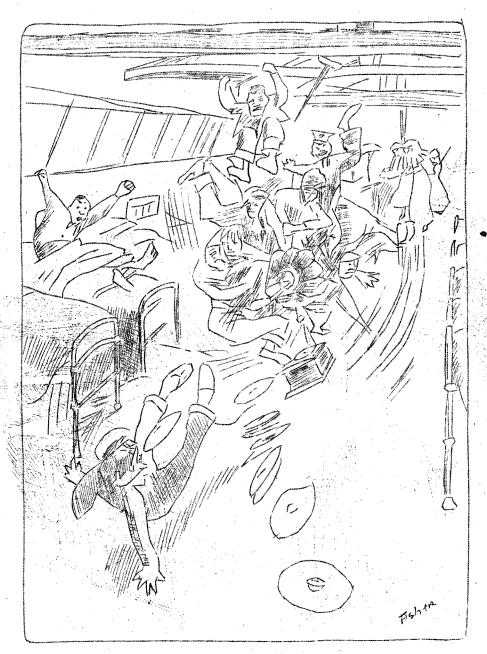
"But, Corporal, what do you think yourself? Have you anything to suggest?" "Too right," I says: "Take the boys right out, and give 'em a six month's rest. (Cont.)



IN THE FIELD DRESSING STATION.

The Padre: "Are you an R.C., my lad?"

The Hard Case: "No, I'm a machine—gunner."



This is only B4 trying to steal our Gramaphone. (By a patient in B3).

#### THE CORPORAL'S STORY. (Cont.)

Don't plank 'em down in Abbeville, or Gorbie; no bloomin' chance! But take em away to Cannes or Nice, away in the South of France.

Or very likely old Marseilles would do the boys quite well;

But cut the drill and parades right out, and give 'em a real good spell.

And don't forget,"I says, "the boys have been havin' a dam rough spin,

And they wouldn't say 'No' to a dinkum feed, or a bottle or two of Vin.

And when you get 'em away on leave: in thirties instead of threes, You'll get the hommes right up to the mark, as easy as shellin' peas." "Well, Corporal," the General says, "it's really been very nice

To have this bit of a yarn with you, and I'm grateful for your advice. I'll think the matter over tonight, and

let the Colonel know, Meanwhile, perhaps you'll join me in a snifter, before you go." ..... So I measures out four fingers, neat;

and was forcin' me lips apart, When a five-point-nine drops into the camp—and I woke with a bloomin' start.

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children

England mourns for her dead across the sea. Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,

Fallen in the cause of the free. royal Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and

Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres. There is music in the midst of desolation And a glory that shines upon her tears.

They went with songs to battle, they were Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.

They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,

They fell with their faces to the foe.

#### THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN IN THE ARMY.

"It's after hours, but come and A.P.M. have a drink, Digger." Digger: "No thanks, old sport, not between meals."

The C.O. endeavours to persuade Private Hardcase to accept Blighty leave.

C.O. "Go and dig up Private Mulga and tell him that I have to make several promotions and I want his advice".

Staff Officer: "Oh. Brown, old man, we want you, and as many of your cobbers as will be good enough to accompany you, to come and dine with us at "A" Officers' Mess tonight."

M.O. "I know you're swinging the lead, poor boy, but I'll send you to Blighty!" Poor Boy: "Thanks, Digger; I may be able to do as much for you some day.

"Have a good time on Paris leave, Officer. Digger?"

Digger. "Bonzer! And I've still got five hundred francs left!"

A Dingbat goes on leave with an Officer to carry his kit etc.

A Digger (mounted on charger) takes the Officers for a little Route March.

#### THE FALLEN. (Laurence Binyon)

grow old:

They shall not grow old, as we that are left Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades They sit no more at familiar tables of home: They have no lot in our labour of the day-time; They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes pro-Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight. To the innermost heart of their own land they are known

As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars shall be bright when we are dust, Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain, As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain.

There's a whisper that was borne upon the breeze, Which the same was just a fancy kind of fable. As a fact the message went across the seas By that unpoetic agency the cable. All the same it sent a sympathetic thrill Through the Anglo-Saxon folk of other lands; If you're in for stormy weather Kindly count us altogether, And be good enough to call all hands.

We hear the bugle calling on the British Grenadiers, We hearken to the marching of the Irish Fusiliers; The piping of the Highlanders is ringing in our ears, So be good enough to call all hands.

We'll found a new Britannia, cr we'll try with all our worth. But we don!t forget the country where our Empire had no power on earth could stay that

its birth, And we're ready when you call all hands.

They talk of your decadence, if you please, But the beggars never seem to have a notion That the Britain who is mistress of the seas Has a growing group of Britains ofer the ocean.

We prefer a reign of quietness and peace, But now trouble's come, we'll show them how it stands names will ring, That ten thousand miles of water makes the British all As children worthy of our Empire's the tauter

When you pass the word and call all hands.

We're as English as you English, though the water lies between:

We're as Irish as you Irish, who are soldiers of the King;

We're as Scotch as any Scotchman in the town of Aberdeen,

And we're Britons now you've called all hands.

Faced by a murderous fire of Hellish Mowed down in hundreds by a cruel cross fire, Boldly they dashed to meet a glorious fate, Generations later, will their deeds inspire.

In earnest grim they came to slay or die, Heedless of shrapnel fierce or belching gun,

Bayoneting the Turks like sheaves of hay on high, 医皮肤 医多种性皮肤

Heroes to the backbone, they were, every one.

Oh, what a glorious sight to see them charge

Up those grim hills, in face of fearful odds,

We mean to take a place among the nations of the earth; Well might the Turks' fierce eyes with fear enlarge,

And call upon their heedless Gods.

mighty rush

Of grim Australians and New Zealand's sons,

Fresh from the cities, and from out the Bush,

They surely proved their worth that day to doubting ones.

> Down through the coming age their name,

True British, that embraces everything, Their worth and might emblazoned on the scroll of fame.

Anzac, the place where they first won the right,

By noble deeds, to have the true right to aspire

To be all worthy sons of England's ..... might,

A firmly welded unit of a vast Empire.

So will they now, and ever take their stand, Crowned by their deeds - a glorious regalia. Most worthy sons of our dear Motherland, Bravo New Zealand, and Australia.

'Yus I've got me loomin civvies
'An I've wished 'em all good-bye.
'The Colonel said "So long old mate"
'Wiv a tear drop in 'is eye.
'The H'adjutant salutes me
'Aives 'is 'and 'an says "Good-day".
'The Quarternaster drunk me beer
'An give me ten years pay, (I don't 'fink).

"Au Revoir" the Sergeant-major means
'Wiv 'is 'and upon 'is 'eart,
"I never swore till I met you
'But it's 'errible to part".
'The Canteen bloke sticks me a pint
'The Cook says I look grand;
"Abide 'wiv me" an! "Rest in peace"
'They strikes up on the band.

'So it's no more durned "Reveille"
'An' "come to the cook-house door",
"Fall in" Blokes to do C.B.
'For duration of the war.
'It's fare thee well to Church Parade
'To mess fatigues as well,
'I've finished killing hasty 'Uns
'An driving 'em to Ell.

'Yuss I've got me blinkin' ticket
'An me little silver badge
'Me suit it's 'ardly Bond Street style
'But it's trey bon camouflage:
'Iv've done with puttee—itus
'An all the M.O's number nine
'An all the brass I've got is 'ere,
'So it's 'bon swoire' rise an' shine.

'I guess I've done wiv dug-outs,
'An wiv "hitchy coc" what ho:
'I've got some 'Unnish souvenirs
'But those I cannot show.
'An when it comes to gas attacks
'I'me 'parley vouing' what?
'Gause all the gas I'll cotton to
'Is penny in the slot.

'An when I goes out for a walk
'Wiv out a pack what cheer:
'At forming fours I'll say 'napoo'
'An so will my old dear.
'The lodger bloke will 'ave to go
'E's been wearing me Sunday vest.
'If 'e don't "retreat" when I get 'ome
'Over the top wiv the best.

"Thats the stuff to give 'em boys;
"Do yer "compree! 'Trey bon' briefs?
"It's better than the 'all-night pass
Or the 'buck-shee week-end leaf.
'Bon swoire! 'so long' an 'au revoir!
'My old gall waits for me.
'Ar' between ourselves for this afternoon 'The kids are out for tea.

#### TICE AUSTRALIAN GIRL.

Ethel Castilla)

"She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

— Sir John Suckling.

She has a beauty of her own—A beauty of a paler tone
Than English belles;
Yet Southern sun and Southern air
Have kissed her cheeks, until they wear
The dainty tints that oft appear
On rosy shells.

Her frank, clear eyes bespeak a mind Old-world traditions fail to bind.

She is not say Or bold, but simply self-possessed.
Her independence adds a zest Unto her speech, her piquant jest,

Her quaint reply.

O'er classic volumes she will pore
With joy, and true scholastic lore
Will often gain.
In sports she bears away the bell,
Nor under music's siren spell,
To dance divanely, flirt as well,
Does she disdain.

(Robt.W.Service)

It's easy to fight when everything's right, And you're mad with the thrill and the glory; It's easy to cheer when victory's near, And wallow in fields that are gory: It's a different song when everything's wrong, When you're feeling informally mortal: When it's ten against one, and hope there is none Buck up, little soldier, and chortle: Carry on! Carry on!

Things never were looming so black; :: But show that you haven't a cowardly streak, And though you're unlucky you never are weak, Carry on! Carry on! Brace up for another attack, It's looking like hell, but you never can tell, Carry on, old man! Carry on!

And so in the strife of the battle of life It's easy to fight when you're winning; It's easy to slave, and starve, and be brave, When the dawn of success is beginning. But the man who can meet despair and defeat With a cheer, there's the man of God's choosing: The man who can fight to Heaven's own height, Is the man who can fight when he's losing.

There are some who drift out in the deserts of doubt,

And some who in brutishness wallow; There are others, I know, who in piety go, Because of a Heaven to follow. With might and main, But to labour with zest, and to give of your best, For we wanted to give "gippo" to the 'Un. Because of a Heaven to follow. For the sweetness and joy of the giving; To help folks along with a hand and a song, Why, there's the real sunshine of living.

Carry on! Carry on! Fight the good fight and true,

Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;

There's big work to do and that's why you are here,

Carry on! Carry on! Let the world be the better for you;

And at last when you die, let this be your cry, Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

BILLY GREEN. (The actor Soldier) Edwin Adelor,

You may talk about the prois, you may think as 'ow you knows, You may sneer and say the actor is a coward;

But if so, you've never seen my arf section, Billy Green, The was known upon the stage as

Francis Oward.

Now in Flanders you could find some ! tough customers, dive hind ( Very ot uns, who deappear upon the scene,

But of all the flamin' lot, there was no one quite so lot,

As that popular comedian, Billy Green. It was "Green, Billy Green;

You blighter, where the blazes ave ye been?"

'H'd reply to Sergeant 'Tghes,"I bin studyin' my cues."

'E was up to eviry move, was Billy Green.

The khaki that 'e wore chafed is legs and made im sore, But Billy Green, 'e didn't seem to mind. Sez ie, "These props don't fit not a little bloomin bit:

They are bad before, an! even wouse be lind."

When we got upon the train, we sheered

An' some fat'ead sez to Bill, "Mister Actor, ain't you ill?

Ain't ye frightened, now there's fightin! to be done?"

It was "Green-Dilly Green: Won't ye tremble, wen't ye feel a trifle mean?"

Then 'a'd 'esitate a minute, An' reply, "Inere's nothing in it. Letter-perfect in my part," sez Billy Green.

When the trenches we got to, Billy turned a trifle blue.

"Stage-fright!" 'e comes an whispers in my ear.

An' with whizz-bangs droppin' fast, an' the shrapnel flyin past,

It was natural that 'e should be feelin' queer. (Cont.)

#### BILLY GREEN (Cont.)

But 'e soon forgot all that, an' 'is bit
 'e got off pat,
An' the Germans only 'anded 'im a laugh.
"I don't mind their poisonous gas, if some
 bloke 'd buy a Bass!"

'E would say, an' all that bloomin' kind

o chaff.

It was "Green—Billy Green!
Don't ye wish that you could get to the canteen?"

'E'd reply, "Oh, lead me, please, to the old Bodega cheese!"

An' we'd laugh like blinkin' 'ell at Billy Green.

One night I shan't forget, I'd made a little bet,

It was when our lot was in the mess at wipers,

That I'd creep out with a gun, an' I'd kill some bloomin' 'Un,

When the stinkin' crew was least expectin' snipers.

So I on my belly crawls to their rotten barbed-wire walls,

An! with my nippers does a bit o' cuttin!, When some Fritz, the bloomin! Bosch, cops my napper, such a slosh!

An' I fell down, lookin' just as dead as mutton!

Sez Green, Billy Green, "There's old Alf been outed near the barbed-wire screen!"
An' then 'e shouts, "Well, blimy! If ye're wantin' 'elp, just try me;

This is where you puts the limes on Billy Green!"

'E 'umped me on 'is back, while the Mausers gave a crack,

An! 'e started to the trenches like the devil.

The race was almost run, an! le'd very nearly won,

When a German blighter caught 'im on the level.
'E dropped me safely in to the trench as weak as sin,

An' 'e crawled inside 'isself, an' lay there bleedin'.

"Missed my entrance then," 'e said, "I shall very soon be dead.

My breaming no more I shall be needin!."

(Cont.)

#### BILLY GREEN. (Cont.)

That was Green—Billy Green.
(I'd come to, feelin' cheap as margarine)

"Good-bye, old pal! My last turnplease tell the gal."
The play was finished.
Exit Billy Green.

(Above kindly supplied by Ed.E.Ford, The Australian Sundowner).

## "Here's to good fellows in this world and the next,"

I'll drink to you toast tonight. "Good fellowship,"—that's my text;

Not to the fellow who takes your hand in an idling hour, you know.—

Not to the fellow who slaps your back as long as the whicky flows;

But to the fellow that speaks a kindly word when the world is running wrong,

The fellow that grips your hand like hell and says "Life, old pal, is a song."
What if you know the bounder lies?

What if he knows it, too?

There are times in life when the friend that lies is the only friend that's true.

Cavil and cant, ye prudes who will, of the evils of wine and gin;

But somehow the real truth, we feel, leaks out when the wine leaks in.

The fool is a fool; the cad is a cad; Whichever God means him to be;

But the man that's a man, don't forget he's a man,

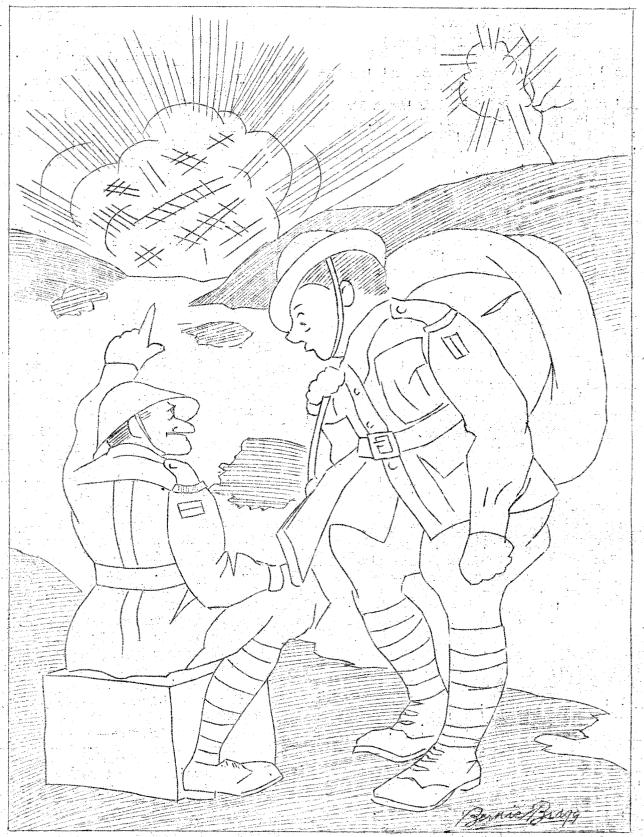
Though he's out on a jolly good spree. So drink to this toast from your hearts, my friends—

From heart to heart let it run-

"Here's to good fellows all over the world,
their health, and God bless every one."

above must not be given in theatres

(The above must not be given in theatres or music halls, or printed, without willton permission of Ed. E.Ford)



AINT THERE A DUCK BOARD TRACK SOMEWHERE ROUND HERE?
YES, OVER THERE.

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## POTTED WISDOM



## HAPPY THOUGHTS

It is a fine thing to have a friend you can trust; but a finer thing to have a friend who will trust you.

Few men or women travel the road to success without an occasional puncture.

By doing good turns no one ever made himself dizzy.

The trouble with most people who act the fool is that they're not acting.

You won't push yourself forward by patting yourself on the back.

Don't worry if the world seems hard; think of the man who works in a stone quarry.

A Smile is the one greeting that all the people of the world understand,

Some men impose upon themselves when they lose their memories.

Quite a lot of women go to the Sales and buy nothing—that they really need.

It is easier to provide for the inner man than the outer woman.

In the game of life it is better to score by honours than by tricks.

The only thing that comes to him who waits is trouble.

To get through married life without a cross-word would be a puzzle.

I believe that today is better than yesterday, and that tomorrow will be better than today. (G.F.Hoar)

"Look trouble in the face and laugh at it". (P.S.) Forget this advice if the trouble happens to be your wife.

The World would be a paradise if everyone were half as good as he expects his neighbour to be.

Prosperity depends on the man, not the man on prosperity.

The only real failure is to give up trying.

Many a girl who looks terribly simple is really simply terrible.

A man can give his wife a fur coat to keep her warm—or to keep her quiet.

One of the things that enable a man to be self-satisfied is a poor memory.

It isn't always the loud speaker who attracts the largest audience.

The best way to get to the top of the tree is by getting down to the root of things.

If you want your dreams to come true, don't oversleep.

Energy is lie's petrol, and tact is its lubricating oil.

The everage man is proof that a woman can take a joke.

He who loses wealth loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he who loses his faith loses all.

#### "FLYING KATE"

Now, it makes us old 'ands sick and tired

To 'ear 'em talk of their champeens to-day

Their "Heroics" and "Phar Laps" --Yes I'll have a beer

They're only fair 'acks in their way.

Now it 'appened out West- before records was tookAnd it's not to be found in the "Guide"
But it's honest -Gawd's truth - and it can't be mistook
For it 'appens that I had the ride.

'Twas the 'ummers Creek Cup - and our mare "Flying Kate" Was allotted eleven stone tw o The race was three miles - you"ll agree with me mate It was asking her something to do. She was 'eavy in foal, but the ow ner and me We decided to give her a spin, We were out on the rocks - at the end of a spree-And we needed a bit of a win. So I saddles 'er up and goes down with the rest 'er "movements" wre bulgy and slow The starter to get us in line did his best Then flashing his flag he said "GO" The field got away but old Kate seemed to slip And I said to myself "we've been sold" I felt something queer and when I looked round IIm d----d if old Kate hadn't foaled.

#### FLYING KATE (contd.)

The field by this time 'ad gorn 'arf a mile

But to show what the old mare could do

I gave 'er a crack of the whip - you can smile
But the game little beast simply flew.

It was then that she showed 'er wonderful speed

AS she cut down the field one by one

With a furlong to go we out in the lead

Prepared for the last final run.

When something came at us - right on the outside

And just as we scraped past the pole

When I looked round We'll - I thought I'd a died

I'm d----d if it wasn't the foal.

#### POTTED WISDOM AND HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Reflect on your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

God never gave a man a greater gift than the power to make others laugh. We honour, revere, and admire our great Soldiers, Sailors, and Statemen, but we love the man who makes us laugh. The laugh-maker is a public benefactor, for laughter is the salt of life and keeps the whole dish sweet.

Consider the Postage Stamp my boy. It's usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.

Perhaps we would be more tolerant with our enemies if we only knew the troubles they had of their own.

A man is far better occupied in the sight of High Heaven in picking the weeds out of his lawn than in picking holes in his neighbour, even though the Church bells are ringing.

That Country is not fighting for right which accepts the utter sacrifice of its defenders and refuses the small sacrifices of personal habit and comfort which fall to its share.

True friends come to you in your prosperity only when invited, but in your adversity you will find them knocking at your door.

Many a business preliminary is arranged over a bottle of whisky, but a cold, stern, hard business contract is settled with a bottle of ink.

Trials must and will befall; But with humble faith to see Love inscribed upon them all, This is happiness to me. (Wm. Cowper) The foundation of that steadfastness and constancy which we seek in friend-ship is Sincerity. For nothing is steadfast which is insincere.

Don't be afraid to apologize—to a man if you're in the wrong, and to a woman if you're in the right.

Some men are naturally good listeners. Others get married and have to be.

Bad temper is not strength of character. People won't take you for a lion if you behave like a bear.

Many a man nowadays is so hard up that the only thing he can raise is his hat.

A miss in the car is worth two in the engine.

It may be that two can live as cheaply as one, but no so quietly.

A Dentist is the only man who can tell a woman to shut her mouth, - and get away with it.

A pessimist only grins when he cleans his teeth.

Today is the tomorrow we worried about yesterday—and it never happened.

These talkin' pictures arn't so bad after all. Yer can't 'ear yerself crunchin' peanuts.

O love that passeth knowledge, thee I need; Pour in the heavenly sunshine; fill my heart; Scatter the clouds, the doubting, and the

The joy to me unspeakable to me impart.
(H.Bonar)

Things are moving so rapidly just at \_\_\_\_\_ Don't grouse: Work like Helen B. Merry. present, that the man who says "It can't be done is being interrupted by someone doing it.

What others say of me matters little. What I myself say and do matters much.

When members of a family quarrell a lot of home-truths leak out.

Better a word in season than an hour's lecture out of season.

The average man opens an account with you when he does you a favor.

Never bear more than one trouble at a time.

Some people bear three-All they ever had, All they have now, And all they expect to have.

Honey is sweet—but the bee stings.

What we cannot help is our misfortunenot our fault.

Kind words do not cost much: They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls.

A warning from a Country Pub. Paying guests taken by the day, week, or month. Those who don't pay taken by the neck.

#### THE HELPFUL FRIEND.

(Charles Kingsley)

Park tear

The friend whom we have chosen for his own worth, will be the one who will be worth most to us. The friend whom we loved for his own sake, will be the one who will do most to raise our character; to teach us, to help us in time of doubt and trouble.

Nothing matters half so much as you think it does.

Poker philosophy:- A flush in the hand is worth two in the cheek.

A woman's maiden aim is to change her maiden mame.

A man's house is his castle—unless it is in his wife's name.

TALK HAPPINESS. The world is sed enough without your woes. No path is wholly rough—Look for the places that are smooth and speak of these to rest the weary of earth, so hurt by one continuous ear strain of human discontent and pain.

#### GOOD AVICE.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day—say your prayers—be courteous to your creditors-keep your digestion goodexercise, go slow and go easy.

Maybe there are some other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift.

#### COURAGE.

Let me not pray to be sheltered from dangers, but to be fearless in facing them. Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain, but for the heart to conquer it. Let me not look for allies in life's battlefield, but to my own strength. Let me not crave in anxious fear to be saved, but hope for the patience to win my freedom. Grant me that I may not be a coward. feeling your mercy in any success alone; but let me find the grasp of your hand

in my failure. (Sir Rabindranath Tagore)

Do what thy manhood bids thee do, From none but self expect applause; He noblest lives and noblest dies Who makes and keeps his self-made laws. (Sir Richard Burton) We can't always expect to hold a good hand, but we can play a bad hand well.

Of what shall a man be proud if he is not proud of his friends?

A little thing is a little thing,—but faithfulness in little things is a great thing.

O fear not in a world like this, And thou shalt know ere long, Know how sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong.

Instalment paying makes the month shorter and the years longer.

It is said that motoring opens up a new life. It certainly closes many an old one.

Some men don't leave their wives so much when they die as when they are alive.

When a hen cackles—the question is whether it is laying or lying.

Some people think that girls are growing taller just because they stick out of their dresses more at both ends.

If some folks tried to swallow their pride, they'd choke to death.

Dead men tell no tales—but their tombstones do.

If it were not for the optimist, the pessimist would never know how happy he is not.

The best thing to take when one is run down is the number of the car.

All men are not homeless, but some are home less than others.

Some people believe in heredity because that is how they got their money.

Marriage is supposed to broaden a man. It certainly does make him short.

The best thing about distant relations is the distance.

Most girls prefer a supper-man to a super-man.

All men speak the same language when they stumble over a chair in the dark.

A lot of us are cultivating motorcar habits on tramcar incomes.

An egotist is a man who gives you no chance to talk about yourself.

Keeping a husband in hot water doesn't make him more tender.

Lawyers get much more for divorcing people than clergymen get for marrying them.

A Member of Parliament expects to standhe wants to sit—and he is expected to lie.

There are no free scholarships in the school of experience.

A man was said to have been married three times—twice in America and once in earnest.

Necessity is also the mother of economy:

Some people who come from good families have been a good time coming.

Any fool can go to bed, but it takes a man to get up.

What is the difference between a glass of water and a glass of beer?—about sixpence.

Beauty used to be skin deep-now it's knee high,

He who laughs last is the one who intended to tell the tale himself.

In playing cards, a good deal depends upon a good deal.

Optimism in business is the yeast that raises the dough.

The best lessons a man can learn are from his own mistakes.

Give to the world the best that you have and the best will come back to you.

Let us be of good cheer remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. (Nowell)

The rent is always due with the man whose pants are thin in the rear.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, but nowadays it's easier to get into a young woman's apartment than into an old man's home.

No good thing is failure, and no evil thing is success.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

Write your name with love, mercy, and kindness on the hearts of those about you, and you will never be forgotten.

Drop the subject when you cannot agree; there is no need to be bitter because you know you are right.

You'll find a lot of satisfaction in looking cheerfully on the dark side of life.

Success in life is not so much a matter of talent or opportunity, as of concentration and perseverance.

Receive your thoughts as guests, but treat your desires as children.

An acre of performance is worth a whole world of promises.

He profits most who serves best.

He who gives cheerfully gives twice.

A Little word in kindness spoken, has often healed a heart that's broken.

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#### A WELL SPENT DAY.

Take a dash of cold water
And a little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in the morning air;
Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin;
And then as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in:
And spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play:
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete a well spent day.

#### DO YOUR DUTY.

Folded hands are very weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties,
Active be, then, while you may.
Be strong to hope, O heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night,
Be strong, O heart of mine;
Look towards the light.

### THOUGHT BEFORE SLEEPING.

Each daisy on it's little sod
Is made and known and loved by God.
So I may rest and fold my hands,
For all my thoughts God understands.
And I may be in perfect peace,
For sleep shall be my soul's release.
And like the sun my heart must shine,
For all the love of God is mine.

(Pamela Grey)

Choose your friend wisely,
Test your friend well.
True friends, like rare gems,
Prove hard to tell.
Winter him, Summer him,
Know your friend well!

To the tired soldier, an empty pack is better than a full retreat.

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Nine out of ten men who reached the top of the ladder had someone holding it for them.

About the only thing a man gets free in this world is criticism.

People are like fish—neither would get into trouble if they only kept their mouths shut.

Never be too old to learn, even a rope can be taut.

Telling lies makes almost as much trouble in this world as telling the truth.

Earth is a solid substance usually longed for by the seasick.

Hayfever is an affection of the heart, caused through falling in love with a grass widow.

It is a speculation when you lose; investment when you win.

After a man gets rich his next ambition is to get richer.

The man who marries in haste usually doesn't have any leisure.

No memory is short enough to forget a fancied wrong.

A woman should understand just enough of business to keep out of it.

A cat's eyes are said to be the largest at midnight; we know its voice is.

An epitaph is a statement that usually lies above about the one who lies beneath.

The way to lose a friend is to have him get rich while you stay poor.

Look before you sleep—especially at the seaside.

Silence sometimes covers a magnitude of ignorance.

To Arny disambanyang dako mensel Jampan mereng di merengkan Meseri Dolls are made for girls to play with, not for men to marry.

When a man flatters himself that he knows a woman, he—flatters himself.

The fashions change in everything except babies.

Women are like facts—they are stubborn things and speak for themselves.

A lie is a poor substitute for the truth, but the only one discovered for the present.

A stitch in time saves embarrassing exposure.

Be content to be ignorant of many things.

Some women agree with their husbands-in name only.

A man may be a believer in spirits, but it doesn't say he is superstitious.

People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.

A friend in need is a friend—we usually shun.

Widows know enough not to know too much.

Love is blind, so long as there's no money in sight.

There is no way to make sour milk sweet, or an old maid either.

Flies are like near sighted men, they leave their specs behind them.

A word to the wise is—superfluous.

The child who cried for a hour didn't get it.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts considerably.

One of the best things to have up your sleeve is a funny bone.

"He may wear last year's hat, his vest may hang a little loose, his nails may need manicuring, his pants may bag at the knees, and he may need a shave, but don't call him 'The Old Man'.

He is your father.

"For years he has been rushing around to get things together; never once has he failed to do the right thing by you; he thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, bar none, even though you plaster your hair back, smoke cigarettes, or fail to bring home a cent.

"He is the man who won the love of the greatest woman yet—your Mother. He is SOME man, not 'the old man'. If you win as good a wife as he did, and if you do as well by your boy, as he did, you'll have to go some".

Remember that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now.

(Ruskin)

Happiness is increased, not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart; and days lengthened, not by the crowding of emotions, but the economy of them. (Ruskin)

So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend. (R.L.S.)

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need to be forgiven, (From a Wayside Pulpit).

Live richly while your life days last and let your heart keep young. God will remember the generous hand before the praying tongue. (Victor Daley)

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What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and the grace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge—grand as knowledge is—but just the laughter of children and the friendship of friends, and the cosy talk by the fire, and the sight of flowers and the sound of music. (Anon) W.B.

Anyone—a fool or an idiot can be exclusive. It comes easy. It takes a large nature to be universal—To be inclusive.

(Ralph Waldo Trine).

To speak wisely may not always be easy, but not to speak ill requires only silence.

#### A TASK.

To be honest, to be kind—te earn a little and to spend a little less. To make upon the whole a family happier for his presence—to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation; above all on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself, here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

(Robert Louis Stevenson).

A little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in little things is a great thing.

#### BE PROMPT.

Unfaithfulness in the keeping of an appointment is an act of clear dishonesty. You may as well borrow a person's money as his time.

(Horace Mann)

I never let an idea escape me, but write it on a piece of paper and put it in a drawer. In that way I sometimes save my best thoughts on a subject.

(Abraham Lincoln).

#### POTTED WISDOM AND HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Trying to fool others is a good way to fool yourself.

Many a man is discontented with his lot because he hasn't got a lot.

Half of the world doesn't know how the other half knows what the other half does.

We all quieten down as we grow older, perhaps because we all have more to be quiet about.

It is hard to lose a good friend, and even harder to lose a bad one.

Some people don't have to turn out the light to be in the dark.

Many a man sees things from a different wrangle once he's married.

If you can't be a star—you needn't be a cloud.

Take things as they come—but mind no one is looking.

All men are not homeless—but some are home less than others.

It may be no disgrace to be defeated, but it is a disgrace to stay defeated.

Never say dye—unless your hair is turning grey.

There's something wrong about a man who is always right.

The habit of looking on the best side of everything is worth more than a thousand pounds a year.

It's a great thing to have confidence in your ability—and a greater to have the ability.

The disappointed in love are not always those who have been rejected.

The everage woman wears better than the average man—but not so much.

It may sometimes be wise to pretend to be foolish, but it is always foolish to pretend to be wise.

Give up easily and you'll be given up.

It is better to be short of cash than short of character.

Marriage is the only lottery that has not been declared illegal.

It is sometimes necessary to strain a point to make it clear.

Always put off till tomorrow what you might rue today.

Trying to fool others is a good way to fool yourself.

Patience and determination will win for most of us nine battles out of ten.

It may be neither justice nor sense, but it may be Law.

A wise man knows that his wife knows that he doesn't know so much.

Through good times, through bad times, through all time, HOPE.

Every man has three characters; that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

If we had no defects, we should not take so much pleasure in discovering those of others.

Superstitions, errors, and prejudices are cobwebs continually woven in shallow brains.

Great men undertake great things because they are great, and fools because they think them easy.

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.

Women, cats, and birds are the creatures that waste the most time on their toilets.

One is very near being ungrateful when one weighs a service:

Misery is everywhere, and so is happiness.

We all have in our hearts a secret place where we keep, free from the contact of the world, our sweetest remembrances.

Many a man who has never been able to manage his own fortune, nor his wife, nor his children, has the stupidity to imagine himself capable of managing the affairs of a nation.

Good actions are the invisible hinges of the doors of heaven.

A man without patience is a lamp without oil.

Love without esteem can not reach far, nor rise very high: it is an angel with but one wing.

A woman who plays with the love of a loyal man is a curse; she may close his heart for ever against all confidence in her sex.

None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.

We often console ourselves for being unhappy by a certain pleasure that we find in appearing so.

He who has no character is not a man: he is a thing.

All that is enviable is not bought: love, genius, beauty, are divine gifts that the richest can not acquire.

In jealousy there is usually more selflove than love.

We easily hate those whom we have given cause to hate us.

Politeness costs little and yields much.

I admire her who resists; I pity her who succumbs; I hate her who condemns.

Vanity is the only intellectual enjoyment of many people.

He who thinks himself good for everything is often good for nothing.

There are several ways to speak; to speak well, to speak easily, to speak justly, and to speak at the right moment.

An honorable name or a good reputation is an excellent protection against wrong-doing: we fear to compromise it more through vanity than virtue.

We have been thrust into the world—we know not why; and we must die to become—we know not what.

The remembrance of the good done those we have loved, is the only consolation left us when we have lost them.

Who has not what he loves, must love what he has.

The way to make friendships that will last long is to be long in making them.

Comedies acted on life's stage, behind the scenes, are much more spirited than those acted in sight of the audience.

#### POTTED WISDOM AND HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Grief counts the seconds: happiness forgets the hours.

The moment past is no longer: the future may never be: the present is all of which man is the master.

Beauty and ugliness disappear equally under the wrinkles of age: one is lost in them, the other hidden.

produkt beken staven allige sijk rupsij der after tilbade,

Women should be careful of their conduct, for appearances sometimes injure them as much as faults.

Love makes time pass, and time makes love pass.

The greatest of all pleasures is to give pleasure to one we love.

All joys do not cause laughter: great pleasures are serious: pleasures of love do not make us laugh.

In all companies there are more fools than wise men; and the greater number always get the better of the wiser.

The virtuous action, done for virtue's sake alone, is truly laudable.

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.

The surest way to please is to forget one's self, and to think only of others.

A man should never blush in confessing his errors, for he proves by his avowal that he is wiser today than yesterday.

He who has neither friend, nor enemy, is without talents, powers, or energy.

Woman is the sweetest present that God has given to man.

Women like brave men exceedingly, but audacious men still more.

When one has a good day in the year, one is not wholly unfortunate.

It is better to sacrifice one's love of sarcasm than to indulge it at the expense of a friend.

To profess one thing and to do another occurs very often, especially with those who continually boast of their virtue.

There are beautiful flowers that are scentless, and beautiful women that are unlovable.

We can not always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

We are easily persuaded of what pleases us.

Wrinkles disfigure a woman less than ill nature.

A short absence quickens love, a long absence kills it.

We know the value of a fortune when we have gained it, and that of a friend when we have lost it.

It is difficult for a woman to keep a secret: and I know more than one man who is a woman.

Marriage often unites for life two people who scarcely know each other.

It is God himself who speaks to us, when noble thoughts inspire us.

He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.

The error of certain women is to imagine that, to acquire distinction, they must imitate the manners of men.

To envy anybody is to confess ourselves his inferior.

No one is happy unless he respects himself.

There is pleasure in meeting the eyes of those to whom we have done good.

Enjoy what you have; hope for what you lack.

They called the baby "Fish-hooks"—it was such a catchy name.

At the North Pole a Scotchman would get half cold with the kilt, and an Irishman would get half kilt with the cold.

It's the little things that worry us. We can dodge an elephant, but not a flea.

It is reported that a single oyster lays from one to eight million eggs a year. Gee! Just think of the married ones.

A hen is immortal because her son never sits.

We suppose that an advocate of birth control might be said to be evading the issue.

Some people say that dark-haired women marry first. We differ; it is the light-headed ones.

"Surely there are men who appreciate a woman for what she is worth" writes 'Just a Woman' in a picture paper. So much depends, of course, on how much she is worth.

A Scotsman swallowed a sixpence but the doctors recovered the coin, so it <u>is</u> possible to get money out of a Scotsman after all.

"I saw a Scot stand several rounds".
"What, a millionaire?"
"No, a boxer!"

À Digger has insured his legs and arms.

A joint policy.

An old Greek adage says 'you can judge a man by his wife'.
But Heaven help the man who's judged

by his wife.

Extract from an advertisement of a Melbourne laundry: "Do you kill your wife? Let us do the dirty work!"

"A fellow who can't be trusted is one who always wants to take things in his own hands, especially the things that don't belong to him".

Some women are like billiard balls. They kiss without any feeling and are never square.

Women prefer us to say a little evil of them, rather than say nothing of them at all.

Men say of women what pleases them; Women do with men what pleases them.

Although it is dangerous to have too muck knowledge of certain subjects, it is still more dangerous to be totally ignorant of them.

How many people would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves, and evil of others!

To remain virtuous, a man has only to combat his own desires: a woman must resist her own inclinations, and the continual attack of man.

He who is never guilty of follies is not so wise as he imagines.

One must tell women only what one wants to be known.

He is the happiest who renders the greatest number happy.

Partake of love as a temperate man partakes of wine; do not become intoxicated.

Beware of him who meets you with a friendly mien, and, in the midst of a cordial salutation, seeks to avoid your glance.

An idle man is like stagnant water: he corrupts himself.

Whoever has loved knows all that life contains of sorrow and joy.

Fear stands in the way of accomplishment. Make it step asside and go on.

Clothes may not make the man—but they go a long way toward a favorable first impression.

Bad habits prevent good records. Why handicap yourself?

Courtesy pays dividends. It gets the orders. Cultivate it.

Rainy days are good selling days. Cash in on them.

The law of averages protects the man who exposes himself to business.

Enthusiasm is the regnet that altracts orders. Use it.

Smiles are order getters. Turn on the sunshine.

Sit tight. The fellow who dismounts when the going gets rough should stay out of the saddle. Stick.

Undependability— a self imposed handicap. A good reputation is priceless.

It isn't territory it's talent that counts. Think right—work right— and you'll get the business.

Self confidence gets the business. Believe in yourself.

Temper claims many orders. Self-control means interview-control.

It's not the hours you put in—but what you put in the hours that counts.

Dig in.

Planned work puts you ahead.

Today is the tomorrow you talked about yesterday. Do it now.

Slumps are just a state of mind. You can lick them. Let's go.

Throwing mud is a poor way to fight competition. Sell quality, service, and merit.

Wisdom is the art of being a good listener. Use the other fellow's head as well as your own.

Success in selling is the ability to stand the gaff—nothing worth while is easy.

Sales plans are based on proven experiences. Follow them and you'll get the business.

Self-pity destroys your chances. Give yourself a square deal. Snap out of it.

It's not the size of the dog in the fight—it's the size of the fight in the dog that counts.

Be prepared. It's the difference between winning and losing. Know your business.

Time, your most valuable asset. Make each hour pay.

Confidence wins confidence. "There's no substitute for Sincerity".

Pull on both oars or you'll travel in circles.

Marshall the facts. Don't guess. Know!

Exaggeration loses customers. Stick to the facts—it pays in the long run.

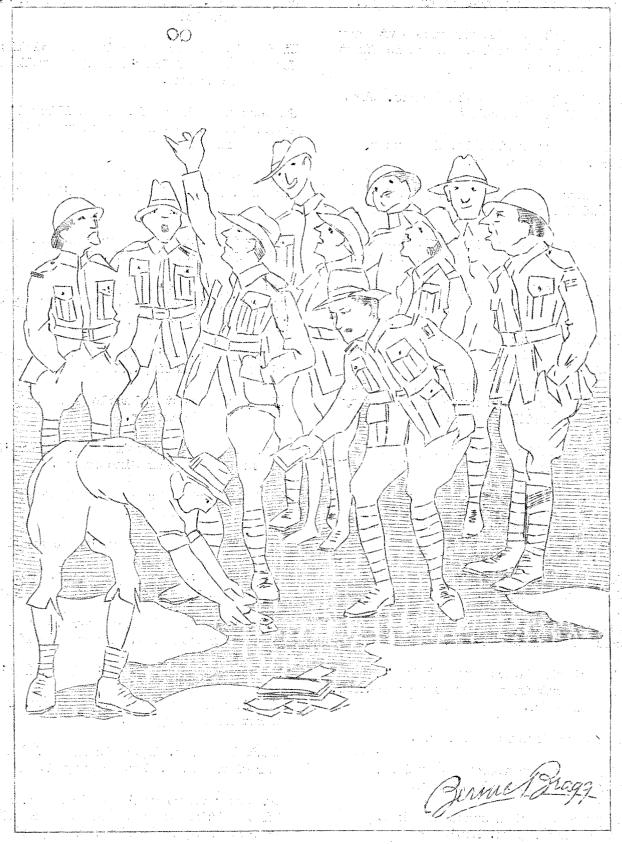
Objections are easily overcome when you know your business. Be an expert.

Pacemakers take no one's dust. Let's go.

Viewing troubles the better way. The worst never happens.

Wasted energy. There is no goal on a circular track. Get organized.

Guessing where you'll get an order is like betting on the turn of a wheel—you're wrong more times than you're right.



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PAY DAY.

# NON-WAR VERSES

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre, He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea; An' what he thought 'e might require, 'E went an' took—the same as me:

The market-girls an' fishermen, The shepherds an' the sailors, too, They 'eard old songs turn up again, But kep! it quiet—same as you:

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed. They didn't tell, nor make a fuss, But winked at 'Omer down the road, An! 'e winked back—the same as us:

(Rudyard Kipling)

### THE SUM OF THINGS.

This is the sum of things—that well. A moment live, a little see, and was block done of the Do somewhat, and are gone: for so The eternal currents ebb and flow.

This is the sum of work—that man Does, while he may, the best he can; Nor greatly cares, when all is done, What praise or blanc his toils have won. .

This is the sum of sight—to find The links of kin with all our kind, And know the beauty Nature folds Even in the simplest form she moulds.

This is the sum of life-to feel Our hand-grip on the hilted steel. To fight beside our mates, and prove The best of comraleship and love.

This is the sum of things—that we A lifetime live greatheartedly, See the whole best that life has meant, Do out our work, and go content.

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Ah: if we could I all the Blot out the bitter thought, Fig. 1 and the Make life the thing we should, the thing the transfer the And shape it as we ought.

e providence and include a second Turn back the brooding eyes From things long, long gone by; And, looking upward, rise Toward a clearer sky;

lan sacrofin all hold fast each other's hands— Until each understands, And, loving, learns to know.

ACHIEVMENTS.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

We're made so that we love

First when we see them painted,
things we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—
better to us,

Which is the same thing. Art was given
for that;

God uses us to help each other so,

Lending our ninds out.

### SOLITUDE. (Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone,
For sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air,
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;

Grieve, and they turn and go.

They want full measure of all your

pleasure,

But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;

Be sad, and you lose them all—

There are none to decline your nectar'd

wine,

But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

#### TRUST.

Build a little fence of trust around today,
Fill the space with loving and therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars,
Upon tomorrow,
God will help thee bear what comes of joy and sorrow.

Trust in thine own untried capacity
As thou wouldst trust in God himself.
Thy soul

Is but an emanation from the whole.
Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,
Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea.
Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll,
Go seek them—but let pilot will control
Those passions which thy favouring winds
can be.

No man shall place a limit in thy strength;
Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained
May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe
In the Creator and thyself. At length
Some feet will tread all heights now
unattained—

Why not thine own? Press on: achieve: achieve:

#### GENUINE JOY. (Edgar A Guest)

What sorrows has a man to tell
If those at home say all is well?
If those he loves report in glee
That health is theirs, what can there be
Of grave anxiety and doubt
For him to sit and fret about?

For what are pain and hurt and care And all the burdens man must bear If when the dreary day is o'er A smiling child is at the door And at the table where they sit Is heard the mirth of youthful wit?

Is life a thing to be compressed
Into man's utmost and his best,
Or may it drift along or run
Like summer brooks beneath the sun,
Loving the shore line's flowers and trees
Before they join the mightier seas?

What matters loss of place or pride
Or glory on life's selfish side
ound If those at home are undismayed
By any petty failure made?
Therein If those we love are hale and strong,
Then nothing can be very wrong.

Don't pigeon hole your worries and so mind them, But put them where you'll have a job to find them.

### WORTH YOUR WHILE (Mollie Mackay)

Sure, you're feet won't find the way long
If you sing a little gay song,
And there'll never be a day wrong
While you keep this thought in mind:
When you're passing through a sad time
Or you're living in a bad clime,
If you read my little glad rhyme
Consolation you will find!

If you want to gain a high place (So, at least, I've found in my case),
You must never show a wry face,
For there's conquest in a smile;
Learn the joy that from a jest springs,
Find the beauty of the best things,
Know the peace that well—earned rest brings,
And make living worth your while!

### TRY. (Paul Preston)

Try to make your life today, Every act, each word you say, Tasks you do, and thoughts you pen, Helpful to your fellow men; Act and word, endowed with wings, Make or mar so many things.

Try to show to every man All the courtesy you can; In the office, workshop, street, Be polite to all you meet, Of all bitterness and scorn Let your character be shorn.

Try to bring by kindly grace, Happiness to every place Wheresce'er your lot is cast—For the moments fleet so fast That the time in which to bless Every hour grows less and less.

#### TOASTS:

"Real pain to my sham friends, and champagne to my real friends".

"A friend and a bottle of wine to give him."

"A full purse, a fresh bottle, and a pretty face."

"May good fellows be found in every port and all bad ones obliged to sherry out."

#### A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

What's the use to argue,
You and me?
Can't we leave our difference—
Let it be?
Put away the quarrel
Just once more,
Love is sure to conquer
As before.

Let's forget to wonder
Who's to blame!
Wish we didn't wrangle
All the same.
Foolish? Aye, on that we
Both agree.
Kiss and make it up, dear
You and Me.

#### A MATE CAN DO NO WRONG (Henry Lawson)

We learnt the creed at Hungerford,
We learnt the creed at Bourke;
We learnt it in the good times,
And learnt it out of work.
We learnt it by the harbour-side
And on the billabong:
"No matter what a mate may do,
A mate can do no wrong!"

He's like a king in this respect
(No matter what they do),
And, king-like, shares in storm and shine
The Throne of Life with you.
We learnt it when we were in gaol,
And put it in a song:
"No matter what a mate may do,
A mate can do no wrong!"

They'll say he said a bitter word
When he's away or dead.
We're loyal to his memory,
No matter what he said.
And we should never hesitate,
But strike out good and strong,
And jolt the slanderer on the jawA mate can do no wrong!

"Sweethearts and wives; may the sweetheart become the wife; may the wife always remain the sweetheart." "Woman! she requires no eulogy, she speaks for herself."

#### BIRD OF PARADISE. (A. Gladys Kernot).

Perhaps they could not bear to see A thing so exquisite go free; They took my life and postured me .Upon a wanton's hat.

And when the hand of man betrayed The loveliest thing that God had made, Was the Creator, then, lismayed Or-just prepared for that?

Down streets where only shame should be I trail God's plundered mystery; A piece of broken ecstasy Pinned to a harlot's hat.

#### NINE MILES FROM GUNDAGAI.

I've done my share of shearing sheep, Of droving, and all that, And bogged a bullock team as well On a Murrumbidgee flat. I've seen the bullock stretch and strain, And blink his bleary eye, And the dog sit on the tucker box, Nine miles from Gundagai.

I've been jilted, jarred, and crossed in love.

And sand-bagged in the dark, And if a mountain fell on me I'd treat it as a lark: It's when you've got your bullocks bogged, He knows no fear, with hand outstretched That's the time you flog and cry; And the dog sits on the tucker box, Nine miles from Gundagai.

We've all got our little troubles In life's hard, thorny way; Some strike them in a motor-car And others in a dray. But when your dog and bullocks strike It ain't no apple-pie, And the dog sits on the tucker box, Nine miles from Gundagai.

But that's all past and dead and gone, And I've sold the team for meat; And perhaps some day where I was bogged There'll be an asphalt street. The dog-ah well, he got a bait, And thought he'd like to die, So I buried him—in the tucker box Nine miles from Gundagai.

#### TREE LOVER'S SONG.

I think that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree, A tree whose hungry heart is pressed Against the earth's sweet flowing breast: A tree that looks at God all day And lifts her leafy arms to gray,

A tree that may in Summer wear A nest of robins in her hair: Upon whose bosom snow hath lain, Who intimately dives with rain. Poems are made by feels like me, But only God can make a tree.

#### THE CADGER.

Like fleas that feed on human flesh, You'll find him here, there, everywhere; He'll stick to you whilst you've the coin, In weather foul or weather fair.

He always wants a match -- a fag, A bob or two-- tis a disease, He ever comes alert and swift, Upon mankind to pounce and freeze.

But then, again, should you run short, And tap him in a friendly tone, For matches or a pipe of weed, He'll cry, outraged "No! Buy your own!"

He'll take your last, and what is worse, If you have nought to give to him, 'Tis ten to one you'll hear him curse.

Methinks that when we go above To play the harp some angel brings, He still will cadge our toilet tools To curry comb his shining wings.

So any cadger that you know, Be his name Jack, or Bill, or Jim; -Just hand him this small slab of verse-A lesson it might prove to him.

#### LEND A HAND.

"Look up and not down Look forward and not back. Look out and not in, Lend a hand."

Oh, I'm sick of the whole darned human race,

And I'm sick of this earthly ball; I'm sick of the sight of my brother's face,

And his works and talk and all; I'm sick of the silly sounds I hear, I'm sick of the sights I see: Omar Khayyam he knew good cheer, And it's much the same with me.

Give me a bit of a bough to sit Beneath, and a book of rhyme, And a cuddlesome girl that sings a bit, But don't sing all the time; That's all I ask, and it's only just; For it's all that I hold dear-A bough and a book and a girl and a crust; That, and a jug of beer.

Then I'll cuddle my girl and I'll quaff my ale

As we sit on the leafy floor; And when the book and the beer jug fail; I'll cuddle my girl some more. For jugs give out and books get slow, But you take my tip for square— Though the bough and the book and the beer jug go,

The girl, she's always there.

I'm sick of the sound of my fellows! voice;

I'm sick of their schemes and shams; Of trying to choose when there ain't no choice,

And of damning several damns; So, give me a girl that ain't too slow, You can keep your book of rhyme And your bough and bread and your beer. Wot 0:

And I'll cuddle her all the time.

#### ENTHUSIASM.

Great designs are not accomplished without great enthusiasm. It is the inspiration of everything great; without it no man is to be feared, and with it none despised. (Bruce)

She's England yet: The nations never knew her;

Or, if they knew, were ready to forget. She made new worlds that paid no homage to her,

Because she called for none as for a debt: The bullying Power that deemed all nations craven,

And thought her star of destiny had set, Was sure that she would seek a coward's haven-

And tempted her, and found her England yet:

We learn our England, and we soon forget, To learn again that she is England yet.

They watched Britannia ever looking forward, But could not see the things her children saw.

They watched in Southern seas her boats pull shoreward,

But only marked the eyeglass, heard the "Haw:"

In tents and bungalows, and outpost stations,

Thin white men ruled for her, unseen, unheard,

Ten millions of strange races and far nations

Were ready to obey her at a word.

We learn our England, and in peace forget, To learn in storm that she is England yet.

She's England yet; and men shall doubt no longer:

And mourn no longer for what she has been. She'll be a greater England and a stronger-A better England than the world has seen. Our own, who reck not of a king's regalia, Tinsel of crowns, and courts that fume and fret,

Are fighting for her—fighting for Australia-

And blasphemously hail her "England Yet:"

She's England yet, with little to regret Ay, more than ever, she'll be England ret:

When over the fair fame of friend or foe The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so, Let something good be said. Forget not that no fellow being yet May fall so low, but love may lift his head, Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet, If something good be said. No generous heart may vainly turn aside In ways os sympathy; no soul so dead. But may awaken strong and glorified, If something good be said. And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown, And by the cross on which the Saviour bled, And by your own soul's hope of fair renown. · Let something good be said.

(James W. Riley)

#### SOMETHING EACH DAY.

Something each day—a smile,
It is not much to give;
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sinshine all the year.

#### THINGS TO FORGET.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd, A leader of men, marching fearless and proud, And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud

Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed——

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from
the day

In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,

Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay—

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy

Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy;
That will wipe out a smile, or the least
way annoy

A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy— It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS. (Robert T. Hardy)

#### TO A MOTHER.

Mother dear, your boy's grown up,
And from you gone away,
And yet you never were more dear
Than on this Christmas Day:
God guard and bless you, Mother mine;
Great joy be yours, I pray:

#### TO A FATHER.

Dear old Dad, I give you greeting On this joyous Day of Days. You have been the best of fathers, And deserve no end of praise. May your life be always happy: Carking care flit far away: Dear old Dad, I give you greeting On this joyous Christmas Day.

#### TIS USFLESS TO REGRET.

There's many a plan that comes to naught,
There's many a light gone out;
And disappointments, griefs, and cares,
Have hedged us round about;
And many a sad mistake we've made
Throughout our lives, and yet
We've done the very best we could;
'Tis useless to regret.

For out of evil good has come.
And out of darkness light;
And all wrong-doings in this world,
Some day will be set right;
And though we have not reached the height
Attained by others, yet
We've done the best we could, my lad;
'Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks, To do our duty well,
Gainst evil things to take our stand,
In goodness to excel.
O judge yourself not harshly, lad,
Nor at misfortune fret;
We've done the best we could, and so
'Tis useless to regret.

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What is success? To gain a share of gold? To have one's wealth in envious accents told? To see one's picture flaunted in the Press? Ah, there be those who label this success.

What is success? To win a little fame?
To hear a fickle world applaud your name?
To be accounted as a genius? Yes,
And there be those who label this success.

But have we not another standard still To judge a man of character: and will? Are gold and fame the only measures tried? In all the world is there no test beside?

Ah, yes. The man who meets, with courage grim The daily duties that devolve on him, The petty, mean, heart-breaking cares that tire The patient soul that never may aspire—

However so cramped the field wherein he works, He has not failed—the man who never shirks, The man who toils for years without a break, And treads the path of pain for others! sake.

There is a myriad of such men today,
Who, all unnoted, walk the weary way—
Upon their shoulders still the cross may press,
But who will say they have not won success?

#### A HOME SONG.

We read within a poet's book
A word that starred the page,
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."
Yes, that is true, and something more:
You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.
But every house where love abides
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely Home, and Home sweet Home,
For there the heart can rest.

(Henry)

ellet et soutt frieden oppositionen de recommente Amerikation op volktypende doch in de teken ei Af volktypen oppositionen in de teken ein There are gems of wondrous brightness
Ofttimes lying at our feet,
And we pass them, walking toughtless
Down the busy, crowded street;
If we knew, our pace would slacken—
We would step more oft with care,
Lest our careless feet be treading
To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching For the comfort we might bring; If we knew what souls are yearning For the sunshine we might fling; If we knew what feet are weary Walking pathways roughly laid, We would quickly hasten forward. Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us
Feel a want they never tell—
That some word that we have spoken
Pained or wounded where it fell;
We would speak in accents tender
To each friend we chanced to meet—
We would give to each one freely
Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

# BEAUTY

Beautiful hands are those that weave Bright threads of joy in lives that grieve;

Beautiful feet are those that run
On errands of mercy from sun to sun;
Beautiful lips are those that speak
To comfort the mourner and hearten
the weak;

Beautiful eyes are those that glow With the light of a spirit pure as snow:

Beautiful faces are those that seem With a love like God's own love to beam;

Beautiful forms are those that grace With gentle service the lowliest place; Beautiful lives are those that bear For other lives their burden of care; Beautiful souls are those that show The spirit of Christ where er they go (Rev. Dudley C. Abbott).

EXPERIENCE

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ten, or a trouble's an ounce,

A trouble is what you make it:
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt
that counts.

But only -- how did you wate it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well,
what's that?
Come up with a smiling face;
It's nothing against you to fall down
flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the
higher you bounce;
Be proud of your clackened eye.
It isn't the fact that you're licked

that counts, It's how did you fight-and why?

#### EVERY DAY

Every day we move and live Is a time to get and give, Get whatever we can earn, Any lesson we can learn, Give unstintingly our best-Labour, knowledge, service, rest.

Every day which comes and goes Opportunity bestows
For the working of some plan
For the betterment of man.
And whoever shirks his share,
Of life's bliss is unaware.

Every day of gloom or shine Is a day to make divine, Not to use for selfish ends, But for all that moves or tends Towards mankind's undoubted goal, Universal self-control.

#### MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

The reason why men who mind their own business succeed is because they have so little competition. They told me over and over again.
The things that I had to learn,
They struggled to save me the needless

Of many a sting and burn,
But I was young, and I would find out
The truth of the dangers they talked
about.

And now I know what they knew, and I
Have children of my own,
And the day will come when they'll want
to try
Their strength in the danger zone,
For the way seems level and straight
and fair
And they can't believe there are originate
there.

But should they take what I wouldn't take,

In spite of the needless tears? Should age regret that it cannot make A short cut through the years? How sad were youth if it really knew As much as the worn-out oldsters do:

In spite of the truths which the grown-ups know

And the thick books on the shelves,
It is well that the youngsters still must go,

Some lessons to learn themselves.

For a horrible sight would a young man be Weighed down by the wisdom of seventy-three.

#### DAMN

Never say die, say Darm
It isn't classic, It may be profain.
But we mortals have need of it
Time and again.
And you'll find you'll recover
From fates hardest slam
If you never say Die, say Damn.

So long as there is work to do there will be interruptions—breaks in its progress—and it is part of one's character growth to bear these timely or intimely interruptions without any break in good temper or courtesy.

There isn't any happiness in happiness itself,

There isnt any knowledge in the books upon the shelf.

You may buy them by the dozen, but unless you read them through,

All the wisdom of their pages will be just dry rot to you

For the only lasting lesson is the one you work to learn.

And the only worth-while pleasures are the ones you have to earn.

If never care disturbed us none would value peace of mind,

Gold became a precious metal just because it's hard to find.

If it weren't for stern old duty we should never value play,

It takes long months of labour to make sweet a holiday.

So be patient through your trials and be brave in times of doubt.

You will reap new fields of gladness when youv'e worked your problems out.

'Twos an Irishman I'me certain who this quaint assertion dropped,

"I'me glad my tooth is aching, Twill be grand when it is stopped".

There's philosophy for trials. It's the cold and driving rain

That sets us all rejoicing when the sun comes out again.

For if hearts were never troubled and if none a burden knew,

We should all go round complaining there was nothing left to do.

#### WHY NOT SMILE

What's the use of grumbling? It doesn't cure our aches and pains Nor help our other ills.

We can grumble every morning And go grumbling on till night, But if we just start smiling It helps to set things right.

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#### NEVER EXPLAIN.

Never explain—Your friends do not need it, and your enemies will not believe you anyway.

Take home your joy, but leave outside. The looks that scorn and words that chide, And let your children hear you say Your's glad to cast your cares away And in this peaceful haven find A resting-place for heart and mind.

Take home a cheerful smiling face Which plainly says "I love this place", For none can tell, for no one knows, How far such commendation goes To brighten life, and make it run As glad as ripples in the sun.

And whon the children brought up there Are scattered here and everywhere Across the world or o'er the way, Lowes tribute they will surely pay—
For to that home their thoughts shall wing Like birds that hear the call of Spring.

#### THE KIND THING

Do the kind thing, though you be Tempted to severity.

Make allowance when you can,

Mindful you, too, are a man,

And that you one day may need

Such another kindly deed.

Say the kind thing, though full oft You be dubbed "Unduly soft;" Any fool can spoil and break; Be your choice to heal and make, And soft answers, wise men say, Rage and wrath will turn away.

Think the kind thing, though things may Seem to point the other way; Give the benefit of doubt, Though your mercy some may flout. Too much lindness can there be? Too much love and charity?

"How little it costs, If we give it a thought,
To gladden some heart each day;
Just one kind word — or a tender smile
As we so or our daily way."

BOX ON. (Jos. P.O'Carroll) r közev ése

The gong has sounded, you take your vision search public stand In the midst of the ring of Life, "Box on" is your first and your last command As you enter the wordly strife.

"Box on." Be careful, keep off the ropes, Are words from your seconds—your friends, Encouraging words that strengthen your សាទនៅកំឡុស៊ី ជំនិត្រ ការ៉ា ១០០**៤០ភ្នំមន** ១១៣ ខែការ៉ា កាម In the fight on which all depends. 

"Bexton". Lend a hand to the man r diado privir is who's down. Strike hot, assist him to rise. 'Tis as easy to smile as it is to frown-The smile brings you nearer the prize.

"Box on." Play fair, though the fight be long: And the punishment be severe, If your cause be just and your heart be strong, The verdict you need not fear.

#### MAKING TIME WORTH WHILE.

What a lot of time we spend saying that we haven't time. Haven't time to see a friend, haven't time to write a rhyme, read a book, sing a song, help another chap along, knock a nail, mend a dresshaven't time-of, come, confess! Let's confess it once for all, time

we spend in vain regrets, if applied, however small, would reduce our many debts. Write a letter, takes a minute, though much love and joy goes in it. Read a bit, bound to find a second's value to your mind.

Often noticed, haven't you? those who have the most to do, always have the time to lend helping hand to needy friend. Time to say a word that cheers, time to help dispel grim fears, time to sing, time to smile, time to make the world worth-while.

(Wilhelmina Stitch)

Not--"How did he die?" But-"How did he live?" Not-"What did he gain?" What did he give? These are the units To measure the worth Of a man, as a man. Regardless of birth.

"What was his station?" But-Hal he a heart?" And-"How did he play His God-given part? Was he ever ready With a word of good cheer, To bring back a smile To banish a tear?"

Not "What was his church?" Nor-"What was his creed?" But— "Had he befriended Those really in need?" Not-"What did the sketch In the newspaper say?" But-"How many were sorry When he passed away?".

I remember, I remember, The roses red and white, The cheeks I thought 'twere bliss to kiss, And asked her if I might; It was a youthful ignorance, But now 'tis little joy, To know how much of truth was in Her answer "Foolish boy!".

(Henteck)

I want to ask a question-Will some one tell me why Men can sin and sin again, Keep sinning till they die? And no one seems to question, And no one seems to care; But still we call them gentlemen, Deny this none would dare. But woman, gentle woman, Should she but chance to stray, No matter, oh, how little, From the straight and narrow way. For her there's no returning Still downward she must go: There's none to save or pity, There's naught for her but woe. Men may drink and sport and gamble, Raise the devil night and day, Till they're known all o'er the country By the wrecks that strew their way; Still they're welcomed and they're courted, and when comes the day of darkened shades If they ve money all the more-And the mothers over all the land Open wide to them their door. He's your son and she's your daughter, Surely he's as much to blame, What's sin for man is sin for woman-They should suffer just the same, Why, oh why, will some one tell me, Should the woman stand it all? If you analyse the subject You can bet man caused the fall; That's the thing that mystifies me, Won't some person kindly tell Why the men are all forgiven

The Frenchman likes his native wine; The German likes his beer; The Englishman likes his half-and-half Because it brings good cheer.

And the women go to Hell?.

The Scotchman likes his whisky; The Irishman likes it hot; The Australian has no national drink So he drinks the whole -- lot.

"Beer is mostly froth and bubble, Whisky makes you moan, Wine's another word for trouble, Pinkie's on its own.

Teach me that sixty minutes make an hour, sixteen ounces make a pound, and two hundred and forty pennies make a pound. Help me to so live that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun underneath my pillow, and undaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square and that in earning it. I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts. Blind me to the faults of other people but reveal to me my own. Guide me so that each night when I look across the dining table at my Mother, who has been a blessing to me, that I may have nothing to conceal from her. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age, and the smell of flowers, the tread of soft footsteps and the crumbling of wheels in the yard, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple--

Here lies a man.

#### HE'S A SPORT. (Coralie Stanley)

Who gives his word and keeps it. Whom dogs and little children instinctively love.

Whom the toughest chaps call a white man. Who never hits below the belt. Who never lies to women. Who never kicks when he loses. Who guards his own wigwam, and doesn't prowl.

Who sees the other chap's point of view. Who never crawls to anyone. Whom the other men's wives are safe with. Who doesn't steal children in doorways. Who loves football, racing, poker, cricket, bowls, gardening, swimming, walking, flirting. Who never takes money he knows another

chap can't afford to lose. Who pays his tailor sometimes. Who realizes that his wife isn't a housekeeper, or a plumbing expert, or a laundress. Who looks you in the eye and doesn't dodge. Whom you want other chaps to know. Who pulls out at the home corner and lets another fellow have the inside running on the straight.

DOES ANYONE KNOW ONE?

(George W. L. Marshall-Hall)

Australia, Australia, thou land of Sun and sea,
We love thee, we thy free-born sons, as we love liberty.
We link our hands from shore to shore, And swear to stand by thee
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, one glorious destiny.
We link our hands from shore to shore, And swear to stand by thee
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, One glorious destiny.

Australia, Australia, thou land of the golden fleece,
To thee our fathers boldly steered their fearless Argosies.
Our fathers cast their lot for thee, by thee they lived and died,
And left to us their handiwork, a heritance of pride.
Our fathers cast their lot for thee, by thee they lived and died,
And left to us their handiwork, a heritance of pride.

Australia, Australia, thou land of liberty,
Where each man is himself a king, each home a monarchy.
Though here and there, as best they might our fathers founded thee,
We'll hand thee down one land, by God, to all posterity.
Though here and there, as best they might our fathers founded thee,
We'll hand thee down one land, by God, to all posterity.

Australia, Australia, thou child of sun and sea,
We love thee, every father's son that loveth liberty.
We lift our hands to God on high, and swear to stand by thee.
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, one glorious destiny.
We lift our hands to God on high, and swear to stand by thee,
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, one glorious destiny.

#### WHAT IS LOYALTY?

LOYALTY is a creed, a duty, and a sentiment.

IT IS A CREED because the loyal person says: "I believe in my organization, what it is, what it stands for, and what it does". The implication is that he will do his best to make it and keep it in the path of it's life.

LOYALTY IS A DUTY because it implies allegiance.

LOYALTY IS A SENTIMENT. It implies affection, love, and enthusiasm. These are not fully expressed in shouting or rooting.

LOYALTY TO YOUR ORGINIZATION MUST BE LIVED.

#### WHAT IS A BOY?

What is a boy?

He is the person who is going to carry on what you have started.

He is to sit right where you are sitting and attend to those things you think so important when you are gone.

You may adopt all the palicies you please, but how they will be carried on depends on him.

Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them.

He is going to sit in your seat in Parliament and occupy your place on the Supreme Court Bench.

He is going to move in and take over your prisons, churches, universities, counting houses and corporations.

When you have done, all your work is going to be judged and praised or condemned by him.

Your reputation and your fortune are in his hands.

He will read the books you write or sell them to the secondhand man.

He will assume control of your cities. Just now the future Prime Minister is playing marbles, and the most famous actor of his day is complaining because he does not want to go to bed.

Not your contemporaries and fellow citizens, but the boys out there in the school yard, are going to say whether after all you were a grand and noble hero or a blatherskite.

It is the boy who will amend your rules, alter your creeds, laugh at your mistakes.

He may think kindly of you, and say you did the best you could, or he may not. Watch your step!

All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and of humanity is in his hands.

So it might be as well to pay him some attention.

-Dr.Frank Crane in the Phote-Engravers Bulletin.

WE)

### OPPORTUNITY. (Walter Malone)

They do no wrong who say I come no more. When once I knock and fail to find you in; For every day I stand outside your door, And bid you wake, and rise and fight to win.

Wait not for precious chances pass away; Weep not for golden ages on the wane! Each night I burn the records of the day; And sunrise every soul is born again.

Though deep in mire wring not your hands and weep, I lend my arm to all who say "I can!" No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast? Post reel from righteous retribution's blow, Then turn from blotted archieves of the past, And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell; Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven; Each morning gives the wings to flee from hell. For simple sheep; and such are Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven.

### IT'S NO IN TITLES. (Burns)

It's no in titles nor in rank; It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank, To purchase peace and rest; It's no in making muckle mair; It's no in books; it's no in lear, To make us truly blest; If happiness hae not her seat And centre in the breast, We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest; Nae treasures, nor pleasures, Could make us happy lang; The heart aye's the part aye, That maks us right or wrang.

### FORGIVENESS (Tennyson)

O man, forgive thy mortal foe, Nor ever strike him blow for blow; For all the souls on earth that live To be forgiven must forgive. Forgive him seventy times and seven; For all the blessed souls in Heaven Are both forgivers and forgiven.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever: Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness; but still will

keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing,

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth, Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days, Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall

From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon

daffodils,

With the green world they live in; and clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make

'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,

Rich with a sprinkling of fair muskrose blooms:

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms

We have imagined for the mighty dead; All lovely tales that we have heard or read:

An endless fountain of immortal drink, Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

## CHARACTER. (Othello)

Good name, in man and woman, Is the immediate jewel of their souls; Who steals my purse, steals trash; tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands: But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed.

150. BE THE BEST. (Douglas Malloch).

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,

Be a scrub in the valley, but be The best little scrub by the side of the rill;

Be a bush if you can't be a tree. If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,

Doing something for somebody's sake. If you can't make a muskie just then be a bass

But the liveliest bass in the lake.

We can't all be captains, some have to be crew,

There's something for all of us here. There is big work and little for people to do,

And the task we must do is the near. If you can't be the high-way then just be a trail.

If you can't be the sun be a star, It isn't by size that you win or you

Be the best of whatever you are.

### SHOCK ABSORBERS.

It's great to speed along the pike, But when rough roads begin Somehow I'm mighty sure that's where The "Shock absorbers" win. The little things that smooth the bumps And take the jars away; I guess that's just the way with friends We meet from day to day. Some friends there are who put on speed And make a lot of showing, But it's the friends who "ease the bumps" That makes the way worth going. (E.M. Brainerd)

### THE MEANING OF LIFE.

In spite of the things that discourage, Still seeking to overcome strife, Cheerfully doing our best for mankind, This MUST be the meaning of life.

### DO ALL THE GOOD YOU CAN. (John Wesley

By all the means you can, In all the ways you can, At all the times you can, To all the people you can. As long as ever you can.

> YOU SUIT ME. (Bert Bailey)

It may be your smile, or your class, or your style, You sure are a winner, and how: You can prove it be me, you suit to a T. And you might as well know it Right Now.

> THE SUM OF THINGS. "Ishmael Dare"

This is the sum of things - that we A lifetime live greatheartedly, See the whole best that life has meant. Do our work, and go content.

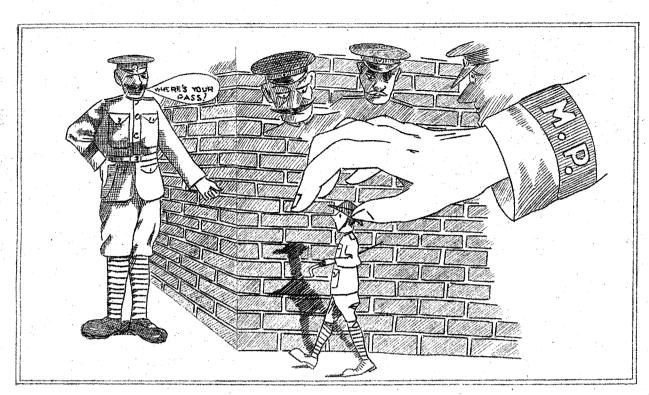
As long as love shall be the crown Of all life's blessings true, So long shall I be grateful Mother dear, for YOU.

### PROFESSION OF FRIENDSHIP. (Longfellow)

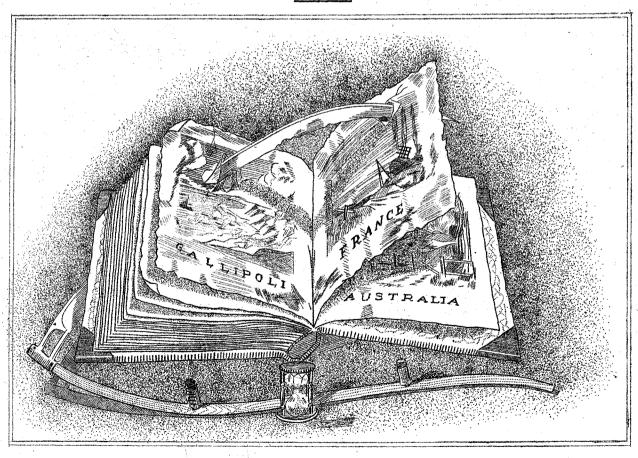
Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.

PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP. (George Ebers)

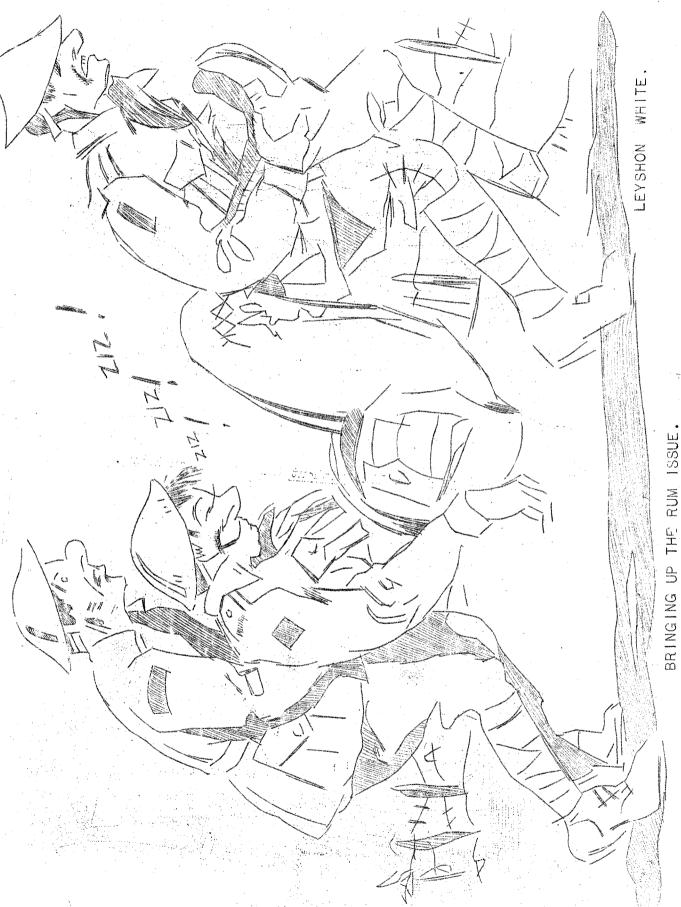
That friendship only is genuine when two friends, without speaking a word to each other, can, nevertheless, find happiness in being together.



What it feels like without a Pass when on leave.



The Clean Page—When?



## PLAYING THE GAME

We can't all play a winning game
Someone is sure to lose.
Yet we can play, so that our name
No one may dare accuse.
That when the Master Referee
Scores against our name,
It won't be whether we've won or lost,
But how we've played the game.

### DONI WORRY.

### SURE

The World's all right, You bet it is: While there are helping hands, And songs to sing, and smiles to wear, And a friend who understands.

### PAL O' MINE

That Pal o' mine makes earth to me A very pleasant place to be. Each little joy we always share Likewise each little woe and care. The joys we enter with a will. The woes but draw us closer still. Now what's the use of asking who? You know that Pal o' Mine is YOU.

### THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by.
The men who are good and the men who

The men who are good, and the men who are bad,

As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorners' seat or hear the cynics' ban,

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

### YOU, MY FRIEND

I could sail the waters of all the world, Bitter and wild and blue,
And never I'de find a friend to love,
Like the friend I've found in you.
I could walk down all the roads of the world.

And knock on the doors for ever,
And never I'de find a friend like you,
Never: Never. Never.

### SUCCESS IN THE WORLD

We may not meet with great success, Carve for ourselves a name. Yet, maybe that true greatness lies. In striving all the same.

### BE CHEERFUL

Forget all your sorrow, Forget all your woe, To start spreading sunshine, And smile as you go.

Life calls us to service, In many strange ways, But a smile and a song, Cheer the stormiest days.

### NEVER MIND IT

For every ill beneath the sun, There is some remedy or none. Should there be one, resolve to find it, If not, submit, and never mind it.

### WELL DOING

Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not,
As we have therefore opportunity
Let us do good unto all.

### THE HAPPY MAN.

Look on that man as Happy who, when there is a Question of Success, looks into his work for a reply; not into the market, not into opinion, not into Patronage. (Emmerson).

### WIVES ADVICE TO

Although he is the best of men, Your husband will be hurt If you forget each day to sew The buttons on his shirt. He'll be content with simple meals, If he is not a glutton, But please remember that his love Depends but on a Button.

jira bili Pirok Although in every other way You are a perfect wife, Yet, if in this respect you err, Therefold be domestic strife. Oh, he can swallow with a smile Stale bread or twice-cooked mutton, If you remember only this ---To sew but on a button.

### HOW DID YOU TAKE IT?

Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce, Or a trouble is what you make it, And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts, But only, how did you take it.

### TAKE HEED.

There is so much good in the worst of us, And so much bad in the best of us, That it behoves any of us To find fault with the rest of us.

## JUST THINK.

Wouldn't life be lots more happy If the good that is in us all Were the only things about us Folks bothered to recall.

The second of th

A TRUE FRIEND. A friend is not a fellow Taken in by sham; Who knows our faults A Friend is one And loesn't give a Damn. 

### HOME, SWEET, HOME.

Oh, give me my chair, an' a jolly ole blaze, With someone around 'wot is used to my ways. An' willing to listen to triumphs or woes, An' give me m' slippers, m' book, an' m' doze; Then anyone wantin! the sights for to see, An' gay, giddy, rounds—Can just have lem for me.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while, That costs the least and does the most is just a pleasant smile. The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow men Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again; It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent-It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

### BE BRIGHT.

Laugh a little if you can; Everyone has loads of care, And so many thorns are pricking, And so many pips are sticking, All around us everywhere:

Wear a face that's like the sun, Let it shine where er you are; Other weary hearts will lighten, Other weary ways will brighten Like the passing of a star.

Laugh a little while you may, If you'd do mankind a good; Do not of your smiles be chary, Be a laughing missionary To your suffering brotherhood.

### MOTHER, MY DEAR

Hoping that blessings may brighten your way,
Wishing you happiness day after day.
Trusting your heart will be filled with good cheer,
And loving you tenderly,
Mother, My Dear:

### THE OLD OWL

A wise old owl sat in a tres, It seldom spoke, because, you see The less it said, the more it heard, Why can't we all be like that Bird?

### LIFE

Life would not be worth living if the man who did things talked half as much as the men who know how things "Ought to be done":

### FRIENDSHIP

There's a little cosy corner in my heart all tucked away.

Warmed by the light of friendship's smile, and song, and laughter gay.

A little sacred nook I keep — Just for a favored few,

But there is always "Open House" within that place for YOU.

### EVERYDAY FRIENDS

There are friends who love us whatever we do,
Who remain close beside us with all we go through,
Who are loyal no matter what Providence sends,
And we love them—God bless them—Our Everyday Friends.

### FRIENDSHIPS ROAD

Friendship is a chain of gold,
Shaped in God's all perfect mould.
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear,
A grip of the hand, a word of cheer.
As steadfast as the ages roll,
Binding closer soul to soul.
No matter how far, or heavy the load,
Sweet is the journey on Friendship's road.

### RARE

How rare it is to find a soul Perfected in self control, Whose words are fruit of gentle thought And ne'er with spite or venom fraught, Whose deeds are such as can be given The benediction of high heaven.

How rare it is to find a man Who day by day does all he can, At home, in business, in the streets, To cheer and succour folk he meets. And who would rather suffer loss Than fail to share another's cross.

How rare it is to hear a word Which cheers one like a singing bird, To feel the clasp of hands that we Are sure from selfish ends are free: And yet, though rare as winter flowers, Thank God these virtues can be ours.

### CHEER UP

What's the use of feelin; blue?
When the world seems upside downWhat's the use of me and you
Wearin' the same dark frown?
'Tis better to cheer up and know
That altho' the sky be grey There is someone in this dear old World
Who'd be glad of your smile today.

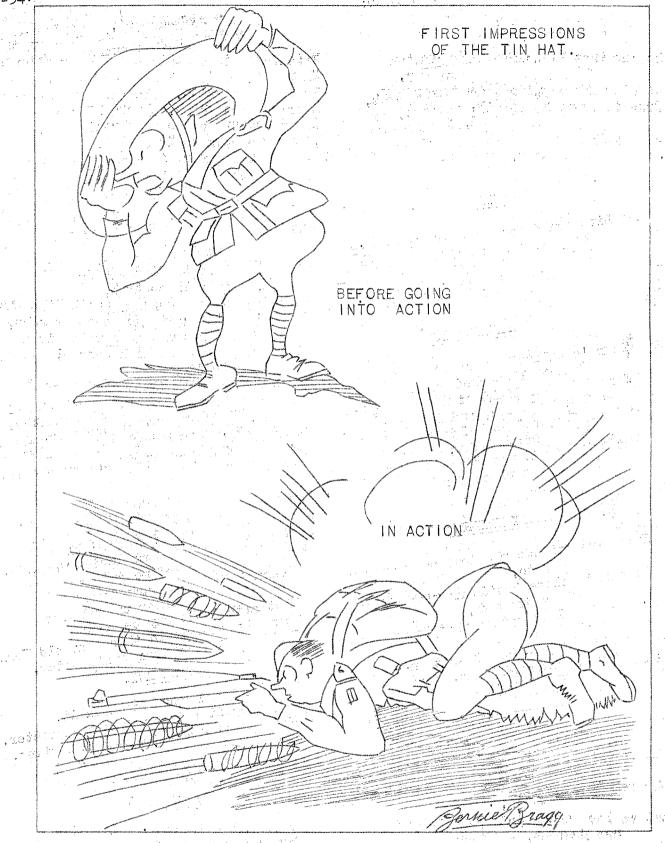
### DO AN ACT.

Do an act and you make a habit.

Make a habit and you form a character.

Form character and you reap a destiny.

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### FARMER BILL'S BLUNDER.

Ere Farmer Bill to London went He called upon his future bride; "Say, lass, what shall I bring thee back?" The dear, good-hearted fellow cried.

The maiden smiled. Full well she loved Herself with pretty things to deck. "Oh, thank thee kindly, Bill," she said; "Well, bring me something for my neck."

The match has now been broken off; Of reconcilement there's no hope. The maiden can't forgive poor Bill For bringing her a cake of soap. (Charles Vivian)

### A ROMANCE IN A TUNNEL.

The train clanked on, and the sun was high, I mused and smoked and read, I envied the cattle fleeting by, dry, For I'd naught to drink, and was more than And swelled and sore my head.

We reached the tunnel, the lights were out, A lady's voice I heard,
"Oh, Charlie, dear, now stop—get out, You'll drive me mad, without a doubt—You're too bold, upon my word."

I tried to peer through the hole the lamp
Was meant to occupy,
But the car was dark, and the wicked scamp,
Who was plainly one of the forward stamp,
Still made the lady cry;
"Oh, leave my skirts alone, you scamp,"
Was still the lady's cry.

But the broad daylight, it came to light, It floored me, I confess, For a maid of fifty met my sight, Her dog was tugging with all his might At the hem of his owner's dress. The scene I'd pictured turned out right, Which relieved me, I confess.

There was a young Hun of Berlin
Who picked up a bomb with the pin;
When he took the pin out he was sent
with a clout
To the place all Huns should be in.

### MARCHING SONG.

Oh, when I die
Don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol,
Put a bottle of booze
At my head and my feet,
And then I know my bones will keep.

IF DREAMS WERE ONLY TRUE.

(A.N.Shuttleworth—

Last night I had a funny dream, and dreamt to my delight,

I had ten thousand blankets to keep me warm at night;

I dreamt there wasn't any snow, or rain, or sleet, or mud,

And saw a German shell descend that proved to be a "dud".

I dreamt I saw a big Q.M. who didn't drink the run,

And a great big Gotha overhead whose engines didn't hum;

I thought I saw Old Bill himself, digging in a trench,

And heard our own interpreter really speaking French;

I dreamt I played the Good Old Game, won five bob on the crown,

And saw our anti-aircraft guns bring a
Hun 'plane down;

And I thought I saw a driver who really couldn't swear.

couldn't swear,
And got a shirt from "Divvy" baths clean
enough to wear.

I dreamt I had some money, fully twenty pounds,

And same across a village that wasn't "out of bounds".

I dreamt I saw a real M.P. who hopped the bags with dash

And a soldier on a base-job who wasn't very flash;

I dream: we'd really won the war and finished Bertha Krupp,

And my blankets weren't inhabited.
"Reveille" woke me up.—

There was an old Fritz of Strashein,
Who was blown to bits by a mine,
As the Kaiser's last hope he was turned
into soap,
And returned once again to the line.

There was a young lady named Nella, Who went for a stroll with a fella; But the silly ass thought
She was one of that sort,
So he copped a right hook to the smella.

The stork has brought a little peach, The nurse said with an air, "I'me mighty glad", the old man said, "He did not bring a pair".

Oh, Lulu's tall and slender, She's the prettiest girl in town. But the boys don't take her out much 'Till after the sun goes down.

There was a young lady named Purdell, Whose audacity makes your blood curdle. You would never guess. She was wearing a dress, You would think it was merely a girdle.

There was a young girl of Clovelly, Who remarked that oysters were shelly, But for all that she ate Everyone she could get, Till she got a bad pain in her elbow.

Mary had a little pain, but this may seem contrary,
The pain that little Mary had.
Was not in little Mary,
It was in her left ear.

King Solomon and King David, they both led naughty lives;
Each had four hundred concubines
And each one hundred wives.
When they arrived at riper age
They both were seized with qualms,
So one he wrote the Froverbs
And the other wrote the Psalms.

I need no radiant laughing sun
To tell me Spring is here,
No buds that open one by one,
No brand-new thirst for beer;
I need no savage wowser cheer
At blouses indiscreet,
I know too well that Spring is here—
A blowfly blew my meat.

### THE GIRL WOT GITS THE BLOKES.

With powder 'alf way down 'er chest,
An 'eels nine inches 'igh;
With skirts that lets yer guess the rest,
An' blouse that plays "I spy";
An' scarf of imitation lace,
The stuck-up painted 'oax,
I wonder 'ow she 'as the face—
The Girl Wot Gits the Blokes!

Wat, jealous? Me? Excuse yourself!
I don't compete with such
A parcel off a pop-shop shelf—
A twopence-ha'penny touch.
Miss Clancy (in the Bindin') swears
It's true 'er father soaks.
No wonder! Precious lot she cares—
The Girl Wot Gits the Blokes!

I've seen 'er at the picture—show,
An' down the Avenue—
There's not a place a girl could go,
But she gets taken to.
The loveliest boys in Swanston—street
(Not common factory—folks),
Would miss fried fish an' chips to meet
The Girl Wot Gits the Blokes!

There's not a one but she's got beat,
The poor deluded waif!
She's nothin' but a joint 'o meat
Inside a muslin safe.
No lady would wear things like that,
An' yet—they seem to coax
The johns. She's never on 'er pat,
The Girl Wot Gits the Blokes.

She does'nt seem to try to win—
She cops them every time,
As if she was a fairy in
A Christmas pantomime;
But if she thinks my Mick's 'er mark,
I'll stop 'er funny jokes;
She'll strike a lady that can nark
The Girl Wot Gits the Blokes!

(Footscray Flo).

### SURRY HILLS PASTORAL.

"Now, you children," said the teacher, "Tell me what does 'greeting' mean." But an answer didn't reach her; Seemed the question bowled em clean. Then she tried again: Now, laddie, You're the one that's always bright, "What does Mummy say to Daddy When he reaches home at night?" That's where Laddie got a notion That he understood her now. He replied, without emotion: "'Drunk again, yer rotten cow!"

### TRAGEDY OF THE EGG.

"Eating more than he was able, Willie died at breakfast table. 'If you please', said sister Meg, 'May I have his other egg?".

Willie in the best of sashes Fell in the fire, was burnt to ashes. Bye and bye the room grew chilly, But no one cared to stir up Willie.

### BASIC ENIGMA.

Sisters and Brothers have I none; Father's wage will support but one.

### REVISED VERSION.

Mary's little nanny-goat
Ate "Osh-Kosh" from the walls, And when the little kiddles came They all wore overalls.

# PATCH OF NUT BROWN HUE.

. (OFF BEFFER LIE)

Two girls gay met a boy one day, His legs were briar-scratched, His clothes were of blue, but a nut brown hue !'man in the !'man in

Marked the place his pants were patched. They laughed with joy at the blue-clad boy So she knew that I knew And his patch of nut-brown hue.

"Why don't you patch with colour to match?"
They said "Why not with blue?" Don't be coy, my blue-clad boy, entrance "Speak up," and they laughed with glee. When he hung his head, as he bashfully said: "That ain't no patch, that's ME."

Technology of Table of The

### JAKE'S PROPOSAL.

Jake was a very wordy chap, Who always spoke right out, And yet no matter what he said, His talk was round-about; Therefore when he proposed, He drawled: "Grace, I'd be glad, If, when you start your family, You'll let me be their dad!"

MARY'S CAT.

Mary had a Tommy cat, It warbled like Caruso, A fellow swung a bat, item at the qui And now it doesn't do so.

## NURSERY RHYMES.

The bashful chap, held in his lap A babe, that laughed in glee; He longed to die his mouth was dry But, oh, how damp his knee!

Mary wears a lovely skirt; Short and bright and airy. It never shows a speck of dirt-But it shows a lot of Mary.

I love little Flossie, Her fur-coat's so warm, If he knew all about it Her father would storm.

## DEAD EARNEST.

I asked a young lady if she would wed, With a smile in her bright roguish eyes, she said:

"Go, ask father." Now she knew that I knew That her father was dead: And she knew that I knew Of the life he had led What she meant when she said, "Go, ask father".

LOST ON VOYAGE. Memoriam verse, Vic. country paper:-I left my home in Ballarat By the seven-thirty train, But before I got to Ararat Dear mother was out of pain.

(Those Railway Commissioners again X).

Adam was the first man, he led a lonely life,

He took a slat and dressed it up and

had it for a wire, Eve was fond of apple-sass, and had

So the angel with fiery sword chased them out of sight.

Old folks, young folks, all you darkes come,

Come to the Sunday school and make yourselves at home;

Please to check your chewing-gum and razors at the door,

And you'll hear some Bible stories like you never heard perfore.

Adam was the first man, Eve was his spouse,

They quit eatin! fruit one day and went to keepin! house;

Now Adam's life was happy and peaceful in the main,

Till Eve she had a little son, and went to raising Cain.

Jonah was a sailor, so runs the Bible tale,

He shipped in the steerage of a

trans-Atlantic whale; He did not like his quarters, they were not the very best,

So Jonah pressed the button and the whale he did the rest.

Samson was a strong man of the John L. Sullivan school,

He slew the bold Philistines with the fragments of a mule;

A gal named Delilah filled him full of gin,

Then she cropped his whiskers, and the coppers ran him in.

David was a fighter, a gamey little cuss,

Along came Goliath a looking for a fuss;

David saw he'd have to fight or else he'd have to dust,

So he shied a rock at Golly, and busted in his crust.

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, In the fiery furnace, standing in a row; Belshazzer thought that he had put those chillun on the blink,

But one by one they all came out and hollered for a drink.

Esau was a farmer, a wild and woolly rake, His father sold him half a farm and half to brother Jake;

When Esau saw the title to his farm land wasn't clear,

He sold it to his brother for a sandwich and a beer.

Noah was a sailor of great and wide renown,

He used to sail the ocean till a mountain ran him down:

He never had a compass and he never had a sail,

So I think it's mighty lucky that he lived to tell the tale.

Daniel was a fellow with a cast-iron hide, Lions tried to eat him, but they couln't get inside;

When Darius came around and looked into

"I fooled you once," said Daniel, and the drinks were on the king.

Solomon was a wise man, he had a lot of cash, Queen of Sheba came along, and Solly made a mash;

Solly thought that royalty was greatly underpaid,

So he took to writing proverbs, though he was a king by trade,

Elijah was a prophet, who visited country fairs,

To advertise his business with a troop of dancing bears:

He sold a king a prophecy, and every afternoon

He went up in a parachute and a painted fire baloon.

### "VISITERS".

I never find a word to say
To Timiters, But still I'm glad
To see 'em drop in any day.
Mos' times th' wife is wild or sad,
An' does 'er 'air up anyway,
An' arks 'ow many drinks I've 'ad.
It's different—
Fer Visiters.

She does 'er 'air, Puts on 'er best, An' never tells the kids ter clear. She finds my Sunday coat an' vest An' smiles as scon as they draw near. I gets me tea jus' like a guest, An', till they're gone, she calls me

My oath she does—— For Visiters.

### THE TRACEDY.

The cow stood on the tramway track,
The driver rang the bell:
But the silly creature turned her back,
And heeded not his yell.

The driver strove to stop the tram, But the brakes went wrong somehow, There came a crash, an awful smash, And the air was full of cow.

The bones and hoofs and horns and hair Were scattered in a flash;
Some here, some there, some everywhere—
It was an awful smash.

One teat fell on an old maid's lap, The sight her bosom thrilled; She cried aloud to all the crowl: "Good God: the guard is killed".

If you can see a pretty calf and never get a thrill,

If you can go to work each day and never kid you're ill,
If you can pay your income tax and

pay it with a grin,

And never go to dancing halls or oth

And never go to dancing halls or other dens of sin,

If you can keep teetotal and you never even smoke,

If you can shun wild women and can spurn a naughty joke, You'll be a man some day, my lad, But not, I fear, like your old dad.

### ABRAHAM SAMUELSTEIN IS GRATEFUL.

Who introduced me to my wife?

My friend Levy.

And who had known me all my life?

My friend Levy.

Who made me glad when things looked bad,

And cheered my wife when she was sad?

My friend Levy.

Who set my business on its feet?

My friend Levy.

And showed me speculations sweet?

My friend Levy.

And when I went, on business bent
To other towns, who paid the rent?

My friend Levy.

Who was best-man when I was wed?

My friend Levy.

Who nursed my wife when ill in bed?

My friend Levy.

When my son Ike first saw the light,

Who do you think that he was like?

His father.

### THE POOR LITTLE FLY.

A poor little fly flew by the door And flew right into a grocery store, He sat on the cheese and sat on the ham, Then he wiped his feet on the grocery man.

When the grocery man saw what he had done, He loaded up his gatling gun,
And chased the fly all over the place
And tried to shoot him in the face.

But the little fly was far too slick For he showed the grocery man a trick; He flew around the room, and then Went over and sat on the ham again.

And when he had finished his dirty work, He flew over and lit on the lady clerk, Then he started to stroll across her knee, It tickled her so much she laughed with glee.

His rapid motion made her sigh,
And then she said "Oh, me! Oh, my!"
She slapped her leg, and held her breath,
And the poor little fly was crushed to
death.

If you rest, you rust.

If you thrust—you bust.

No rest — no rust.

No thrust — no bust.

### DEPRESSION.

If all the seas were made of Beer, and all the land was Cheese,

And Crayfish grew already cooked like leaves upon the trees;

If Danknotes fell instead of rain, and all the grass was Gold,

If Summer days were not too hot, ner winter ones too cold.

If houses sprouted in the night, and motor cars cost nil,

And everyone was full of Vim and no one ever ill.

If fowls laid ninety eggs a day, and work was just a crime,

And everyone lived three thousand years and nine.

If every man had thirty wives and all of them were dumb,

And diamonds graw like hazel nuts and cows provided rum.

If cigarettes were three feet long and politics were barred,

And loaves of bread were thick as logs and measured by the yard.

Ah well: Twould be a merry world
But some perverted owl
Some pessimistic b—fool,
Would find some cause to growl.
(Anon)

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her a big drink of gin.
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And the old man was wiping his chin.

Rose's are red;
Pearl's are white,
I seen 'em on the clothes line,
Just the other night.

### A MUG'S MAXIMS.

(H.D.Allen)

Don't shout cigaroutes, hum them.

When out of dugouts, come forth Loches begging for mercy, show them points.

Don't turn down a double run issue, turn it in.

When your cobber talks stoush, talk sense.

He that draweth his morning bacon shall surely get fat.

It is a lucky soldier that never loses his head, or his arm, or his leg, or anything that is his.

There was a young man at the War Office, Whose brain was an absolute store office. Each warning severe
Went in at one ear,
And out at the opposite orifice.

There were two young ladies of Birmingham, I know a sad story concerning 'em.
They stuck needles and pins
In the right reverend shins
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

There was a young curate of Hants. Who suddenly took off his pants. When asked why he did, He replied, "To get rid Of this regular army of ants!"

There was a young lady of Cheadle, Who sat down in church on a needle; Though deeply imbedded. Twas luckily threaded, So she had it removed by the beadle.

The Reverend Heny Ward Beecher Called a hen a most elegant creature. The hen, pleased with that, Laid an agg in his hat, And thus did the hen reward Beecher! There was a faith-healer of Deal
Who said, "Although pain isn't real,
If I sit on a pin
And it punctures my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel."

There was a young man who said, "Hobbs Should never be tempted with lobs;

He would knock them about

Till the bowlers gave out

And watered the pitch with their sobs".

There was a young lady of Ryde,
Who was longing to be someone's bride,
So she walked out of doors
Gaily clad in "Plus Fours,"
And her wishes were soon gratified.

There was a young fellow of Ennis,
Who was very effective at tennis,
The way he said "Love!"
Made each turtle—dove
Think the racquet more mighty than pen is.

There was a young lady of Munich,
Whose appetite simply was unich,
"There's nothing like food,"
She contentedly cooed,
As she let out a tuck in her tunich.

Here lies a poor gluttonous sinner,
Than in life consid'rably thinner.
He's gone, so they tell,
Without doubt to — well —
To the place where they cook the best
dinner.

There was an old man of Blackheath,
Who sat on his set of false teeth.
Said he, with a start,
"O Lord, bless my heart!
I've bitten myself underneath!"

There was a young lady of Malta,
Who strangled her aunt with a halter.
She said, "I won't bury her,
She'll do for my terrier:
She'll keep for a month if I salt her."

A thrifty young fellow of Shoreham
Made brown paper trousers and woreham,
He looked nice and neat
Till he bent in the street
To pick up a pin, then he toreham.

There was a young lady of Glascow,
Whose party proved quite a fiasco.
At nine—thirty, about
The lights all went out,
Through a lapse on the part of the Gas Co.

There was a young tenor of Tring, Whose nickname was, "God save the King". For the kindliest-hearted Of people departed Whenever he started to sing.

There was an old man of Tralee
Who was bothered to death by a flea,
So he put out the light,
Saying, "New he can't bite,
For he'll never be able to see."

There was an old man of the Nore,
The same shape behind as before.
They did not know where
To offer a chair,
So he had to sit down on the floor.

There was an old fellow of Cosham,
Who took out his false teeth to wash 'em.
But his wife said, "Now Jack,
If you don't put them back,
I'll jump on the d—things and squash 'em".

When Tommy first saw Colonel Beak (Now, Tommy is five and can speak!) He said, "Auntie Rose, Does he paint his nose With the same stuff you paint your cheek?"

There was a young lady named Wemyss,
Who, it semyss, was troubled with dremyss,
She would wake in the night,
And, in terrible fright,
Shake the bemyss of the house with her
scremyss.

A writer who worshipped Nijinski
Was prepared to think ill of Ptasszynsky.

But with pleasure he cried

When her tights he espied:
"By jove! she is quite in the pinsky!"

A motorist, out on the spree,
Said "Speed limits don't trouble me."
So, during a trip
He let the car rip
And a 'full stop' made up "R.I.P.!"

An indolent vicar of Bray
His roses allowed to decay;
His wife, more alert,
Bought a powerful squirt,
And said to her spouse, "Let us spray."

There was a young lady of Kent,
Who said that she knew what it meant
When men asked her to dine,
Gave her cocktails and wine,
She knew what it meant—but she went!

An athletic young lady of Clewer
Once incited a bull to pursue her;
But she vaulted the gate
Just a fraction too late,
Now when she sits down she says, "oo-er!"

There was a young lady of Joppa,
Who came a society cropper.
She went to Ostend
With a gentleman friend;
The rest of the story's improper.

There was a young girl of Australia,
Who went to a dance as a dahlia.
When the petals uncurled,
It revealed to the world
That the dress, as a dress, was a fail—ia!

There was a young girl named Bianca,
Who retired while the ship was at anchor;
But awoke with dismay,
When she heard the mate say:
"We must pull up the top sheet and spanker".

There was a lady of Erskine,
Who had a remarkably fair skin.
When I said to her, "Mabel,
You look well in your sable,"
She replied, "I look best in my bearskin."

There was a young man of Montrose,
Who had pockets in none of his clothes.
When asked by his lass
There he carried his brass.
He said "Darling, I pay through the nose".

A rapid young couple, mamed Ord,
Went 'scorching' one day, in a Ford.
But a spill in a dell,
Transferred them to—well—
Where 'scorchers' in millions are stored.

As a beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome, by far.
But my face—I den't mind it
For I am behind it.
It's the people in front get the jar!

A rare old bird is the Pelican, His beak holds more than his belican. He can take in his beak Enough food for a week. I'm darned if I know how the helican!

Said a constable stern, on his beat,
To a couple more fond than discreet;
"Though a Miss miss a kiss,
Give the next kiss a 'miss'.
For a kiss is amiss in the street."

The bottle of perfume that Willie sent Was highly displeasing to Millicent;
Her thanks were so cold
They quarrelled, I'm told,
Through that silly scent Willie sent
Millicent.

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
Said the flee, "Let us fly!"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

A tuter who taught on the flute
Tried to teach two young testers to test.
Said the two to the tuter,
"Is it harded to toot, or
To tuter two testers to test?"

Said a man to his wife, down in Sydenham,
"My best trousers—where have you hydenham?

It is perfectly true

That they wern't very new,
But I foolishly left half-a-quidenham",

There was an old man of Tobago,
Whose Limerick jokes did too far go;
Till a kick on the seat
Made him much more discreet;
He wonders now, "When will the scar go!

There was a young lady of Malta, When young was oft seen with a psalter, But she's read Marie Stopes, And now she just hopes And prays to be took to the altar.

### THE LITTLE QUAKER.

There once was a quaint little Quaker named Jane,
In her taffeta gown she looked perfectly sweet:
Although not a beauty, she was not at all plain,
When she passed she attracted all eyes in the street.

### THE OLD FAVOURITE.

It's a pity she'll never be fancied again, She's old and she's slow, and does nothing but eat.

When she moves you can notice a terrible strain,

She's putting on weight and she's gone in the feet.

### MY CAR.

Her body was painted all purple and white, She started off finely but when she reversed, Her bonnet blew off and vanished from sight, It looked as if something was going to burst.

### MY YACHT.

She was known in the town as the sailor's delight,

I could see she was broad in the beam from the first.

I knew we were in for a terrible night, So I slackened her stays and prepared for the worst.

There was a young lady of Riga,
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

There's a certain young girl of the East, Whose extravagant ways have increased. She's perfectly reckless, Her latest new nacklace— Well, it must have cost fourpence, at least.

There was a young girl of West Ham, Who hastily jumped on a tram. When she had embarked, The conductor remarked, "Your fare, miss". She answered, "I am".

### SHE WAS ONLY A ??????

She was only a Bootmaker's daughterbut she said "Shoo" to all the men.

She was only a Fruiterer's daughterbut she gave all the chaps the raspberry.

She was only a Photographer's daughter—but her answer was in the negative.

She was only a Policeman's daughter—but she had all the fellows beat.

She was only a Hiker's daughter—but she kept to a straight and narrow path.

She was only a Tram-Conductor's daughter—but she never knew when to stop.

She was only a Bookie's daughter—but she always came home at 5 to 4.

She was only a Green-Grocer's daughterbut she knew her onions.

She was only an Asphalter's daughterbut she loved her tar.

She was only an Electrician's daughterbut she lit up all the town.

She was only a Grocer's daughter and she said "No" —but Marmite.

She was only a Baker's daughter—but she kneaded the dough.

There was an old fellow of Spain,
Whose legs were cut off by a train.
When his friends said, "How sad!"
He replied, "I am glad,
For I've now lost my varicose vein."

A giddy young fellow of Sparta,
To headaches had long been a martyr.
Till his wife, so they say,
Took his latchkey away,
He was smart, but the lady was smarter.

There was an old man of Madrid,
Who ate sixty-five eggs for a quid.
When they asked, "Are you faint?"
He replied, "No, I ain't,
But I don't feel as well as I did."

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### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

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Cheer up Comrades! The next War will be better than the last. All we ex-Diggers will be much too old to go!



FEENISH-BOOK?